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Marie Therese Louise.

Princess of Lamballe.

THE FEMALE REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH,

CONTAINING

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL,

AND

REVOLUTIONARY SKETCHES, CHARACTERS,

AND

ANECDOTES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH, AND MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.

[Lewis Goldsmith]

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THE

FEMALE REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH.

THE PRINCESS OF LAMBALLE,

BORN PRINCESS OF SAVOY-CARIGNAN.

O Mort! O Destinée! O Dieu de la lumiere!
Createur incrée de la nature entiere!
Etre immense et perfait, seul etre de bouté,
As tu fais les humaines pour la calamité?
Quel pouvoir execrable infecta Ton ouvrage?
La nature est ta *fille* et l'homme est Ton *image*.

OF the sovereign houses that have fallen by the treachery and barbarity of revolutionary France, none excites greater interest than the house of Savoy. The honourable part which this secondary monarchy took in former wars,

the importance of its position, the able employment of its resources, and the character of most of its sovereigns and princes, had cast a lustre upon its politics and its arms. The consideration in which it stood was superior to its strength; a certain proof of a respectable and firm government.

Among the monarchs who have rendered the eighteenth century illustrious, none appears with a better title to esteem than Charles Emanuel, the grand-uncle of the unfortunate Princess of Lamballe. He was an active warrior, replete with valour, emulation, and prudence; a laborious, well-informed, and circumspect ruler; a discreet and discerning reformer; a popular and beneficent king: no one possessed in a higher degree the spirit of order, coherency, and justice. His court was regulated like his states; his application extended to every thing; no disorder was unknown to him; there was no unforeseen perplexity which he did not remedy. He was firm but not despotic, and never suffered himself to be moved by personal considerations. His army, that had seen him fighting at their head with uncommon intrepidity, particularly at the bloody battle of *Notre Dame de Lorme*, among others,

others, loved him enthusiastically. Nor was he less dear to the people, whose interests and wants daily engaged his attention. With no branch of government was he unacquainted. After saving Piedmont by his courage in the war of 1741, he negotiated gloriously and successfully at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle: he aggrandized his states, repaired his fortresses, and increased their number; and notwithstanding the burthen left by the war, he reinstated his finances in a few years. All payments were secure and punctual, and the arrears of the public debt discharged with invariable regularity. His subjects were indebted to him for the excellent effects of registering estates, the exemption from mortmain, the establishment of highways, and a vast number of useful institutions.

While the petty Princes of Germany were ruining themselves by pomp, by the opera, by dances, and in imitation of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Charles Emanuel considered himself as the steward of his states. All profusion was forbidden under this restorative reign. The public expenditure never exceeded the annual receipts. If any unforeseen accident happened to make a difference in the fixed balance, the

deficit was covered by retrenchments. Every year the King spent six weeks of the summer at his palace of La Venerie, near Turin, where the sum of a thousand livres (40*l.*) was settled for his daily expences. It once happened, that the day after the court arrived, there was a dreadful storm of hail, by which the country round about was laid waste. Charles Emanuel sent for the steward of his household, and ordered preparations to be made for returning to his capital in twenty-four hours. "Yes," added he to the astonished officer, "we must comfort these unfortunate poor people who are ruined by the hail. The forty thousand livres I should have spent here I give to them, and let it be set down in the usual account of the year!"

The methodical life of this Prince was a series of similar traits. He gave to his desires and political speculations, the moderation and regularity he had introduced into his finances. No project of ambition disturbed his plans of order, and the peace of his states. One day the Marquis de Fontane, who was his minister at Berlin, was relating to him, in the hearing of many persons, that Frederic the Great, as he was looking over a map of Italy, assured him, that in the year

1745

1745 it was in the King of Sardinia's power to have reduced the Pope to the situation of his almoner. "Oh!" replied the King, "I do not doubt if he had been in my place but he would have done it."

Such were his discernment and information, that he never deceived himself in the choice, the qualifications, or the faults of his ministers, of whom he was the coadjutor, the inspector, and sometimes the friend. He invariably protected the Marquis of Ormea against all the attacks of his numerous antagonists; and he raised the celebrated Count Bogin, who survived him. The office for foreign affairs was, under his reign, the best ordered, best served, and most exact in Europe. It should be remembered, that at the pacification of 1762, the court of Turin had the honour of being the medium of the negotiations which reconciled the belligerent princes.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the public life of a monarch, whose private history would be a monument and school for the art of reigning. To the most sincere piety, to the most honourable and constant integrity, Charles Emanuel united the qualities of the best of fathers, of the

best of relatives, of the best of citizens, and of the most moral of princes.

At the court of such a Sovereign, under the eyes of such a relation, Marie Theresa Louisa, Princess of Savoy-Carignan, passed her youth, and received her education. Her accomplishments more than her beauty, induced the late virtuous Duke of Penthievre, a prince of the blood in France, to demand her in marriage for his only son, Louis Alexander Joseph Stanislaus de Bourbon Penthievre, Prince of Lamballe. At her arrival in France, Louis XV. reigned, but his mistresses governed in his name. In a country where vice holds the reins of the state, and the sovereign himself sets an example of wickedness, corruption must necessarily diffuse itself widely and shamefully. But notwithstanding that her consort had been carried along with the seducing current of profligacy, the conduct of the Princess of Lamballe was so exact, that it left no room for malignity to report, for envy to rumour, or for scandal to whisper.

The young Prince of Lamballe had the misfortune to be on friendly and intimate terms with the late Duke of Orleans, who passed his youth in gross and open debauchery, which at once

astonished

astonished and corrupted the city of Paris, never much famed for its *morality*. His wealth afforded means of unbounded gratification, and his birth made his excesses the fashion, the *haut ton*, and gave an air of superior consequence to those libertines who frequented his society; most of whom injured their fortunes and their health, and some even lost their lives, by the pernicious influence of his example. In his debauchery there was none of that courtly elegance which, making the pursuit of pleasure the object of refined minds, produces, with the evils attendant on licentiousness, those finished manners which improve the age, and those spirited effusions which delight posterity. His was of that coarse description whose only aim was gratification: the established system of morals, the revered customs of decency, and the sprightly effort of exuberant fancy, were equally disregarded.

Among the most remarkable victims of the late Duke of Orleans' seduction and depravity was the Prince of Lamballe, who, before he arrived at the age of twenty, expired in consequence of an infamous disease and mortal disorder, contracted where he had been led by his faithless, interested, and culpable friend, who,

by his death, opened a new view to his own avarice and ambition, by forming a matrimonial alliance with the only surviving child of the Duke of Penthievre, in hopes of securing to himself the family estate, as well as the office of Lord High Admiral of France, held by his father-in-law *.

Thus, ere she had seen a fourth lustre, the Princess of Lamballe became a widow in a foreign country, and obtained her first lessons in the school of misery. Submissive to the will of Providence, instead of murmuring she resigned herself to her fate, and sought in religion and in retirement, that consolation which is never to be found by the truly afflicted in the selfish and unfeeling society of the world. She passed nearly her whole time in a convent, until the arrival of the late unfortunate Marie Antoinette in France, who selected her for a friend as well as for a confidante and companion. When, in May 1774, upon the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne of France, the Queen was establishing her new household, she appointed the Princess as her

* See Playfair's History of Jacobinism, p. 81, note.

superin-

superintendant, or to the first place of the first lady near her person.

This friendship, this confidence, begun and formed at such an early period of life, between these two illustrious Princesses, continued unclouded and uninterrupted in prosperity as well as in adversity, in exile, in distress, and in captivity. But what had and would, among all other civilized people, have excited admiration and commanded respect, in revolutionary France, where all noble, generous, and even humane feelings were banished, invited hatred to calumniate, calumny to proscribe, and guilt to murder.

Although from the beginning of the French rebellion, the favourites of the Queen were among those marked out as the first sacrifices to the fury of the sovereign people, and in consequence, the Duchess of Polignac, and most other ladies of the Queen's court, more terrified by the atrocities they witnessed than by the threats they heard, had by flight and emigration saved themselves from the daggers and lamp-posts of *regenerated* Frenchmen, the Princess of Lamballe continued firm at her post. Neither the bleeding heads of the King's *garde du corps*, nor the menacing language and the cannibal procession of

their murderers, intimidated her courage, relaxed her zeal, shook her fidelity, or abated her affection. She remained inseparable from her sovereign, consoling her in the midst of her afflictions, and alleviating her sufferings by sharing them. It was not until June 1791, when the unfortunate journey to Varennes had been resolved on, that she, by the desire of the Queen, went over to England, with the intention of joining the Royal Family again at Montmedy, whenever Louis XVI. had, according to his plan, erected there the standard of royalty.

As soon as the Princess of Lamballe heard of the arrest of the Royal Family at Varennes, and their subsequent imprisonment in the Thuilleries by La Fayette, she sent by a trusty messenger, who had the good luck to escape the vigilance of this general's spies, the following note to the Queen:

"*Brighton, June 27th,* 1791.

"MADAM,

"Though quiet here under the protection of a most hospitable and generous Prince, and respected by a loyal public, who endeavour to divert my melancholy and calm my apprehensions, I am more agitated, and more desolate, than

when

when by your Majesty's side, surrounded by traitors, conspirators, and assassins. I therefore only wait your Majesty's command, and I will hasten back to Paris to participate in your Majesty's captivity. When your Majesty wears fetters, can liberty be of any value to me? When your Majesty is bathed in tears, can any tranquillity enter into the bosom of

"Madam,

"Your Majesty's &c. &c. &c.

"M. T. L. De Lamballe."

On the 8th of the following month the messenger returned; and as La Fayette had deprived the Queen of pen, ink, and paper, her Majesty had written on the back of the note only these words with a pencil: "Remain, my friend, where you are *!"

Several more messengers carried other notes from the Princess to the Queen, all containing the same demands, and answered in nearly the same terms, the Queen being determined not to be surpassed by her friend in generosity. That magnanimous Sovereign, though well knowing her own perilous situation, tried in most of her letters to persuade the Princess of Lamballe the

* See La Correspondence des Femmes Marquantes, &c. p. 60.

very reverse, and that the accounts published in journals, or disseminated by emigrants concerning France and the Royal Family, were false and exaggerated. She even hinted, that the less the patriots saw her attended by her former friends, whose absence they were well aware that she felt severely, the more she hoped they would be convinced of her sincere wishes of avoiding giving them any cause of complaint or even of umbrage. "Continue," wrote the Queen, "my friend, to enjoy, among the hospitable islanders, the pleasures offered you. I ask you this as a friend, or if you will not listen to me in that character, I command you as a sovereign. You are neither a wife nor a mother, and you have not the misfortune of being a sovereign, and therefore have not to fulfil the duties which all those titles impose. As to your attachment and friendship to me, my husband, and children, of them you have during so many years given me so many, and such repeated proofs, that you cannot inspire me with a higher opinion of your own worth, nor increase my grateful and sincere affection for you. I conjure you, lay aside your gloomy ideas; try to instil into my mind a hope of better days, rather than to depress my spirits with apprehensions

sions of future and greater wretchedness. I am certain, my friend, it would grieve you exceedingly, were you to see the effect which your letters, however unintentionally on your part, frequently produce. Your "I tremble!" or what is worse, YOUR TEARS on your paper, speak so strongly and so evidently what you internally feel, that they always provoke my own, which, God knows, do not want fiction or imaginary evils to cause their flowing in abundance. Change therefore the subjects of your correspondence; write of England, should you even think of nothing but France; relate to me your amusements, what company you see, what theatres you visit, and what societies you frequent. Inform me of the differences you observe between the etiquette, customs, and manners of those with whom you live and those whom you have left. Your genius, your knowledge of the world, present a thousand objects worthy your attention, and for narration to a friend, who, in reading them, might steal some moments from her great troubles. How kind, how charitable such an act would be *!"

* See La Correspondence des Femmes Marquantes, &c. p. 62, and 63.

In

In another letter the wretched Queen says: "I flatter myself no longer; I am and ever shall remain an object of pity! I do not open a letter (and I receive none but from those who are dear to me) that does not aggravate my calamities, and show me the whole horror of my terrible situation. Their affectionately tender expressions, their kindly cruel compassion, are arrows incessantly piercing my wretched heart. Cruel friends! I stand in need of palliatives; I ask for relief, and you send me poison! did I not possess religion, had I not connubial and maternal ties that bind me to a world in which I am become the most wretched of all miserable creatures, Heaven alone knows to what despair might not reduce me! I do not, my friend, mean this as a reproach to you—no! I thank you kindly for your last amiable letter. I found it so entertaining, that I read it aloud to my husband, sister, and children, and they all unite with me in thanking you; but—but they did not like to observe the tear on the cover *."

In the latter part of March 1792, the Queen wrote thus: "You have no doubt heard, my

* See La Correspondence des Femmes Marquantes, &c. p. 66.

dear

dear friend, of the new loss I have to deplore in the death of my brother Leopold. It seems as if Providence in its wrath would fill to the brim the measure of my sufferings. By unusual misfortunes deprived of every means of conveying support as formerly to the persons dear to me, all those who interest themselves in my welfare, to whom I am dear or related, and whose power or influence might ameliorate the cruel position of my family and myself, are carried off by premature death, in the prime of their lives!

"This last stroke of the Almighty has very much afflicted my good and poor husband, particularly as it happened at this critical period, when a war between France and Austria is the arduous wish of all parties here. The esteem of the late Emperor for the King might have alleviated the usual horrors of war, and shortened the enmity of the two nations; but although my nephew, the present Emperor, has inherited the liberal and philanthropical sentiments of his father, young as he is, he must confide in some counsellors or ministers, perhaps not so well intentioned and just as himself, and that is what grieves my husband.

"Unwilling and impossible as it is any longer

to

to conceal any thing from my friend, I will avow to you frankly, that our situation is truly lamentable, and daily, nay almost hourly, grows worse. My husband is attacked directly and indirectly by the factious and seditious in a most wicked, scandalous, and atrocious manner: for my part, I dare not stir out of the palace, or show myself any where, nor even breathe fresh air for an instant in the windows of my apartment, without exposing myself to the most illiberal abuse; nay, I dare not even open my windows over the garden, for fear of hearing bawlers purposely placed there, utter against me such diabolical libels, that I must, against my will, pity the authors of them, notwithstanding the injury they do me; because, to judge from their productions, they must be more miserable than myself. All these absurd calumnies make, however, a great impression on the minds of the people, who, I am informed from good authority, never mention my name but with curses and imprecations, or threats of the most dreadful vengeance for unknown or invented wrongs. Oh! if they would but spare the King and our children, and restore them a happiness of which they are so deserving, if it would gratify their thirst for blood, I would this

instant

instant deliver myself over to their rage, and tell them—ill treat me, stab me, kill me, tear me to pieces, roast me, devour me, carry my head upon a pike, or drag my corpse, my remnants in the street or in the kennel; I will submit to all these barbarities: I will do more, I forgive them, and I pray to God to forgive them also! but respect your virtuous King, and have compassion on his innocent offspring!

"But pardon me, my friend, these melancholy reflections: situated as I am, they are natural. Congratulate yourself on your absence, and on not being exposed to witness the shocking occurrences passing under my eyes and tormenting my soul. Be happy, you deserve and shall be so *."

To this letter the Princess of Lamballe answered by the return of the courier: "Madame, I have too long obeyed the commands of your Majesty as my sovereign, I therefore apply to your Majesty's feelings, as honoured with your friendship. Is England the post of honour for me, while in France libellers distil their poison, and the assassins sharpen their daggers against

* See La Correspondence des Femmes Marquantes, &c. p. 75.

your

your Majesty, against my friend and benefactress? No; pardon my perhaps misguided zeal, but having so bountifully shared your Majesty's favours when all powerful, should I not be the most contemptible wretch in the creation, were I to desert your Majesty's sacred person, when unjustly oppressed, or sinking under undeserved calamity? I am therefore preparing myself to set out for Paris, expecting only a line of consent to throw myself at the feet of the best of sovereigns and most magnanimous of friends.

"By your Majesty's side I fear no danger, and to expire in placing myself between you and your murderers, would be to me such an enviable and glorious death, that the religious would soon worship me among saints, and the valiant revere me among heroines. Pray, Madame, do not deprive me of the sole happiness to which I aspire; the sole reserved for me this side of the grave. Permit me once more to salute my sovereign and embrace my friend, were it even at the foot of the scaffold *!"

In three weeks afterwards the Writer of this sketch was honoured by the unfortunate Queen

* See La Correspondence des Femmes Marquantes, &c. p. 77, and 78.

of

of France with the commission of carrying a letter of recall to the amiable Princess of Lamballe, whom he found at Brighthelmstone. She read it with an expression of joy beaming on her beautiful countenance. "God be praised," exclaimed she, "I am at last permitted to return. The Queen says, that every step I take towards France is towards my place of destruction, and that I must make up my mind to die. I am convinced of the truth of this prognostic, but for the sake of my distressed friend I fly to martyrdom with greater satisfaction than I attended her at her coronation, waited on her in her drawing-room, enjoyed her banquets, or delighted in her festivals."

On the next day the Princess was in her carriage on her way to France; and during that part of the journey I had the honour to accompany her, she betrayed no symptoms of weakness, but spoke with rapture of death, as a subject already familiar with her mind. She repeatedly said, that she had a strong presentiment of soon falling a victim to popular prejudice, injustice, and violence, but that she was totally prepared and resigned. She observed, that according to the usual length of human existence, she had

had already passed two-thirds, and the most pleasing parts of life; that she always dreaded decrepitude, old age, and surviving her strength, health, and those persons whom she loved more than herself. "Oh, my God!" repeated she often, "how many millions of beings have not numbered so many days as I already do; and how few, if any, have possessed my happiness of having such valuable friends, and the heavenly consolation of expiring for them, for those so deservedly dear." These and similar sentiments, seemed exclusively to engross her thoughts, although her cheerfulness was always the same, and never forsook her. In rendering an account to the Queen of my mission, her Majesty said, shuddering, her eyes full of tears: "Poor friend! she too, then, is to be one of the sacrifices to that fatality which so unrelentingly pursues me."

Two days after the dreadful 10th of August 1792, when the Princess of Lamballe heard that the Royal Family were to be transferred to the Temple, she wrote to the infamous Petion, requesting as a favour to be shut up with the royal captives in the same prison. He sent her note to the Commune, and a mandate of arrest was immediately issued against her. Being conveyed

veyed to the town-hall, she was asked concerning the motives which induced her to desire imprisonment with the Royal Family? "Honour, duty, attachment, friendship, and gratitude," was her answer. She was informed, that the same policy which prevented a compliance with her demand with regard to the Temple, also required her detention in another prison, until it could be discovered whether she was guilty or involved in the conspiracy of the Court against the Nation.

"Even those traitors," said she, "who these four years past have made a practice of spitting out their venom upon the most spotless characters, never levelled a single taunt at my reputation; it is pure and irreproachable, and I insist, therefore, either upon the recovery of my liberty, or an imprisonment with the Royal Family in the Temple." Without any further ceremony she was delivered over to the Commissary Jeannot, who was ordered to see her safe in the prison *La Force*. The hackney coach in which she was conveyed, accompanied by the Commissary and four *gens d'armes*, having stopped either designedly or by chance under the arch of St. John, opposite to one of the doors of the *Maison Commune*,

mune, or town-hall, the *patriotic* rabble gathered about, and she was insulted with the most abusive and threatening language: one of the banditti even proposed to *dervuiller*, or what is the same, to take the rust off the fatal lanthorn-post of 1789, nearly opposite the town-hall, by drawing the unfortunate Princess up to be hanged upon it. The Commissary, in showing them his scarf, ordered the law to be respected, which sent her to prison and *protected* her as a prisoner; and he called to some armed federates to assist in dispersing the crowd, which they did. During the whole time the Princess was calm; and at one moment, when the banditti were very clamorous, and tried to seize her, she said to the Commissary, "Do not expose yourself for my sake; I am ready and resigned; ask them only not to make my agony too long, and not to outrage my person before I am a corpse!" Arrived at La Force, she was shut up in one of the darkest dungeons, where bread and water was her only food, and some straw spread on a filthy stone floor, her bed. Having in her pocket twenty-five Louis, and on her finger a ring worth ten times that sum, left her by the Commissary, she asked for the gaoler, and gave both the

money

money and the ring to him, saying, "Though I am to be deprived of all comforts, here are probably some other prisoners less unfortunate, but who have no means of supplying themselves with their wants; distribute among them the money, and what you obtain for the ring. I trust to your humanity for executing faithfully what I desire." This act of benevolence even touched the gaoler, who, though at great risk to himself, placed a small bed in her dungeon, lighted a lamp, and brought her from her apartment in the Pavilion of Flora, in the palace of the Thuilleries, Young's Night Thoughts, and Harvey's Meditations, two books she had asked for*.

The judge of the mock tribunal at the prison La Force, during the massacres of the prisoners in September 1792, was the so cruelly notorious Hebert. The barber of a small village, he came to Paris in quality of candle-snuffer to a theatre, and was afterwards promoted to the receipt of entrance-money at one of the doors; but being discharged for dishonesty, he had recourse to a less unprincipled mode of robbery, that of

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 103, and 104.

picking

picking pockets. The Revolution raised him from obscurity and indigence, to a celebrity and fortune to which neither virtue nor talents enabled him to aspire*. Such was the low and unprincipled man before whom the most virtuous and amiable of her sex was to appear like a criminal.

Of the cruel catastrophe which ended a life devoted to honour and friendship, several narratives have been written by French republicans, and published in France, all agreeing in the innocence and purity of the Princess of Lamballe; all admiring her magnanimity, and deploring her shocking destiny.

"On the 3d of September 1792, in the morning," says one of them†, "the Princess of Lamballe was informed that she was to be transferred to the prison of the Abbey, and that she must immediately come down to the gate. She was still in bed, and answered, that she liked the prison she was in as well as any other. A man in the uniform of a national guard approached the bed, rudely telling her that she must obey,

* See the Conspiracy of Robespierre, p. 124. Miss Williams's Letters, in 1794, vol. iii. p. 68, note; and Tableau des Prisons.

† Anecdotes of Women, p. 161, &c.

or

or her life was in danger. She replied, that she would do what they requested; and beseeching those that were in her dungeon to withdraw for a moment, she hastily threw on a gown, and then called the national guard, who gave her his arm, and conducted her to the gate. She was instantly in the midst of the sanguinary tribunal. The sight of arms, and of assassins whose hands, faces, and clothes were covered with blood, with the cries of the unhappy persons whom they were murdering in the streets, made her tremble with horror. Hebert affected to begin an examination of the Princess. "I have nothing to answer," said the Princess; "to die a little sooner or a little later, is perfectly indifferent to me; I have been long prepared for death." "O, she refuses to answer," said the monster who presided over this horde of murderers; "take her away to the Abbey." This word was the signal of death at the prison of La Force. The assassins seized on their victim, and dragged her out. She had scarcely passed the threshold of the door, when she received a blow with a sabre on the back of her head, which made the blood flow: a plaintive cry was the only expression of this unfortunate lady! Being dragged into the

street, two men, who each held an arm, compelled her to walk over the carcasses of the dead! she fainted at almost every step. When at length she was so enfeebled, that it was impossible any more to raise her up, the assassins profaned her person with barbarous and wanton excesses. It is impossible to relate all the atrocities committed towards this virtuous Princess. It seemed as if hell, and all the furies of hell, were contending for portions of her body, which they dragged through the kennel, having first torn out her bowels! Adding derision to ferocity, the tiger-monkies compelled a hair-dresser to dress her head, which they carried in triumph, and by its side, her breasts, which were cut off, and her heart, still bleeding, and other fragments of her body!"

Mercier, in his New Picture of Paris*, an author and a fanatical republican, whose assertions cannot be doubted when he speaks well of royalists, writes thus: "The sincere attachment of the Princess of Lamballe for the Queen, was her sole crime. In the midst of our agitations she remained quiet, meddling with nothing.

* Besides Mercier's Picture, see Le Dictionnaire Biographique, vol. ii. p. 306, and 307.

Nothing

Nothing could make her suspected by a people to whom she was only known by her numerous charitable acts of beneficence and munificence. Even in the prison of La Force, her sole occupation was to succour the wretches daily imprisoned there. The most ferocious writers, the most violent declaimers, had never accused or signalized her in their journals or publications. On the 3d of September 1792, she was dragged from the dungeon where she was confined, to appear before the sanguinary tribunal. At the sight of so many executioners covered with blood, it required a supernatural courage, not to sink under the load of misery. Some voices in the crowd demanded and called out pardon and pity: undecided, the assassins stopped for a moment, but soon after, wounded by several blows, she fell, and expired bathed in her blood! Immediately her head and her breasts were cut off, and her body was cut open. Her heart was torn out, and with her head, carried upon pikes round the capital, followed at some distance by her corpse. The tigers who had torn her to pieces, gave themselves the barbarous pleasure of exhibiting her head and her heart to the King, Queen, and Royal Family. I must tell the whole truth—

when the Princess of Lamballe was mutilated in a hundred different ways, and the assassins had partaken of the bleeding morsels of her corpse, one of the monsters* *lui coupa la partie virginale et s'en fit des moustaches*, in the presence of spectators seized with fright and horror ! ! !"

"At the gates of the prison of La Force," publishes a third writer†, "the assassins were placed in two rows; the two ruffians called judges, who gave the signal of death, were placed at the gate; and, as soon as the prisoner passed them, the assassins dispatched him with their knives or sabres, throwing their bodies in a heap at the end of the line. At the foot of this trophy of dead bodies," says the historian, "we must now exhibit a scene of a different kind, in the murder of the Princess of Lamballe. She had retired in safety to London, but her attachment to the Royal Family would not suffer her to remain in her asylum while they were exposed. Her fidelity was a crime that the infidelity of her enemies could never forgive.

* This monster was his *Serene Highness* Murat, Buonaparte's worthy brother-in-law, who had also a wig made of the hair of the Princess of Lamballe. See Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 23.

† See l'Histoire du Clergé Francois, by Abbé Barruel, p. 318.

"When

"When this illustrious victim was brought forth, she was asked to swear eternal hatred to the King, to the Queen, and to Royalty. "The oath," said she, "is foreign to the sentiments of my heart, and I will never take it." She was instantly delivered over to the ministers of death. These ruffians pretended to caress her, patted her cheeks with their hands, yet reeking with human blood, and thus conducted her along the line. Amidst all these insults her courage never deserted her. When arrived at the heap of dead bodies, she was ordered to kneel and ask pardon of the nation. "I have never injured the nation," she replied, "nor will I ask its pardon." "Down," said they, "and ask pardon, if you wish to live." "No," said she, "I scorn to ask pardon from assassins that call themselves the nation. I will never bend my knee or accept of a favour at such hands."

"Her soul was superior to fear. "Kneel and ask pardon," was heard from a thousand voices, but in vain. Two of the assassins now seized her arms, and pulling her from side to side, nearly dislocated her shoulders. "Go on, scoundrels," said the heroic Princess, "I will ask no pardon!" Enraged at seeing their cruelty surpassed by the

constancy of a woman, they dashed her down, and rushed in upon her with their knives and poniards. Her head soon appeared hoisted upon a *liberty* pike, and her heart, after being *bit* by one of the ruffians, was put into a bason; both were carried in triumph through the streets of Paris. At last, after having feasted the eyes of the multitude, the bearers took their bloody trophies to the Temple, now become a prison, when one of the two Commissaries that guarded the King, called him to the window that he might see it; but his companion, a little more humane, prevented the unfortunate Monarch from approaching. A fainting fit, on hearing of the event, fortunately saved the Queen from the heart-rending sight. The body stripped naked, and the bowels hanging out, were exposed to view on the top of the murdered victims, where they remained until the massacre was over."

Though these several narratives differ in some particulars, as to the barbarities that accompanied the murder of the Princess of Lamballe, they all agree that her firmness and resignation did equal honour to her death, as her eminent virtues and inviolable loyalty had done to her life.

life. She died as she had lived, worthy her rank, and the attachment of that royal friend for whom she sacrificed herself; a worthy descendant of kings, and a faithful friend of a queen; a glory to the royal house of Savoy, as well as to that of Bourbon.

"We will," says a publication *, "here preserve the memory of a courageous act of Madame de Lowendal, one of the friends of this unfortunate Princess. Hearing of the danger she was in at La Force, this lady hastily assembled some friends, dressed them in the livery of the assassins of the prisoners, furnishing them with sabres and

* See Anecdotes of Women, p. 164, and 165.

The Writer of this was at Paris during the terrible catastrophe of the massacre of prisoners, and he narrowly escaped himself becoming a victim of French republican barbarities. He saw the head of the Princess of Lamballe on a pike in the rue de Richelieu, on Monday, September 3d, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and heard, with all Paris, the atrocities related that accompanied her murder, as well as her constancy and grandeur of soul. He can, therefore, affirm, that incredible as they appear, they are not exaggerated, much less fabricated. The sole error he has discovered, is the day of the Princess's imprisonment in La Force, where she was not carried before the 19th of August, after having passed a week with the Royal Family in the Temple.

pikes, covering their faces with blood and dust; and, thus disguised, put herself at their head, and marched to the prison of La Force, with the design of entering it, and rescuing the Princess from impending danger. She arrived too late; the genius of friendship was less active than the dæmon of Orleans. This Prince hated the Princess of Lamballe, and had long vowed her destruction; and his desire of revenge was heightened by his rapacity, as he gained an hundred thousand crowns annually, a dowry which was assigned to the Princess on the fortune of the Duchess of Orleans, her sister-in-law. It being betrayed to him, that a sum of fifty thousand crowns had been offered to Manuel for the liberation of the Princess, the Duke dispatched a band of assassins, paid by himself, to the prison of La Force. An Italian, of the name of Rotondo, and who for two years before had lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the Prince, placed himself at their head; and unfortunately, those murderers arrived at La Force before the faithful troop of Madame Lowendal, who had the affliction to see the remains of her friend disputed by the ferocious horde!

No reader can peruse those shocking details without

without abhorring the savage tribe that perpetrated them. Who would not scorn with indignation and horror, the very idea of associating with such inhuman wretches! But, notwithstanding these natural, just, and becoming feelings, no person visits modern France, or is introduced at Buonaparte's court, without exposing himself to fraternize with those abominable criminals, most of whom are not only still alive, hardened by impunity, but employed in high offices, and decorated with the most imposing titles. *Prince* Murat, Buonaparte's brother-in-law; Fouche, his Minister of Police; Real, his Counsellor of State; Thuriot, his Judge; Barrere, Mehée, Chenier, David, &c. with other members of the Legion of *Honour*, are all known Septembrizers, all figuring in 1805 with the same impudence, in his usurped palaces, and at his levees, as they did in 1792 at the doors of the prisons of La Force and the Abbey. The court dress, the regimentals, the livery of the Corsican usurper, cover more assassins than robbers and rebels; no person wears them who is not morally corrupted, or legally and politically guilty.

The Princess of Lamballe was born on the

8th of September, 1749. Her manners were elegant, dignified, and accomplished; her mind noble, generous, and sensible to the highest degree. So beautiful was this illustrious Princess, that it was difficult to see her without loving her; and such the brilliancy of her genius, and amiableness of her conversation, that nobody left her but with a regret blended with surprise, admiration, and esteem.

H. R. M.

H. R. H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

SISTER OF LOUIS XVI.

ELIZABETH PHILIPPINE MARIE HELENE de France, was born at Versailles on the 3d of May, 1764, the youngest and eighth child of the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI. of Louis XVIII. and of his Royal Highness Monsieur, ci-devant Count d'Artois. Her Royal Highness was usually known in France by the name of Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the King.

This Princess evinced from her youth, more inclination to be a recluse of a convent than to show herself an ornament of a court; but though matters of policy prevented her from taking the veil, as well as from marrying, her devotion was as sincere, and more praise-worthy in a palace than in a cell; and the tenderness and the affection which a husband might have a right to claim undivided, she shared disinterestedly and libe-

rally between brothers, sisters, relatives, and every unfortunate person upon earth, whose misery she could alleviate, whose distress she could relieve, who wanted the recommendation of the powerful, the support of the wealthy, or the prayers of the truly pious.

Of all the atrocious crimes of the French rebels and regicides, the murder of the Princess Elizabeth will for ever appear the most odious and detestable, and which can never be pardoned, having been wanton; politically unnecessary, as well as morally barbarous. All the amiable and brilliant qualities that make a woman at the same time estimable and interesting, were united in the person of this Princess; who was therefore the admiration and the idol of all those who had the honour and happiness of approaching her. Genius, accomplishments, softness, goodness, and modesty, gave a new charm to that sublime courage, to that becoming and calm dignity, which commanded reverence from gaolers, judges, assassins, and even in her last moments from the executioner.

She passed her life so retired, and was so averse to every thing that had the shadow of intrigue,

trigue, that envy and malignity, slander and malice, for once were at a loss to find any plausible cause to injure, much less to blast with their venom, a reputation as spotless as deservedly great.

Before the revolution in her income, one half was distributed in charitable donations. She allowed pensions to fifty-two fathers of large families, to sixty-six widows, and one hundred and twenty-four orphans, whom she clothed, educated, and when of age, settled or provided for. In the number of those, who were all strangers recommended to her, are not included persons attached to her household, menial servants, or their families. "Generous and charitable as Madame Elizabeth," was the common saying in France, when the necessitous complimented a benefactor or benefactress; and the best wishes the best of mothers expressed for their daughters were, "that they may resemble Madame Elizabeth in honour and virtue *."

After the shocking scenes at Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October 1789, when the mob murdered the *gardes du corps* of the King, in de-

* Lettres des Femmes Marquantes, preface, p. iv.

fending

fending the entrance to the bed-room of the Queen, and afterwards carried upon pikes the heads of these loyal men before the carriage of the Royal Family, in their journey from Versailles to Paris, the King's aunts were alarmed, and demanded and obtained his Majesty's permission to retire to Rome. They also desired their niece, the Princess Elizabeth, to accompany them as far as Turin, where her sister, the late Queen of Sardinia, had invited her, and made preparations for her reception. When the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was informed of the proposal of her aunts, she rushed into the apartment of the Princess, and threw herself into her arms, saying, "And you too will desert me, and leave me to my cruel fate!"—"No; never, never!" answered the virtuous Elizabeth: "your troubles, your torments, your gaol, and your scaffold, shall be mine." She kept her word. To those who repeated their demands and exhortations she replied, "A woman has nothing but cares and consolations to offer; it is a duty the Divinity itself has imposed upon me, to bestow them on those who stand in need of them. Alas! I never thought that those so near and dear to me as a brother and sister, should one day re-

quire

quire them more than any other created being in the universe *."

During the return from the ominous journey to Varennes, her tender attention to her brother, her sister, and their children, and her total indifference about herself, forced tears of respect even from the eyes of the National Deputy Barnave, whose feelings, to judge from his expressions in the Assembly, were not over nice. He was obliged to acknowledge the existence of virtue, and the sublimity of religious resignation. But every heart that is accessible to the sentiments of humanity, must applaud the grandeur of her soul, and her heroism, on the 20th of June 1792 †.

On that day upwards of twenty thousand Parisian and revolutionary banditti made a sanguinary irruption into the palace of the Thuilleries, threatened the lives of all the Royal Family, and committed scenes of brutality and horror equally disgraceful and disgusting. To prepare the popular mind for acts of blood, the hall of the Jacobins had resounded with speeches

* See Lettres des Femmes Marquantes, preface, p. v.

† Idem, the preface, p. v.

and

and petitions, and the walls of Paris had been covered with placards, describing the King as a traitor to the country, and a monster not fit to reign or to live. The insurrection was regularly projected and organized several days before, and the King had received numerous intimations, that he could only avoid the intended massacre of himself and family, by agreeing to sanction some obnoxious decrees. But what conscience forbade, terror could not compel him to do; he rejected with disdain all such applications, and resolved to encounter every danger rather than comply. When the mob, by the treachery of the National Guard, had effected an entrance into the palace, the King, who had from a window observed their proceedings, repaired to a room called the *Oeil-de-bœuf*, the door of which was immediately assailed with every engine of force which the occasion supplied; and, among others, with a cannon which had been dismounted from its carriage, and was now carried up stairs by manual strength, and used as a battering-ram. The brave Swiss guards, who were with the King, drew their swords, and were preparing to shed their blood in an unavailing defence; but he commanded them to desist.

desist. He then called for four grenadiers to support him, and advancing to the door, unbarred it, and presented himself defenceless to this furious multitude. His friends, fearing that he would be borne down by the rapidity and violence of the mob, placed him in the recess of a window, where a few grenadiers formed round him to resist the torrent. The mob was fortunately so numerous, and poured in so rapidly, that no one could effect the premeditated purpose; but after venting a portion of fury in words and menacing gestures, were obliged to give place to others. It was on this occasion that the King said to the dastardly traitor Petion, who assured him that he had nothing to fear, "Nothing to fear!" replied his Majesty with indignation; "the man whose conscience is pure, and free from reproach, can never fear. Here, my friend," he added, taking the hand of a grenadier, and pressing it to his bosom, "feel, and tell that man if my heart beats faster than usual." This was not the only instance of supernatural firmness which the King displayed in the course of this dreadful day. The mob frequently pressed him with furious hustlings and menaces to sanction the decree,

and to recall the Jacobin ministers. His Majesty's reply was, "I shall do what I consider to be right; but this is not the moment for you to ask, or for me to grant favours."

The behaviour of the Princess Elizabeth in this trying scene, was truly sublime and heroic. When the King went to the *Oeil-de-bœuf*, to meet the banditti who were sent, and who he knew came to murder him, she would not leave his side for a moment. The mob pouring into the palace, and eager to begin the work of regicide, at a distance mistook her for the Queen (against whom, as usual, great part of the popular rage was directed), and loaded her with insults and threats, crying out, "Where is the Austrian wh—! we will have her head upon a pike in an instant!" Elizabeth turned towards the assassins, and said with calmness, "People! I am the Queen." Sabres were already lifted, pikes and sabres pointed against her, when some of her terrified attendants, in spite of her entreaties to the contrary, pressed forward to explain the mistake and mistatement: "For God's sake! I beseech you, gentlemen!" said the Princess, "do not undeceive these misled men. Is it not better that they should shed my blood than

that

that of my sister?" In the whole course of the day she never left her brother's side, nor even lost her presence of mind; but when a Deputy named Lesueur, who stood by the King's side, fainted from extreme agitation, she actively assisted in means for his recovery.

Under the date of the 23d of June, 1792, the Princess Elizabeth wrote thus to her aunts:

"Three days ago I was for some hours happy, in the thought that Providence had numbered me among the select few who are permitted to sacrifice themselves for those they love more than life, and whose death, by preventing their untimely end, make their existence less miserable, and less exposed, by throwing a merited odium on their enemies and persecutors, for their cruel mistake, the consequence of a savage and bloodthirsty disposition. It was ordered otherwise from above, and I am still among the living.

"Notwithstanding these late dreadful occurrences, and the new insults and horrors with which we are treated, I am thankful that I did not see my good and unhappy brother, and his no less unhappy wife and children, murdered. Now their affliction, as well as my own, has dissolved the last ties that attached me to earth. My God

and

and his Heaven are now my only hope, my only occupation, and my only meditation. I am now, thanks to the Virgin and her Son, what I never would have been in an uninterrupted continuance of prosperity. Detached from all earthly considerations, I am now, if I may be permitted to say so with propriety, already with one foot in Paradise. Yes! I know that I am; because in serving and consoling, instead of leaving to themselves, my so unjustly and cruelly treated relatives, I am only doing my duty; I serve the Divinity in obeying strictly its commands.

"I beg your Royal Highnesses not to think, that I intend by this assertion, the most distant reproach on account of your absence and departure. No; when my good and beloved aunts quitted us, France was more quiet, the dangers of the King and the Royal Family not so imminent, and if it had not been for the reasons I then explained to your Royal Highnesses, I should not myself have hesitated to accept of your kind offer, and to accompany you. As things now are, God be thanked I did not! I would perhaps then have been more happy in this world, but how many impediments might I not have encountered in the way of my salvation?

tion? And what, comparatively, is an existence of fifty, sixty, seventy, or at the utmost of eighty years, to an eternity, any more than the meanness, the littleness, of human beings, to the greatness, to the immensity, of an Almighty Creator!

"As far as I can, by my weak reason, penetrate into the secret views of an often severe, but always just Providence, of whose lashes we feeble mortals frequently complain, but which are always properly applied to our final happiness; the time of our delivery from all evils here is approaching with rapidity, and will soon be at hand. The King is totally resigned; the Queen also is perfectly resigned, and my fortunate young nephew and niece, who suspect nothing, who have no sins to repent of, and no chastisements to apprehend, will also, I expect, share our fate. I say fortunate—and indeed they are most happy. They quit life as pure, as unpolluted, as they entered it. They know of no regrets, no repentance, and no fears. Oh! if I had been cut off so early, so blessed as they, I would then have long, long, before the throne of my Saviour, sung hymns with his saints! But what do I write, wretch as I am! Oh, my God, pardon me this unintentional thoughtless murmur. You,

you

you alone know my submission, as well as my weakness! Call me to thee! Thy servant is ready! Yes! I never lay down at night, or get up in the morning, without thinking, hoping, and desiring to be called to my God! but my first and last prayer is always, and shall always be, 'My God, thy will be done!'

"I entreat your Royal Highnesses to implore the Holy Father for the continuance of his blessings and prayers, and that he will in his goodness issue orders, that in all the churches of his capital, be added to the usual prayers for us all, the service for persons in the agonies of death. God alone knows whether we shall exist when this letter reaches our good aunts *."

Thus wrote in confidence a Princess in the prime of life, a descendant of the Kings who had ruled France during fourteen centuries. Thus was situated the beautiful sister of a once all-powerful King. Thus thought a Princess, whom the splendour of rank, and glitter of affluence, had never bewildered during prosperity; who was well acquainted with their little value when fortune smiled, and therefore was not depressed at her frowns in unexampled adversity.

* Lettres des Femmes Marquantes, p. 31, 32.

As

As many may suppose that the above letter was merely dictated by necessity, from being so cruelly circumstanced, or that God was, as is too often the case, her refuge only when oppressed by misfortunes, or threatened by assassins, the following extract proves that she was truly religious long before she was really unfortunate: it is taken from a work containing a kind of inventory of the apartments occupied by the Princess Elizabeth in the palace of the Thuilleries *.

"We next went up (after the 10th of August) to the apartments of Madame Elizabeth: very little of the furniture was broken; two looking-glasses and a lustre had here satisfied the popular fury. The bed-chamber, which we examined the first, presented us with two curious objects. On one side of the chimney stood a screen of walnut wood, of about three feet in height; its shape told us what it was, but its amazing weight bespoke that it was not simply intended to keep off the fire. The Commissary placed the screen in the middle of the room, and after having

* See The Castle of the Thuilleries, printed for Longman & Co. vol. ii. p. 291, et seq.

pushed

pushed down a knob, and unfastened three little hooks, the machine unfolded itself, and doubling in height, and growing four times as large as it before was in breadth, became a complete confessional, of a perfectly light construction, and easy to be moved about. In the inside was a seat and a shelf placed under a little wicket, which was closed with a wooden grating, and every thing else found in those in the Roman Catholic churches. Its mechanism was artfully contrived, but its whole construction proved that it was designed for mortification. Instead of kneeling before this confessional upon a velvet cushion, she used a lump of black marble, painted yellow round the edge, upon the top of which many holes of different depths were cut, which must have hurt her as much as if she had been kneeling upon sharp flints. Such a refinement upon mortification would have been seldom found in a convent, and had certainly never before decorated apartments in a royal palace.

"The Commissary now opened a prayer desk; it was full of books of devotion. We looked at them one after another, stopping at such pages as had ribbands between them. They were almost all such as contained prayers adapted to the present

present unhappy situation of the Royal Family. These books were all full of little paintings, such as flaming hearts, and heads of Christ, done by the Princess herself. Under each she had written some Christian sentence, such as this, for instance, extracted from St. Gregory: 'Regard nothing as an evil in this life, not to lose sight of God.' A little paper-casé of blue leather, informed us that she had been accustomed to employ herself in a similar manner for her brother, the King; that is to say, in copying or composing prayers. Out of the hundred leaves which this book contained, half of them were covered with similar sentences, all in her own hand-writing. Several appeared to have been written expressly adapted to the circumstances to which they referred."

"Among the prayers, the following, written since the declaration of war in April 1792, carries with it a particular character, which distinguishes it from all those of the same kind found in the books of devotion of the Roman Catholics. It is to the same purpose, but the turns are different, and bespeak it to have been dictated by a pious heart, but proceeding from a

pen little accustomed to that kind of composition.

" CONSECRATION OF FRANCE TO THE HOLY VIRGIN.

" Oh! Holy Virgin, who hast always so especially protected France! so many proofs are existing how very dear it has always been to thee; at present it is in misery, in greater misery than it ever was before, and thou appearest to have forgotten it. True it is, that France is blameable, but often before has it been so, and thou hast obtained its pardon. How is it, then, at the present moment, that you do not speak in its favour? For were you only to say to your Divine Son, 'They are overwhelmed with misfortunes,' soon we should cease to be so. Why then dost thou delay, O Holy Virgin! oh why dost thou delay to change our unhappy situation? Ah, perhaps God wishes us to renew a vow which one of our kings once made, of consecrating France to you. Well then, O Maria! Oh most Holy Mother of Jesus Christ, we give it, we consecrate it to you afresh. Oh that my individual voice might prove the prelude to a re-consecration more solemn and universal.

versal. Oh that it could but cause to sound again from the throne to the very extremities of the kingdom, that voice which drew down upon it so many benedictions. Holy Virgin! we all devote ourselves to you; cannot the desire of an individual supply the defect of the whole? Cannot the sacred bonds that unite us to all the inhabitants of this kingdom, as to our brothers; cannot the charity which extends our views, and opens our hearts to admit them all into our offering; cannot it render them common with us? Cannot it give to the consecration of an individual, the merit and efficacy of a general consecration? We beseech you, O Holy Virgin! we conjure you! we hope, and in this confidence we offer you our King, our Queen, and their family; we offer you our Princes; we offer you our armies, and those who command them; we offer you our magistrates; we offer you every rank and condition of the state; we offer you all such as are charged with the maintenance of religion and morals. In short, we give to you all France. Oh take up again, Holy Virgin! your ancient rights over it; restore to it faith, restore to it your former protection, restore to it peace! Restore to it Jesus Christ, whom it seems to

have lost. Lastly, may this kingdom, re-adopted by you, become entirely the kingdom of Jesus Christ. So be it *!!!"

" In the same paper-case we found proofs of the Princess *having for a long time* been most ardently devoted to the culture of religion. In turning over the papers with the most scrupulous attention, we found *in her own hand-writing*, two *resolutions*, or *rules of conduct*, one dated the 23d of June 1790, the other the 10th of July following. This last had been written after a short retirement, which terminated on that day. The first of these contained a general plan of conduct for every day of her life; in the second was comprehended what the Princess laid down to herself to perform every day in the week: she fulfilled the duties of religion as follows:

" *Sunday*—I will so regulate all my actions, as to show my desire of repenting of my sins.

" *Monday*—In order that I may not fear the last judgment, I will act towards freeing myself from all apprehensions of its horrors.

" *Tuesday*—In order to avoid going to hell,

* See Castle of the Thuilleries, vol. ii. p. 296, 297, Note.

I will

I will fill my mind with the idea, that the greatest evil is to lose sight of God.

" *Wednesday*—I will reflect on Paradise, and the happiness that the Saints enjoy there.

" *Thursday*—I will think of the divine Sacrament instituted by God, beg of him the favour of often receiving it, and of not dying without having taken it.

" *Friday*—I will abstract my thoughts from all worldly happiness, to embrace the Cross of Jesus Christ, and to prepare myself for death.

" *Saturday*—I will implore the intercession of Maria for me with her Son, and give myself up to worshipping her and all the Saints *."

In this manner the Princess, like her royal brother, raised her eyes from earth to heaven. The infidel may despise, and the philosopher sneer, at those and other acts of devotion, of penitence, of faith, and of sanctity; but placed in those trying circumstances, though without descending from the same elevation, and sinking so low as her Royal Highness, despair would seize both: he who sees nothing but annihilation beyond life, as well as he who sees

* Castle of the Thuilleries, vol. ii. p. 298, 299.

every thing on this side of the grave: he who expects nothing, must naturally at the approach of an inevitable death, be equally wretched with him who has only enjoyments to regret.

The Princess's library was composed of books suited to her taste. Many holy fathers' commentaries upon the bible and liturgy; some works of history, of the arts, and of the sciences, but not a volume of the French philosophers, such as Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Helvetius, Raynal, &c. At the bottom of the room was a table, upon which were scattered compasses and other mathematical instruments, which made it evident that she had employed herself in the study of these abstruse sciences. Near the window looking into the garden stood another table, covered with pencils, colours, and all the apparatus for painting. It was at this that the Princess amused herself in following the art of Apelles. From the different paintings and sketches, it is to be supposed that she preferred landscapes, or at least that she had lately been much attached to that style. Her performances were far above mediocrity. A little piece of thirteen lines high, and eleven wide, was well worthy attention. It contained eighteen grotesque

tesque figures very distinctly drawn; in the distance was a house and a landscape. The finishing of it was so much the more curious, as it was painted upon a piece of playing-card (the king of diamonds). She must indeed have had a great difculty in preventing her colours from running on so spungy a substance. The piece upon which she appeared to have been at work down to the fatal 10th of August, was a landscape of four inches by five. It was half finished: a flat country in the distance, a wood on one side, and in the foreground a road, along which two travellers were passing on horseback, constituted its composition *.

It is to be remembered, that all the furniture, and every thing else contained in the rooms of the Princess Elizabeth at the palace of the Thuilleries, had been brought from the apartments she occupied in the palace of Versailles, and bespoke therefore the sentiments as well as the occupation of her whole life. In Protestant countries it may not be generally known, that the Roman Catholic religion exacts humility, inflicts penitence, and commands self-denial, both

* Castle of the Thuilleries, vol. ii. p. 300, 301.

from the king on his throne and the peasant in his cot, and that however every thing indicated the habitation of a sincere and devout Christian, nothing could occasion even a suspicion that the Princess was a superstitious fanatic. Ill nature, selfishness, uncharitableness, and pride, are the usual accompaniments of superstition, while fanaticism is unforgiving, intolerant, persecuting, and frequently sanguinary. The latter part of the Princess's life has proved her eminent and laudable qualities to be the very reverse; the benevolence of no person was more indiscriminate; nobody forgave their foes, and prayed for their conversion, with more sincerity.

But even at a period when her family and herself were at the height of prosperity (shortly after the conclusion of the American war); when her beauty no doubt had many admirers, her virtue few imitators, and her rank numerous adulators; when the innocence of her youth could not have assumed the mask of hypocrisy, and no necessity obliged a noble mind to disguise itself in the garb of duplicity, she wrote a letter to her sister, the late Queen of Sardinia, in answer to a recommendation given by that Sovereign

reign in favour of a young Swiss orphan, which carries with it its own commentary.

" *Versailles, April* 23*d*, 1784.

" My dearly beloved sister's *protegée* is placed as a cadet, and I am promised a rapid advancement for him, when at an age to be serviceable, should he conduct himself properly, which I do not doubt.

" For a boy only twelve years of age, who has been six years a destitute orphan, and therefore owes to charity, or to his own application, what knowledge he possesses, I judged him, from his answers to my questions, well behaved and well informed. His *naiveté*, in asking me not to be angry because he was a Protestant, and would always remain so, made me almost smile. I told him that I left it entirely to himself to make his peace with his conscience and with his God, in the best manner he thought would be conducive to his happiness here and hereafter; and that, provided his superiors approved of him, from the manner he had been recommended to me, I should not neglect any thing that might be advantageous to him.

" Although I do not blame, I cannot approve

of your husband's, or, as I suspect, his confessor's zeal, to convert him to Catholicism. I, with all other good Catholics, know and deplore the errors and danger of heresy, and that Protestants have adopted the innovations of three centuries for the orthodoxy of eighteen, and for the sole religion of the Christian world during fifteen centuries. I pity and pray for them, but do not hate or curse them; nor do I consent, as far as it lays in my power, that any human being usurps an authority over consciences, which appertains to God alone.

"How many nations still exist in the universe, who have not the happiness to be numbered among the faithful, and who have not the least knowledge of Christianity! It would therefore be not only uncharitable towards our fellow-sinners, but injurious to the mercy of a Divine Providence, to suppose their ignorance, or want of instruction or light, incurring an eternal perdition.

"Next to infidelity I place intoleration: the former deprives the wretched of all hope of a reward in an hereafter, for his sufferings in this world; and the latter torments and makes him miserable

miserable here, though convinced that he will be tormented and miserable in another world.

Ah! n'empoisonnons pas la douceur qui nous reste;
Je crois voir des forçats dans un cachot funeste,
Se pouvant s'ecourir, l'un sur l'autre acharnés,
Combattre avec les fers dont ils sont enchainés.

" Excuse me, dearest sister, that I employ so much of my letter on a religious subject; but it is your fault; I answer merely your questions, and I finish with declaring to you, I trust so much to the bounty of the Divine Creator, that I hope few of any sects will be damned, although I am firmlyconvinced every true and sincere Catholic will be saved*.'

The Princess Elizabeth was in her twentieth year, when she expressed sentiments which would have done honour to the philosopher as well as to the philanthropist; to a Confucius as well as to a St. Paul. Several other letters that passed between those two amiable sisters are preserved; they are chiefly on moral or religious matters, and evince strongly that piety and vir-

* See Les Lettres des Femmes Marquantes, p. 36, 37.

tue were the constant, if not the sole, object of their lives.

In this age of prosperity of crime, a kind of fatality seems attached to every thing noble and generous, elevated by birth or by sentiment. Marie Adelaide Clotilde, this worthy sister of a Louis XVI. and of a Princess Elizabeth, was married to Charles Emanuel IV. King of Sardinia, who united in his person the private virtues of his father and grandfather. His simplicity, his goodness, the justness of his mind, his love of his subjects and of justice, his adherence to his word, his attachment to his family and to his people, would have made him the happy sovereign of a happy nation, were such precious qualities enough in these depraved times to merit crowns, or to preserve them. This Prince has seen all his continental states, Savoy, Nice, and Piedmont, become departments of a treacherous and regicide republic. From his accession to the throne of his ancestors, he had however formed a just judgment of the present and of the future. "I shall not wear my crown of thorns a long while," was his answer to those who attempted to feed him with hopes. His conscience and religion ensure him consolations of which

Buo-

Buonaparte cannot rob him, and which that infamous man will never enjoy. Such was the husband of that heiress to the melancholy events of her family, who, after deploring the murders of her brother Louis XVI. of her sister-in-law Marie Antoinette, her nephew Louis XVII. her sister Princess Elizabeth, and her cousin the Princess of Lamballe, expired herself an exile at Rome, on the 1st of March 1802. Her pure, tender, and resigned spirit, considered itself as a victim marked out by Heaven. Even before the altar, she upbraided her own fate with the misfortunes of her subjects, oppressed by the tyranny of a Buonaparte. Three months after the death of his heavenly consort, Charles Emanuel IV. abdicated and transferred his sceptre to his brother, Emanuel V. his present Sardinian Majesty.

During her imprisonment in the Temple, with the other members of the Royal Family, the Princess Elizabeth's attention was chiefly directed to alleviate the pains, to keep up the hope, and to console the minds of her fellow-prisoners and sufferers. As to herself, she was as calm, as patient, as enduring, as if she had been long prepared to encounter the brutal ferocity of gaolers,

gaolers, and the refinements of barbarity of that great nation to whose *virtues* the care of the royal captives had been so ostentatiously confided. Their cowardly degradations afforded gratification and triumph to the little but culpable minds of their tormentors.

Even at an early period of their confinement, one of the national guard boasted of the pleasure he derived from the insults endured by the Royal Family; he expressed his joy at seeing them bow to the wicket as they came out; and added, "when I see Madame Elizabeth coming, I always take care to salute her with my pipe; I draw my mouth full of smoke on purpose to have the pleasure of puffing it in her face *." Those, and more wanton and cruel indignities, when offered to her, seemed not to be observed by the Princess; but such was her tender affection for her relatives, and total self-denial, that when she had the least idea that any new insults were meditated against them, she put herself as much as possible in the way, to experience first, or alone, all the bitterness of low and popular rancour, malice, malevolence, or vengeance.

* See Dernier's Regicides, and Journal de Clery.

After

After the murder of Louis XVI. and the removal of Louis XVII. to another dungeon, and of Marie Antoinette to the prison of the Conciergerie, the Princess Royal was left under the care of the Princess Elizabeth; who endeavoured, by acts of kindness to her niece, to lessen a misery common to them both. She was particularly careful in imparting to the young Princess those sentiments of religion, humanity, benevolence, and forgiveness, which have since made her Royal Highness a model of female perfection and loveliness.

In proportion as the affliction of the Princess, augmented by the cruel catastrophes which separated her from those for whose comfort she had sacrificed herself, the atrocities and outrages of the republican government increased. She was now compelled to perform the most menial offices herself: she dressed the scanty meal allowed her, and swept the floor of her prison with her own hands! The people seemed to have forgotten that she existed, and to have consigned her, without consideration, to the brutality of her gaolers.

During the trial of the late Mayor of Paris (the accomplice of La Fayette), Bailly, in November

ber 1793, the Princess was called as a witness to prove some facts relative to the transaction of the Champ de Mars, in July 1791, but she declined giving any testimony. Her dignified answer to the question put to her by the president of the tribunal, was, "You know that the blood of your Sovereign, of Bourbons, pardons, but does not accuse*." Her courage and magnanimity surprised indeed the republican assassins, but instead of exciting a deserved applause, were accompanied with murmurs and threats.

The removal to the Conciergerie, and the trial of the Queen, had been determined on the day when the National Convention was informed of the surrender of Valenciennes, in July 1793: at the news, in May 1794, of the capitulation of Landrecy, the murder of the Princess Elizabeth was decreed. Whether defeated or victorious, murderous decrees have always been the resort of the revolutionary rulers, resolved both to silence by terror the complaints of the disaffected, and to modify by terror the rejoicings and pretensions of associates or accomplices.

Robespierre meditated also about this time

* See Dernier's Regicides, and Journal de Clery, Debates, and the Moniteur of November 1793.

the

the destruction of his rivals, the Cordeliers. With his usual policy, he laboured to occupy the public with some other event, to prevent the friends of his victims from raising commotions to revenge their fate. With this view, two days after he had denounced the pretended conspiracy of the Cordeliers, and obtained the arrest of their principal members, a deputation, headed by Buonaparte's brother-in-law, Murat, tutored for the purpose, attended at the bar of the Convention, and required, that "the *impure* remains of the family who butchered the people on the 10th of August, should fall under the avenging and protecting sword of the law*."

The Princess was found by the Commissary of the Commune, who was to carry her from the Temple to the Conciergerie, upon her knees, saying her prayers previously to going to bed. It was near midnight, and a rainy and stormy night, between the 8th and 9th of May 1794. Instead (as used with the other Bourbons sent to the republican butchery,) of having a hackney coach to bring her Royal Highness to her new gaol, she was ordered to walk the whole way, near

* See Dernier's Regicides, Debates, and Moniteur of November 1793.

three

three miles, on foot, with a bundle under her arm, surrounded by eight gens d'armes on horseback, headed by the Commissary. From her long confinement, and from want of proper nourishment, she could hardly keep herself upon her feet, and asked therefore as a favour to have a coach, but it was refused her. She walked consequently very slowly, and often even stumbled, but the ruffian escort, so far from showing compassion, struck her brutally with their swords to oblige her to get up and walk faster. In crossing the Place de Greve she fainted, and after the gens d'armes had beat her in vain with their swords to rise, one of them laid her across his horse, and carried her for the remainder of the way (near a mile) in that manner, to the Conciergerie. When, having recovered her senses, the gens d'armes, gaolers, and turnkeys upbraided her for her *cowardice*, "You are wrong, or mistaken," replied the Princess, "my weakness is bodily, not mental*". This is the *respect civilized* Frenchmen, citizens of the *first* and *greatest* nation in the world, show to misfortunes and to the sex; thus French

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 202.

regenerators

regenerators protect innocence, pity misery, and reverence constancy, grandeur, and resignation in distress, in undeserved, unheard of calamity!!!

The life of this truly amiable Princess had been so virtuous, so beneficent, so exempt from blame, that it was a matter of some difficulty to frame her act of accusation. It contained many general allegations, couched in the most indecorous and insulting language, but nothing which applied particularly to the conduct of the Princess, except a charge that she had sent her diamonds to her brother, the Count d'Artois, and that since the death of the King, she had treated the young Prince with distinctions due to royalty*.

On the 10th of May her Royal Highness appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Being asked the usual question of her name and rank, she replied, "My name is Elizabeth Philipine Marie Helene de France, and I am the aunt of the King of France and Navarre." This noble answer decided her fate; she was immediately declared guilty†. It was so much the more

* See Proces des Bourbons, vol. iii. p. 171.

† Moore's View, vol. ii. p. 503.

sublime,

sublime, as it was delivered by a woman deserted by the universe, without friends or defenders, and in the power of the regicide murderers of her family.

Four and twenty persons were tried at the same time, and condemned for the same conspiracy. She was carried to the scaffold on a cart, with her hands tied behind, the executioner on her right, and the widow of the ex-minister de Montmorin on her left, to whom she administered that consolation she herself enjoyed. As she passed to the place of execution her handkerchief fell from her neck, and exposed her in that situation to the eyes of the multitude; she then addressed these words to the executioner: "In the name of modesty, I entreat you to cover my bosom *." She was the last executed.

Her conduct on her trial, and till the moment of her death, was calculated to prove before a tribunal of atheists and a horde of assassins, the firmness and composure which religion can communicate to a mind naturally timid; even in the greatest evils inflicted by Providence, the

* Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, vol. i. p. 13.

sincere

sincere Christian is recompensed for his faith: God did not forsake a princess when in adversity, who had remembered him in her prosperity. Her death was as edifying, as her life had been pure and pious.

The Princess Elizabeth consoling upon a cart, by the side of the executioner, a fellow-sufferer, is more sublime than Socrates conversing with his disciples, or Seneca dictating to his secretaries; and the Princess Elizabeth, kneeling upon her marble slab in a royal palace, has more merit than St. Simeon Stilite contemplating the heavens from the top of his pillar in the midst of a desert.

THE DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME,

THE DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI.

MARIE THERESA CHARLOTTE, Princess Royal of France, and Duchess of Angouleme, is the sole daughter and surviving child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, King and Queen of France and Navarre. Her Royal Highness was born at Versailles on the 19th of December 1778; and after being baptized, received the title of *Madame*, *Fille du Roi*, though the prevailing custom has been to call her *Madame Royale.*

The Queen's pregnancy with this daughter, the first after a marriage of eight years, was announced to the inhabitants of Paris by an act of beneficence truly pious and royal, and which Marie Antoinette often repeated in the course of her reign. She sent to the director of the office for wet nurses, a large sum of money to be employed in procuring the liberty of unfortunate parents,

parents, imprisoned for non-payment of the debts contracted for their children. Prayers for her Majesty were offered up in all parts of the kingdom; and several companies, military, religious, and municipal, displayed their loyalty in acts of devotion and benevolence. After the Queen's delivery, the prevote of the merchants, and the municipal officers at Paris, subscribed and collected subscriptions sufficient to release from prison two hundred fathers of families confined for debt, and her Majesty herself distributed other charities in a manner no less interesting than engaging. She caused to be selected a hundred young women, poor, and of good character, from the different parishes in Paris, to each of whom she gave five hundred livres, as a marriage portion; two hundred livres to purchase a suit of clothes for their husbands, and twelve livres for a wedding dinner *.

Such benevolent actions, and such loyal and favourable occurrences accompanied and celebrated the brilliant birth of a princess, who was destined, before she had reached her fifteenth year, to undergo those uncommon vicissitudes, and to

* Anecdotes, &c. vol. i. p. 303, and 314.

experience

experience those unexampled losses and afflictions, which are no where found in the history of civilized Europe, to have overtaken the longest life of the most culpable wretch.

When her Royal Highness witnessed the first scenes of horror; when she for the first time saw her habitation invaded, plundered, and stained with blood; when the first threats of regicide assassins against her royal parents resounded in her ears and alarmed her heart, she was not yet eleven years of age. No; she was not eleven when, on the 6th of October 1789, she saw the faithful gardes du corps of her father butchered by a ferocious multitude, in defending the menaced and proscribed life of her mother; she was not eleven when she was forced from Versailles to Paris, and to join in a procession of cannibals, who carried the heads of these gardes du corps before and by the side of the royal carriage; who ate their hearts, and, savage-like, danced round the bleeding corpse of their victims. In a letter written to her aunt, the late Queen of Sardinia, she paints with all the ingenuity and *naiveté* of youth, the strong impression those atrocities made upon a humane and noble heart, the feelings of which, to judge from the

the sentiments expressed, had already arrived at a maturity above her age.

"*Paris, October* 12, 1789.

"Oh! my dearest aunt! how unhappy have I been since I wrote to you last; how unhappy are my papa and mamma, my grand aunts, my uncle, my aunt, and even my little brother. We were all so much frightened by the ugly looking people that used such shocking words to us all, but particularly to my good mamma, who never did them any harm. Do you know that they killed the gardes du corps, because they would not let them kill mamma, and the whole way to Paris they held their terrible heads to us, and terrified us all, but my brother and myself more than any body else. I cannot think of these men and these heads without trembling. I have dreamed of them every night since, and I am sure I shall dream of them as long as I live. I do not see in the Thuilery garden an ill-looking man, without thinking of these heads, and that he is perhaps waiting to cut off the head of somebody, perhaps my own, my brother's, or my papa's or mamma's. Is it not terrible? I am, however, no longer angry with them; the King and my aunt Elizabeth have told me, if I do not

forgive them, God will not forgive me my sins. I do forgive them, and have every day, with my aunt, prayed God to forgive them too; but I am, notwithstanding my prayers, unable to master my feelings: the very idea of them made me shudder.

"I asked the King, who is always low-spirited, if the gardes du corps had not sinned much, to be killed and treated in that cruel manner? He said, that God knows that, but that he hoped they were now happy in heaven. We have all ever since prayed to God for the repose of their souls; pray, my dearest aunt, do the same, they fought so brave and suffered so much. My mamma always says that she is indebted to them for her life, and that if they had not sacrificed themselves, the ill-looking people would have done with her as they did with her bed, which they cut to pieces. Good God, what a trembling that horrid thought puts me into! No, God will not let them kill my mamma, who is so good and so charitable to all: she has just given many many thousands of livres to take out all the pledges of all poor people, perhaps for many of them who wished to kill her. Is it not very good?

"After

" After having heard mass, and breakfasted, we now walk between eleven and twelve in the Thuillery garden, when it is fine weather, sometimes with my papa, mamma, and aunt, and sometimes only with my mamma and aunt. My brother and I must not play together in the garden, but only in our rooms. Indeed, though he is a boy, he is more frightened than I, and always takes hold of the hand of somebody when any ill-looking people approach us.

" I send my dearest aunt, with this long letter, a small drawing of mine, and a prayer to the Holy Virgin, to implore the mercy of her Divine Son on us, and to procure an end to all our troubles; we read it here all every morning and every night; pray, my dearest aunt, do the same. When my papa, mamma, uncle, and aunt are again happy, we shall then all say for you any prayer you like; and, indeed, we shall do so now, though our misfortunes want so much the prayers of others. Indeed we do pray every day for you and your husband, and for every body, and we wish all with our hearts happiness to every body upon earth, even those villanous men and women who frightened us so much. We do indeed. Oh how happy shall I be when

I can tell my aunt that my papa and mamma are no more so very low-spirited and melancholy. I have just now been crying, because my mamma had been crying when she came here to look at what I was writing. I hope before Christmas we shall not be so afflicted. Do, my dearest aunt, pray God that we may not *."

Poor unfortunate Princess! or rather fortunate delusion! Her parents, her relatives, and herself to be happy or less afflicted before Christmas! Alas! Providence had so ordered, that no more happiness was reserved in this world for those so dearly and affectionately beloved by her—their felicity was only to be found on the other side of the grave! Every day, nay, almost every hour, increased their troubles, and the audacity and barbarity of conspirators, traitors, and rebels.

During the cannibal procession from Versailles to Paris, in October 1789, was not the only occasion that her Royal Highness had to tremble for lives so valuable, and to witness the dangers of licentiousness, and the ferocity of an unbridled rabble. She accompanied and returned with her royal parents from Varennes in June 1791,

* See Lettres des Femmes Marquantes, p. 18, and 19.

and

and was by their side during the scandalous and sanguinary scenes of the 20th of June and 10th of August 1792.

It was during the first official imprisonment of the Royal Family by La Fayette, after the journey to Varennes, that the Princess wrote thus to her royal aunt at Turin :

" *Paris, Junè* 30, 1791.

" My dearest aunt, how unfortunate we are all here ; we are now all truly prisoners ; nobody can visit us, and we are not permitted to visit any body. My papa, my mamma, and my aunt, are all truly miserable ; and I and my brother, we really cry more than play. Oh ! God, God ! what have we done to be so wretched ! when will our wretchedness end !

" What a journey, my dearest aunt ! Repeated, incessant insults ; want of all conveniences. Some loyal persons were killed by our side, and my papa's *garde du corps* every instant threatened with destruction. Good God, how my poor papa sighed, and my mamma and my aunt cried ! Oh ! we were all so desolate, so miserable, that we could neither eat nor sleep, neither speak nor hardly think. I am sure I heard the sobbings of my mamma

and aunt every night; they almost rent my very heart. Pray, my good, my dear aunt! pray console them, and include us all in your prayers. What a shocking people must those be, where my uncles and the emigrants are, when those we passed in the way to them were so bad! Oh how I pity them; and what must they not endure, when we suffered so much!

"I can neither read, write, nor draw by myself. I am so unhappy, and find therefore no pleasure but in reading and praying with my papa and my aunt. O how can they be so cruel to us? we never do harm to any body. My aunt says that every thing is for our welfare, but how long, how very long time, are we not already unfortunate! Pray, dearest aunt, do write to my papa, and my mamma, and my aunt, and tell them that you pray for them, and that you hope that God will soon cause their troubles to be over *."

After the insurrection of the 20th of June 1792, her Royal Highness wrote again to her aunt.

* Lettres des Femmes Marquantes, p. 19, 20.

"*Paris,*

" *Paris, June* 22, 1792.

" The day before yesterday, I thought that we all should be killed. My mamma, my brother, and myself, were the whole day separated from our good papa and aunt. Judge of our anxiety, particularly when the cruel Jacobins forced us to put on the villanous red cap, under pain of having our heads cut off and carried upon pikes. Although my poor mamma bade me to fear nothing, oh how I trembled. She told me to trust to the protection of God; but if they killed her, to tell my papa, that he, I, my brother, and aunt, were her sole care and thoughts in her last moments. Oh no, mamma, said I, you shall not die; they shall not kill you. But should they do it, replied my mamma, I pray God with all my heart, to forgive them, provided they only spare you, your papa, your brother, and aunt. My mamma did not cry, but she was so pale, that I am convinced she was not well.

" You can form little idea, dearest aunt, how much we were exposed. A very ill looking shabby man, with a red cap, and his hands and face stained with blood, said to my mamma, in shewing his sword, ' This is just sharpened to cut off your head, Madame Veto.' Good God,

how the villain terrified me! but my mamma said nothing but sighed, though all the mob howled out at the same time, '*Bravo! vive la nation!*'

"Oh, my dear dearest aunt, how happy you are to be far from this place. Oh! if they would permit me to carry my papa, my mamma, my brother, and my aunt with me to you, I would give them every thing I possess in this world, even my favourite canary bird, provided they did not kill it. Yes, I would even let them kill that poor dear, dear bird, provided they would spare us, and let us go to you. But no! I apprehend that we shall all be destroyed here. My aunt says that our only hope and resource is in God, and we pray together from morning to night *."

This is the last letter published, and probably the last that her Royal Highness wrote to her aunt before the catastrophe of the 10th of August, which deprived her, with the other members of the Royal Family, of their liberty, and exchanged their palace for a gaol.

* Lettres des Femmes Marquantes, p. 50, 51.

The

The following short account explains in what manner the Duchess of Angouleme passed her time in the palace of the Thuilleries, and proves that notwithstanding the disastrous situation and the sufferings of the Royal Family, her education, so far from being neglected, was most carefully attended to. It is a relation of what was observed in her apartment during a visit shortly after the 10th of August.

" When we left the Dauphin's chamber, we went into that of his sister: it was larger than his, and in greater order and neatness. On one side, upon a broken piano-forte, lay some sheets of the first principles of vocal and instrumental music, and a little further, upon a table nearly covered with pencils and papers, was a large portfolio filled with prints and drawings. We opened this portfolio, and found in it several drawings made by the young Madame Royal; at the bottom of every one of them she had written these words, MARIE THERESE CHARLOTTE DE FRANCE *fecit*: the date of the year and month followed them, which made it easy for us to judge of the progress she had made. A woman's head, and a foot, tolerably well shaded, dated July 1788, informed us that she had

handled a pencil before she was ten years old. Drawings in the following year proved to us, from the manner in which they were finished, that she worked with taste. Since the month of March 1790, she had drawn landscapes with figures; the last of her drawings was finished the first of May 1792; it represented the view of an aqueduct on the road from Naples to Salerno. This piece evinced talents, and was done with much taste. Besides her drawing-master, her aunt, the Princess Elizabeth, gave her lessons, and spurred her emulation by example.

"Some sheets of paper contained an extract of the history of France, copied by her Royal Highness. It proved that the useful was mixed with the agreeable in her education. The King her father had taken charge of her instruction, and made her write out what she studied, that she might be able to give him an account of it, and these sheets of paper were only some parts of her late studies. The hand-writing of the Princess was very fine, but though it had a great resemblance to the Queen's, was much superior*."

* The Castle of the Thuilleries, vol. ii. p. 251, 252, 253.

Her

Her Royal Highness had also her fixed hours for prayers, for reading, for walking, for needle-work, for embroidering, for music, as well as for writing and drawing; and besides the direction of her masters or governesses, she was always either under the inspection of the King, of the Queen, or of the Princess Elizabeth. Her education was therefore complete before she was deprived of the authors of her days, and of her amiable aunt. The accomplishments of her mind were as much admired as the elegance and beauty of her person, but the dignity and firmness of her character surpassed both. In the dreary prison of the Temple, after the murder of her royal parents and aunt, and her separation from her brother, she conducted herself with that becoming propriety, and with an elevation of soul and behaviour, which, though it could not prevent unfeeling brutality from insulting her distress, forced it to respect and revere her person. She never entered into any conversation with her gaolers or the National Commissaries, but always gave short and dignified answers to their questions. Even the strict solitude in which she was kept during so many months, did not induce her to alter her conduct.

She always remembered that she was the daughter of a king, and that those who guarded her were the most guilty and contemptible of her father's barbarous subjects.

Some time after the death of Robespierre, Madame Mackau and a few other ladies formerly attached to her person, were separately permitted to visit the Princess in the Temple. What occurred during one of these visits is thus related: "I was one of the first persons formerly known to the young Princess, and, after many difficulties, at last obtained permission to see her alone in the Temple, where I entered trembling and agitated. I found her reading the history of France, but instead of flying to meet me, she seemed to hesitate leaving her chair. The instant, however, I attempted to throw myself at her feet, she threw herself into my arms, saying, 'Forgive me, my dear Madam, a reception you do not deserve; but I have for so long time seen no other persons but those who came to insult my misfortunes, and humiliate my person, that I cannot be too much upon my guard. I am very glad, but at the same time very uneasy, at seeing you here; I fear that your friendship for me will probably expose you to many dangers.'

Upon

Upon my assurance that I had the permission of government, she pressed my hands with kindness, saying, 'If that is the case, do and say nothing, whatever consolation or pleasure you think it may give me, that may excite their anger or jealousy.' I avoided as much as possible to touch on any thing that might renew her remembrances, sorrow, or regret; but this was the subject she seemed most pleased to dwell upon. She told me such disgusting trials of wanton indignities and brutal ferocity offered her, as disgrace our age and our nation for ever. She had for months been obliged to sweep her room, make her bed, wash and mend her stockings and dress; and her gaolers always took care, when they knew that she was performing any of these humble acts, as honourable to her as degrading to France, to call in numbers of low and vulgar persons to laugh at her, ridicule her, or abuse her. Even her scanty victuals she was herself under the necessity of dressing. They consisted for a long time of only two ounces of bad meat, and a quarter of a pound of bread, during each twenty-four hours. They for some time, according to their caprice or orders, took from her all her books, or exchanged them for

bad

bad ones; bringing her at the same time a quantity of the very coarsest sack-cloth, to make sacks for the armies. This she refused to do, and was punished, by being deprived during forty-eight hours of every thing but bread and water. Another time they placed themselves by her door during the night, singing the most terrible songs to alarm her, and to prevent her sleeping. They even when she was in bed, entered the room, and forced her to answer and shew herself, to convince them that she had not escaped. This cruel intrusion prevented her for the future from undressing when she went to bed. She did not know of the murder of her mother and her aunt till a month after Robespierre's execution, and till that time she always continued to pray for them as if alive; though the one had been dead eleven months, and the other five. She was not certain of her brother's existence until I informed her that this young Prince was still confined in the same prison with her, perhaps in the next room. She was exceedingly moved during the whole conversation, and from her eyes being so red, I am sure she was accustomed to pass a great part of her time in tears. She inquired after her aunts

at

at Turin and Naples, and charged me to express her dutiful and affectionate sentiments to them. She entreated me, in the most tender manner, to employ my zeal in procuring her an opportunity to see her brother, if only for a quarter of an hour in the day, and in presence of witnesses. She deplored much his situation, on account of his inexperience and youth, and the neglect of his education for so long a time. What will surprise every body, but which is nevertheless a truth, I found her really improved in amiableness, as well as in elegance and information. From want of exercise she was grown rather corpulent, but her gait, her manners, her conversation, the turn of her ideas, with an agreeable inexpressible *je ne sçais quoi*, are all those of the lovely Marie Antoinette's, and reminded me of that inimitable model of beauty, grandeur, and condescension*."

This simple narrative, in confirming the former relations concerning the refinement of cruelties to which all the members of the Royal Family were exposed in the republican bastille, the Temple, also displays the character of this

* See Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, vol. ii. p. 109, 110

Princess.

Princess to an advantage, not flattered, but merited. When this lady visited her she was in her seventeenth year, had passed two years and two months in close confinement, and fourteen months without seeing or speaking to any human being but her gaolers and tormentors, the assassins of her family—ruffians that had nothing human about them but the shape. What strength of mind must she not have possessed, what constancy, what resignation, and what piety, did it not require, to endure, without despair or weakness, but to support with firmness, such a calamity, such affliction! What innate greatness of mind, what innate courage, was not necessary, to keep at a distance, and to brave those assassins and their accomplices, whose hands were still reeking with the blood of a murdered father, mother, and aunt, and in whose power, and at whose disposal, were her own person and existence! Monsters, known to be capable of perpetrating any enormities, and certain of impunity, whether they stabbed her in her bed, poisoned her during her meals, or dispatched her publicly on a scaffold.

After the French regicides of the National Convention, by another crime, had in June

1795

1795 destroyed Louis XVII. they ventured to dismiss their fears of returning royalty, and passed a decree, that so soon as the late minister at war, and the deputies delivered up by General Dumourier, or by other means fallen into the hands of the allies, should be restored to France, Madame Royal, the daughter of Louis XVI. should be placed in the hands of commissioners appointed by the Emperor of Germany to receive her. After a considerable time spent in negotiations, her Royal Highness, on the 25th of December 1795, was secretly conveyed to Basle, and there surrendered to the Prince de Gavre, the principal Imperial commissioner, waiting there at the head of a numerous suite, to receive her with that respect due to her rank and misfortunes. Her Royal Highness's reception at the Imperial court at Vienna was most brilliant and cordial. The Austrian hero, Archduke Charles, demanded her hand; but this splendid and auspicious alliance could not divert the mind of the young Princess from that which she considered her duty, the accomplishment of a promise made by her parents to his Royal Highness Monsieur, of uniting her to her cousin the Duke of Angouleme.

On

On the 10th of June 1799, the marriage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Angouleme with the Princess Royal of France, was celebrated at Mittau in Courland, in the presence of his Most Christian Majesty, the King of France and Navarre, Louis XVIII. the Queen his consort, a great number of French nobility and gentry faithful to their God and King, and the most considerable inhabitants of the town. His Eminence Cardinal Montmorency, High Almoner of France, blessed this affecting union, which Heaven seems to have designed, and to have favoured, amidst the unparalleled misfortunes that have befallen a sovereign house, reserved to fill again the throne, and to add new lustre to the sceptre, which was wrested from them by unnatural French rebels, and an audacious Corsican adventurer.

The Princess had not previously experienced the consolation of seeing her august relatives since she escaped from her native land, that had been so barbarously inundated with the blood of her family and loyal countrymen. The moment of their meeting was marked by an effusion of the sentiments of nature, of tenderness, and of sorrow, which so many cruel recollections mingled with

with this pleasing overflow of heart. The Princess was going to throw herself at the King's feet, when his Majesty caught her to his bosom, and bathed her with his tears: she wept aloud, and as soon as she could recover herself, assured her adopted father of the warmth of her gratitude.

It was several hundred miles from the kingdom governed for so many centuries by their ancestors, that the buds of Henry IV. and Louis XVI. met to form at the altar, these ties so desired and so desirable. The Emperor of Russia, Paul I. signed the marriage contract, and deposited the trust in the archives of his Senate. What an age is this, in which we witness such vicissitudes! in which the frozen regions of the north offer the last asylum to a King of France, amidst monarchies shaken or overthrown by the usurper of his crown; in which, from the recesses of a tower, that became the tomb of her brother, and whence she had seen the authors of her life, and the heavenly consolers of her sorrows pass to the scaffold, the heiress of the house of France, the grand-daughter of Maria Theresa, goes into Courland, to unite herself with a consort of her blood, who, like herself, is the sport of

of the fury of a band of regicides and rebels, and of adversity without example.

Mr. Guilhermi, a deputy of the *Tiers-etat* in the National Assembly of 1789, was among the guests who were present at the marriage dinner. The King, ever attentive to acknowledge and to notice loyalty, as he is to admit repentance and to pardon offences, said to him, in the affectionate tone natural to his Majesty, "I should have been still happier, could I have assembled here all who, like you, distinguished themselves by a courageous fidelity to the King, my brother."

Unfortunate Frenchmen! abused, degraded, chained, mocked, oppressed, plundered, poisoned, shot, drowned, and guillotined by your Buonapartes, Talleyrand and Fouche, you are much more to be pitied than these innocent young heirs of a throne which you have suffered to be overturned, which you have not the courage to re-establish, and under the shade of which alone you will recover that repose you lost with so much indifference; you are mad enough to look for in your slavery to every kind of tyrant and tyranny, and patience enough to hope from a miracle!

May the less untoward auspices under which this

this ceremony of Mittau was celebrated, be a presage of the destiny which the justice of Providence reserves for a pair so worthy of the respect and of the love of their country. All that can embellish the crown, and remove the fears of the French, deceived as to the consequences of its re-establishment, the charms of person and of mind, mildness, kindness, sincerity, the glow of youth, clemency, the instruction of adversity, the remembrance of the admirable lessons of Louis XVI. and the example and sentiments of Louis XVIII. all are here added to the sacred rights of birth, to fix the interests and wishes of France on those two remaining shoots of an ancient stock, destined to cleanse, purify, and adorn those palaces and that throne which are now given up to guilt, filth, and despotism.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angouleme, has ever since her marriage continued to reside with her uncle the King of France, and, with her royal consort, received from their Sovereign, lessons both to support with fortitude undeserved distress, and instruction how to govern with glory, should Providence place them one day upon the throne of their ancestors. Not being yet blessed with any offspring, the domestic

mestic cares of the Duchess are few, and her whole time is employed in fulfilling her religious, connubial, and social duties. She enjoys, and is worthy of enjoying, the most tender affection of her consort and relations, and the most unaffected respect and admiration of all who have the honour to approach her, of foreigners as well as of Frenchmen. With the piety and rectitude of her father, she has inherited the graces and charitable benevolence of her mother. Numbers of anecdotes are related of this Princess, which do equal honour to her head and to her heart, to her religion and to her rank.

In 1798 Louis XVIII. was acknowledged by the Emperor of Russia, Paul the First, as King of France and Navarre, and was invited by him to reside in the ducal castle of Mittau, until he could restore him to his throne. In this former capital of Courland his Most Christian Majesty was at first treated with all the honours due to a sovereign, which another more fortunate, liberal-minded sovereign could bestow. He had a guard of honour of two hundred Russians in his castle, besides a body-guard of French noblemen, paid by the Emperor. The Russian commander at Mittau was entirely under his orders, and his

levees

levees were crowded by the nobility of Courland, Livonia, and Russia. As the pecuniary bounties of Paul were more than sufficient for a prince, economical from principle and custom, as well as from delicacy, a number of ruined emigrants flocked to Russia to share them. The duration of this prosperous adversity, however, was not long. The generous but weak Emperor, misled by republican intriguers, suddenly changed his conduct, and, adopting the ignoble sentiments of his new ignoble friend Buonaparte, sent the King, whom he had acknowledged and invited to his dominions, *orders* to leave the Russian territory within a week. Three months previous to this order, the payment of the usual pension had been withheld; Louis XVIII. and all the Frenchmen at Mittau were, therefore, reduced to the greatest distress, because they had all been ordered to depart with their King.

Thus situated, his Majesty informed the Duchess of Angouleme of his determination "to quit within twenty-four hours a country, where insult and humiliation had taken the place of hospitality; and that as he had not the means to travel as he had formerly done, and the little that he possessed was necessary for the assistance

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of those of his subjects who had accompanied him, he would the next day, on foot, leave Mittau, and shew the unfortunate emigrants an example how to support misfortunes!

At her marriage, her Royal Highness had received from her first cousins, the Emperor and Empress of Germany, a valuable *ecrin*, or jewel-box: without mentioning to any body her intention, she sent for some Jews, and obtained upon these jewels a sum of money, sufficient not only for her uncle's travelling expences, but to provide for the present wants of her countrymen at Mittau. When her uncle, the next morning, found out this generous act, the tears of all relieved Frenchmen told this Prince, that by pressing his niece to his bosom, he should reward instead of resenting, the first act of her life which she ever concealed from him. This young Princess had, in the dungeons of the Temple, early learned to know the little value of either jewels, rank, or life, as well as the real duty of humanity and the worth of undeserved wretchedness.

Three days prior to the marriage of the Duchess of Angouleme, another princess of her family, scattered by the storms of the revolution, died at Triest. Her grand aunts, when they left

France,

France, had retired to Rome, and from Rome to Naples. Still followed by the assassins of their race, after the invasion of Naples they had sailed for Corfu, whence they had proceeded to Trieste, where the eldest of these Princesses ended her life. The other went to Vienna, and expired there in exile two years afterwards. Six Bourbons have within some few years perished by violent deaths in France, and the Countess d'Artois died lately in Carinthia, preceded by her sister-in-law the Queen of Sardinia, who died at Rome. The other surviving Bourbons are dispersed in different and distant countries. Some reside in England, some in Spain, some in Germany, in Poland, and in Russia. They are all equally proscribed and equally unfortunate, and would cease to exist the day hospitality refused them a home, or generosity a support.

Let private individuals cast their eyes upon these descendants of St. Louis, and they will, with reason, bless Heaven for having placed them in their birth far from greatness.

THE IMPERIAL
PRINCESS LETA. BUONAPARTE,
THE MOTHER OF THE BUONAPARTES.

IT is no common fortune that has changed a mistress of one of the governors of the King of France into a mother of an Emperor of the French; and transformed an obscure, poor, and guilty Corsican adulteress into a conspicuous and wealthy French Imperial Princess. Such a surprising occurrence, is another evidence of the immorality of our age, of the perversity and degradation of republican Frenchmen, and of the selfish and dangerous policy of many continental cabinets. What hereditary rank can hereafter pretend to respect; what virtue hope for rewards; what honour expect distinction; what talents advancement; and what eminence consideration or admiration? In a time when the highest authority is seized, *saluted* and *revered* in

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the greatest of criminals, who with audacity and impunity elevates native meanness; bestows titles on corruption and vileness, and surrounds an imperial throne with the dregs of society; what encouragement has honesty, what support, what consolation has loyalty, and what dread has rebellion and infamy? There is no gaol in the universe that could not furnish a *purer* Emperor than Napoleone the First, and no house of correction, no brothel can be discovered in the world, from which might not be dragged forwards a *more innocent* Empress than Josephine, and a *more innocent* and *worthier* Imperial Princess than Letitia Buonaparte, and the other Imperial Princesses of the same vile race.

In a former publication * has already been related, all the particulars that could be collected of Letitia Raniolini, the widow of the Corsican Carlo Buonaparte; of her *faux pas* before, and her adultery after her marriage; of her ignorance, poverty, bigotry, and superstition; that all her sons were brought up to figure in iniquity, and all her daughters to pollute even prostitution. This sketch therefore contains only some anec-

* See the Revolutionary Plutarch, vol. ii. p. 156, et seq. third edition.

dotes of the first twelve months of the life of her Imperial Highness the Princess Letitia Buonaparte.

When Napoleone had determined to place an Imperial diadem on his guilty head, though he was certain of the submission of his slavish senators, legislators, and tribunes, he feared some explosion, or at least some resistance, from Moreau, Le Courbe, and other discontented generals, and therefore, under different pretences, sent his nearest and dearest relatives either abroad, or into the provinces on the frontiers, to wait quietly there for the issue. To his brother Joseph he gave a commission in the army on the coast, and made him president of the Electoral College at Brussels; Lucien had already retired to Italy in disgrace, on account of his marriage with an honest woman who was no princess; and Louis was made president of the Electoral College at Turin; Jerome was wandering for pleasure on the other side of the Atlantic; and his sisters travelling for their health on the other side of the Alps. The cause of these measures of safety was easily perceived and penetrated into, even by the Corsican's French subjects; he could therefore, without adding deception to suspicion

and

and fear, send his dear mother to Italy. But thinking, no doubt, that those who in such a cowardly manner had renounced their liberty, could not have much sense left, and that they would easily be induced to adopt as realities even the greatest absurdities and improbabilities, he exiled his mother to Rome; and his pensioners and spies disseminated, that this *dutiful* act of her *affectionate* son, was a punishment for her *disobedience* in not opposing with vigour her other son, Lucien Buonaparte's improper marriage. It also told his favourites and courtiers to be upon their guard, not to incur the displeasure of a despot whose severity did not spare even those most beloved by him *.

During her journey to and in Italy, Madame Letitia was attended by a numerous suite in six carriages, and an escort of twenty-five guides. Her manner of travelling from Paris in 1804, forms a curious contrast to her manner of travelling to that capital in 1794: at that period she had taken only three places for herself and five of her children in the waggon from Toulon to Paris, so that when three of her party were

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. 220.

riding, the other three were walking; and notwithstanding this economy, when arrived at her destination, the clerk at the waggon-office detained her and her children's bundle of clothes, she being unable to pay thirty livres, 1*l.* 5*s.* due for her journey. In 1804 she was addressed and complimented every where, lodged in chateaus or palaces, and feasted by governors, generals, and prefects. In 1794, she was suspected, from her colour, of being a wandering gypsey, stopped and insulted in every village, often lodged in prisons, or half starving with her children in the receptacles for the lowest vagabonds. The cannons of the Fort St. Angelo announced, in 1804, her arrival at Rome; where, after being hailed by cardinals, she fraternized with a pope, dined with princes, and slept in a princely hotel fitted up for her reception. Different indeed was her modest entry at Paris in 1794: after being detained and stript at the waggon-office, she was for hours repulsed, and refused shelter in garrets or in cellars, and would probably have passed the night in the street, had not the pretty eyes of her daughters inspired charitable sentiments in the bosom of a national officer on duty in a guard-house near the Palais Royal,

where

where he, upon *certain* conditions, allowed them to share a part of his supper, and of the straw upon which he reposed *.

After violence, treachery, and cruelty had delivered into Buonaparte's hands the Duke of Enghien, Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau, and the three former had been murdered, and the latter disgraced, terror silenced discontent, despotism banished opposition, and tyranny crushed patriotism; and no person in France dared murmur, much less complain, at the death-blow given to the rights of subjects, as well as to the prerogatives of legitimate sovereigns, by the Corsican Napoleone the First proclaiming himself Emperor of the French. To organize this abominable usurpation, and to effect both a religious and political revolution, the succours of the Pope were necessary. To delude this pontiff, whose mental and corporeal weakness are not inferior to his spiritual power, could not be a very difficult task, since all his cardinals and counsellors were bribed, and all his favourites and relatives purchased. The newly created Imperial Highness Letitia was, however, charged by her son to employ her pious zeal in this affair.

*See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 296, and 297.

Devout from idleness and habit, more than from sincerity and conviction, being above the age of temptation; charitable because she had more money than she wanted, and not because she had herself been poor; and diffident, not from modesty, but from knowing her own incapacity and origin; her conduct at Rome, from not being searched through, had not only been considered as prudent, but edifying, and had often obtained the applause of Pius VII. She never missed a religious ceremony, matins, masses, vespers or processions; and her brother, Cardinal Fesch, took care that her piety should not pass unnoticed. She was never refused any private audiences of the Pope when she demanded them, and he always listened to her conversation not only without suspicion, but with pleasure. He had presented her with relicks of the most famous Saints of Rome; she received his blessing when with him, and his prayers accompanied her when absent. He had for her sake condescended to consecrate with his own hands not only a double velvet helmet she had made for Napoleone, but some part of her own and of all her other children's wearing apparel. His Holiness had himself, during her first six weeks' residence in his capital,

given

given her four general absolutions of all her sins; and in a secret bull, written with the miraculous blood of martyrs, absolved Napoleone as a renegade from all his sins of apostacy, as a rebel from his sin of perjury, and as an assassin from the sins of all his murdering and poisoning deeds.

To augment with his mother the number of his emissaries round the Pope, was therefore not a bad speculation of the revolutionary Emperor. And indeed, if report be true, after his Holiness had repulsed the unanimous council of the Sacred College, he could not feel strength enough to resist the devout supplication of Madame Letitia, who alone, by her influence, occasioned the Pope's sacrilegious journey to Paris, where she, at her return, on her first interview with Napoleone, in reward for the service she had rendered him, was kicked out of the room, because she dared to implore his forgiveness and ask for his reconciliation with his brothers Lucien and Jerome*.

The allowance of this revolutionary Princess amounts now to six millions of livres a year (250,000*l.*) Her jewels and diamonds are valued at four millions of livres (170,000*l.*)

* See Le Voyageur Italien Palermo, 1804, vol. iv. p. 46, and 47.

Her plate, china, vases, and pictures are estimated at two millions and a half of livres (100,000*l.*) She is lodged gratis in the Imperial palaces, and one hundred and fifty persons, including *four* confessors, are attached to her household*.

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 302, and Les Nouvelles a la Main, Germinal, year xiii. No. iii. p. 6, in the note.

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS JOS. BUONAPARTE.

MARIA JULIA CLARY, daughter of a chandler in a village in the south of France, was, at the age of seventeen, on the 24th of September 1794, married to the then clerk of a pettifogging attorney, Napoleone Joseph Buonaparte, at present an Imperial Highness, a Grand Elector of the French Empire, a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, &c. &c. with a revenue of ten millions of livres, or 420,000*l.*

The Princess Joseph had in her youth many admirers, and Prince Joseph, during his courtship, many rivals. In her native village the Princess was an heiress. An uncle, who had been a sailor, had, at his death, bequeathed to her all his property, amounting to six hundred livres (25*l.*) No wonder, therefore, if all the beaus of the neighbourhood were enamoured, and striving who

who should be foremost, at the same time to seize a treasure and to possess so many charms. Among the principal *amateurs* with whom his Imperial Highness Prince Joseph the Grand Elector had to contend for his Imperial consort, a master chimney-sweeper, a master barber, and a journeyman tailor, presented themselves. Although the lowest, the journeyman tailor was not the less dangerous rival. He had made Mademoiselle Clary a great-coat which fitted her so well, that it excited the envy of all the other village *belles*; and she, in return, at the Sunday four-sous, or twopenny balls, at the inn of the Grand Monarque, seemed to prefer romping and dancing with her journeyman tailor rather than with Prince Joseph. To get rid of him by force, his Imperial Highness dared not attempt, having already experienced the strength of his fist; he resorted therefore to stratagem. A Captain of a recruiting party had for some days established his head-quarters in the vicinity. This officer happened to be a friend of the then sans-culotte Colonel Napoleone Buonaparte, and was applied to. The register of the parish being destroyed, the journeyman tailor was unable to prove his age, and was therefore claimed by the Captain as a con-

conscript, and as such, notwithstanding the opposition of the municipality, carried off, and marched to join the army of the Pyrenées *.

This act of *vigour* terrified the barber, who, being of the same age with the tailor, immediately decamped. The sweep still bravely kept the field, and continued his courtship, until the fair object of his affection had fixed on the next decade (the republican holiday) as the day on which her nuptials with Prince Joseph were to be celebrated at the municipality, and her union sanctioned by the reputable mayor of the village, a learned schoolmaster, though he understood neither Latin nor Greek. The marriage-contract of their Imperial Highnesses was witnessed and signed by the bride's father and mother, or rather they put their mark, not being able to write or read, as did two maternal uncles, Citizens Timothèe Galliard, a wooden shoemaker *(sabotier)*, and Francois Galliard, a groom. An elegant wedding ball was bespoken at the inn of the *Grand Monarque* for twelve livres (ten shillings) including music and twelve bottles of wine, at three sous (three halfpence) a bottle. There

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 175.

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the new married couple and their relations and friends continued to dance until next morning, when Monsieur and Madame Clary gave the signal of retreat*.

Besides six hundred livres in ready money (25*l.*) the Princess brought with her to her husband's apartment (a back room, two pair of stairs, at a blacksmith's), two gowns, two shifts, two petticoats, two neckcloths, one pocket-handkerchief, one comb, two pair of shoes, one pair of wooden shoes (a present of uncle Timothée's), and a horse-whip, another present of uncle Francois†.

Thus his Imperial Highness Prince Joseph began his matrimonial career with *triumph* and *glory*. Keen observers predicted thence, that the able politician, who, in a love affair of such consequence, had been clever enough to defeat the conspiracies and plans of his powerful rivals and carry his point, would certainly in state affairs, one day prove himself to be the first negotiator in the world, overthrow the common efforts of the enemies of the French Republic, and

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 177, 178.

† Idem, p. 179, in the note.

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counterbalance the intrigues of neutrals, and the jealousy of allies.

Six months after their marriage, her Imperial Highness presented her husband with a son and heir; the gossips of her village with an object of slander; the prudes with a subject of malice, and the devotees with an example of scandal. All parties exerted their tongues, and whilst the father was proud of a son in so short a time, they pretended and disseminated, that he resembled the tailor, the barber, and even the sweep, more than Joseph Buonaparte. In a week this hope of the family, this Emperor in petto, died, and the Imperial parents, according to the advice of the midwife, an aunt of her Imperial Highness, to silence all farther tittle-tattle, consented to announce and regard this birth—a miscarriage. From that period until 1801 the Princess had no children, and as the visit of Eugenius de Beauharnois had become very frequent at his uncle's, during 1800, *calumny* ascribed to his presence the appearance of one daughter on the 8th of July 1801, and another on the 31st of October 1802. Prince Joseph then asked his nephew, Prince Eugenius, to confer his *civilities* some-

where else, and with his absence sterility again returned*.

It was in 1796 that the Princess Joseph was, for the first time, introduced into the revolutionary court circles of the Directory; but the attention paid her by the Director Barras occasioned her journey to Italy in 1797, when, after the peace of Campo Formio, her husband had been nominated an ambassador to the Court of Rome. Having succeeded in his mission to dethrone and imprison a respectable Pontif, and to organize in the name of liberty and equality, the worst of all tyrannies, that of a sovereign mob, he went back to Paris with his wife, and settled there, being elected a Deputy in the Council of Five Hundred. When Napoleone had seized on the throne of the Bourbons, he appointed Joseph a Counsellor of State, and gave to the Princess Joseph, in December 1799, as a Christmas-box, the elegant hotel she occupies, upon condition that she should *improve* her education†.

Before that time her Imperial Highness knew very well how to knit and mend stockings, how

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 180, and Les Nouvelles a la Main, Vendemaire, year xi. No. 1. p. 7.

† Idem, p. 183, and La Saint Famille, p. 210.

to

to work and get up linen, how to starch and bleach, how to cook and preserve, how to brush and scour; but she was entirely unacquainted with those petty acquirements—that agreeable littleness—those vicious frivolities—that studied meanness, which were intended to constitute at the revolutionary Imperial Court good breeding and *haut ton*. Madame Napoleone was therefore ordered to spare her teacher of languages, a writing and a dancing-master, a master of ceremonies, a *coëffeur*, and a governess. Such were the assiduity and application of Princess Joseph, that within three months the good-natured Empress Josephine began to think that she had done too much for her sister-in-law, and therefore recalled all the teachers she had lent her. But the change both in her gait and manner evinced that she had already learned enough, and gained the admiration of all the revolutionary courtiers in the palace of the Thuilleries. Before that, she was rather awkward (by courtesy called timid), and inclined to devotion (called by courtesy, simplicity); now she is the very reverse—as free, as easy, as bold, as daring and as gallant as Josephine or any other of her sisters-in-law. It was even shortly afterwards whispered, that during her husband's absence

sence at Luneville and Amiens, she continued to take every night at Montfontaine, the *private* lessons of her dancing-master; so much so, that Prince Joseph, from motives of gratitude no doubt, demanded, in the summer 1802, an order from Napoleone for sending this active citizen to Cayenne, with the *exclusive* privilege of continuing during his life, an *exclusive* dancing-master of honour to all transported persons of both sexes in that colony*.

The Princess Joseph, with her deep, cunning, reserved, and truly Corsican husband, sees now little other society but those of his family. She lives, however, in great splendour, both at his country seat Montfontaine and in her hotel at Paris. Her private and annual allowance from the Emperor amounts to three millions of livres (125,000*l.*) Her jewels and diamonds are valued at two millions, and her plate, china, and pictures at one million and a half. A bishop is her almoner, and two grand vicars her chaplains. Madame Girardin (the ci-devant Marchioness) is her lady in waiting, and Madame Dessoles, Madame Dupuy, and Madame Miot, are her maids of ho-

* See Bulletine Imperial, &c. p. 185.

nour.

nour. The Senator Jaucour is her first chamberlain, and the Counsellor of State Dumas her second chamberlain. The tribune, ci-devant Marquis Girardin, is her master of horse, and the Colonels Cavaignac and Lafond-Blaniac her equerries. The tribune Villot Freville is her secretary, and Mr. James the steward of her household, to which, besides, sixty-two other persons are attached *.

* Bulletin Imperial, p. 190. In a note is stated, that the Prince and Princess Joseph Buonaparte were re-married by the Pope on the 9th of January 1805, having never before received the nuptial benediction from the hands of a clergyman, but had, according to the republican laws, been only united by the officers of the municipality.

MAD. LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

THE former wife of Lucien Buonaparte, whom he married against the consent of her parents, when a clerk to a store-keeper, was the daughter of a petty innkeeper at St. Maximin, a village in the south of France. Her portion was one hundred Louis d'ors, a large sum for a citizen sans culotte, with a salary of six hundred livres (25*l.* only). In the summer of 1800, when a minister of the home department, possessing a fortune of fifteen millions of livres (625,000*l.*), he presented her some ice-cream, which she ate, and died. That she had swallowed poison, her brother, relations, and all Paris proclaimed. The motive for this act of barbarity, proposed and encouraged by Napoleone Buonaparte, was a hope of marrying into some princely family, when

when any foreign princess could with safety be put in requisition for such a match*.

In expectation of such an event, the First Consul gave his brother all possible opportunities of enriching himself, among others the lucrative mission to Spain, in order to sell the kingdom of Etruria; and to Portugal, to extort a considerable sum for the purchase of a peace. By these means, and by selling his protection in the interior, to emigrants and to state creditors, his wealth increased within three years to forty-four millions of livres, or nearly two millions sterling†.

As fortune continued to favour Napoleone's ambitious views and unbounded ambition, his hope of forming alliances with sovereign houses increased. It is said that he had fixed on a young Princess of Baden (who afterwards suddenly married a Prince of Brunswick), a sister of the Empress of Russia, of the Queen of Sweden, and of the Electress of Bavaria, as a future sister-in-law, when Lucien, consulting his own feelings more than policy or prudence, disappointed

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Vendemaire, an ix. No, 2. p. 9. Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 315.

† Idem, p. 318.

all

all the hopes of the Buonapartes, by marrying the young and rich widow of an army contractor, whom the revolution found a starving porter, and who died in 1802 worth eighteen millions of livres (750,000*l.*).

Napoleone is indebted to the presence of mind of his brother Lucien, for his success in placing him on the throne of the Bourbons; because, when on the 9th of November 1799, Arena and other Deputies of the Council of Five Hundred, in the sitting at St. Cloud, shewed their daggers, and demanded a decree of outlaw against the usurper, Buonaparte lost all recollection, and was, trembling, retreating out of the hall. At that critical moment Lucien, who was the President of the Council, called to the grenadiers not to desert or suffer their general to be insulted. This appeal decided the fate of Napoleone and of France. The very grenadiers who were ready to dispatch their commander as an outlaw, turned their bayonets against the representatives of the people as against conspirators.

After this event it cannot be surprizing that Lucien obtained great influence in his brother's government, and that he supposed that sentiments of gratitude, more than ties of consanguinity, bound

bound his brother to him for life. But perhaps the Emperor Napoleone thought the obligations of the First Consul Buonaparte too heavy, and therefore sought an occasion to rid himself of and disgrace a benefactor, for whose services he blushed as blemishes, or hated them as reproachful. Whatever were the motives that determined Napoleone's behaviour, certain it is, that no sooner did he hear of Lucien's marriage, than he refused to acknowledge Madame Lucien as a sister-in-law, and forbade her the court. The priest who had married them was transported to Cayenne; his sister the Princess of Santa Cruce, and her husband, who had been present at the wedding, were banished to Italy; five senators, three tribunes, and three generals, who had also signed the marriage-contract, and witnessed the reciprocal settlements of the bride and bridegroom, lost their places, and were exiled forty leagues from Paris. The notary by whom these acts had been deposited, after being confined in the Temple, was deprived of his offices, ordered to reside at Angers, and under pain of death to come no more to Paris, or transact business in the country*.

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Vendemaire, an ix. p. 9. Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 317.

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This eclat convinced Lucien that his brother was highly irritated, but he did not expect that he was irreconcilable. He therefore wrote him several letters, expostulating with moderation on the Emperor's unkindness to himself and his friends. To these he received no answer, but a verbal order by the prefect of the palace, Duroc, not to trouble Napoleone with his correspondence, as his letters would remain unopened. The same evening Lucien, who now saw his brother's intention, rushed hastily through a private back-door to which he had the key, into the imperial closet, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, after pointing it at his brother's head, pulled the trigger, but it missed fire. His presence so much astonished Napoleone, that he did not call for assistance before another pistol pointed at his head had also missed fire. He then rang a bell, and two of his aides-de-camp, Savary and Rapp, entered, and to them he delivered up Lucien as a prisoner, with orders to carry him to the Temple immediately, and to have him tried the next day as a regicide conspirator. To prevent the interference of his mother, brothers, or sisters, in behalf of the criminal, they were excluded from his presence until

until the sentence of the Military Commission was carried into execution.

In this dilemma, all the other Buonapartes assembled, and wrote an united petition to Napoleone. It was presented to him by his favourite Mameluke, Rostan, who, though he was ignorant of its contents, was put under arrest for delivering it. Another petition, still more pathetic, was then written, to be laid by his bedside, but all his pages and chamberlains refused to place it there. None of the Buonapartes but Napoleone went to bed that night, all being up contriving how to save Lucien, but in vain. It was near the hour when the Military Commission was to assemble, before any resolution was agreed on. Madame Louis Buonaparte then took upon herself to write, in the name of the Emperor, an order to dissolve the Commission, and to restore Lucien to liberty. But no sooner had she signed Napoleone's name, than from terror she fell into fits, and as her life was in danger, General Murat informed him of it, without mentioning what had caused this sudden indisposition. The Emperor flew in an instant to the hotel of his dearest beloved daughter-in-law, conjured her to calm herself, and promised for

her sake not only to pardon Lucien, but to permit him to retire and live in Italy with all his property. This his wife thought a fit moment to avow her daughter's fault. After a silence of some moments, during which his agitation was visible, he at last stammered out, as in a rage, "You have taken the advantage of my weakness. For this time I forgive you; but even this head shall tumble under the axe of the guillotine," said he, touching the head of Madame Louis, "if I hear of such an unpardonable audacity a second time*."

The next day Lucien received a pass for himself and his wife for Milan, but he could not obtain an audience, though he desired it to take place in the presence of his mother and his brother Joseph. He therefore set out for Italy, where he bought several estates for ready money, and exchanged his estates in France for others. Until the Senatus Consultus of the 18th May 1804 was published, when he saw himself excluded not only from all hope of succeeding to the throne, but even from the rank of an Imperial Highness, he remained quiet, and lived retired.

* Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 330, 331.

But

But after he was informed of it, he disposed of the greatest part of his Italian property for bills of exchange on Hamburgh and London; and it is supposed that he has, under a fictitious name, money to an immense amount in the English funds. After this measure of precaution, he wrote to his brother Napoleone the following letter:

"*Rimini, June 2d,* 1804.

"You cannot possibly think me such a fool as to suppose that my marriage with an honest and respectable woman, though of no high birth, occasioned your late ungrateful and furious conduct. No! you, as well as myself, must remember who we were by birth, who our own mother is, and who were our father and grandparents. No! you wanted to degrade, to murder, the benefactor you had insulted. You knew also, that I was master of the birth and exit of the first and *noble* Madame Napoleone*; and that it was impossible for me to accept of a wife from your hands—already stained

* Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 386. In the note is stated, that the author had been unable to find out who this first Madame Napoleone was, and the secret of her exit.

with the blood of your own wife, and that put the poison into my hands which made me a widower. I was too well acquainted with your cruel disposition, without so much scandalous behaviour, to attempt, after your threats, to reside near you, and expose my wife to the stilettoes of your bravoes, or the draughts of your other accomplices. Had you, even after the first explosion, consented to a reconciliation, I should, notwithstanding, have dreaded the treachery and ferocity of your dark and barbarous heart, and resided at a distance from you, had I deferred to remove the object of my just fear.

" A patricide and liberticide has no parents, no relations, and no country. He is outlawed by the law of Nature as well as by the law of nations. Every body has a right, and is commanded by self-defence, to purge the earth of a monster, dishonouring and vilifying its species. Had my attempt on your life succeeded, I should have been hailed as a Brutus, instead of being arraigned as a fratricide. Mankind, however, was ignorant of the real cause that put the bullets in my pistols.

" I had long in my own mind resolved to reduce to dust the pagan idol I had erected. Yes!

you

you know that the first day of your Consulate would have been the last, had not my misguided affection commiserated the pale and trembling conspirator, and preserved a cowardly impostor from the national vengeance. I repented of my work very soon indeed; because I very soon observed that all liberal ideas of liberty, generosity, and humanity, were excluded from your despotic, depraved, and unfeeling bosom. I was, however, until lately, weak enough to expect an amendment; but every public and private transaction of yours, during these last two years, convinced me finally that my expectation would be vain. Then my duty as a citizen, as a patriot, and as a philosopher, called on me to annihilate tyranny, by destroying the tyrant.

"The late Senatus Consultus of your base and slavish Senate, in making the distance between you and me—a tyrant and a patriot—so immeasurable, will reconcile me to all friends of real liberty; and present and future generations, in cursing you and your memory, will bless me, and mine, only for having intended to punish you.

"But tremble, tyrant! though I am absent, near your own person, among your own guards,

among your own courtiers, in your own palace, the avenger of violated freedom, of outraged humanity, and of oppressed nations, resides. He accompanies you as your shade. Depend upon it, your tyranny is at an end the moment you least expect it. Perhaps even at this instant you reign no more—you have reigned."

It is said that this letter was stopped by Madame Buonaparte the mother, and never reached Napoleone; but copies of it were circulated by Lucien and his adherents, both in Italy and France, at Milan and at Paris*.

At the same time that Lucien wrote thus to his Imperial brother, he sent a confidential person to Warsaw with another letter to Louis XVIII. wherein he offered *his Sovereign* "all his riches, his influence, and his arm; with the influence and arms of his numerous friends; all ready to sacrifice themselves with him for the restoration of their legitimate King to the throne of his ancestors." He protested "that his brother had solemnly declared, on the 7th of November 1799, in the presence of himself, Talleyrand,

* Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 340, 341, and Le Voyageur Italien, vol. iv. p. 22, 23.

Volney,

Volney, Rœderer, Moreau, M'Donald, Murat, and Lasnes, that he would only keep the supreme authority, could he obtain it, until a fit occasion offered itself to restore it to its lawful owner with safety to all parties. From that period until his return from the battle of Marengo, he had frequently held the same language. It was only after that event that he evinced an intention of establishing his usurpation for himself on a permanent footing," &c. To this tardy and selfish repentance, the King of France could not listen, nor was any notice taken, either of the letter or the messenger*.

By his ill acquired wealth, and political hospitality, Lucien however gained many partizans in Piedmont, in Lombardy, and in the Papal territory. Holding himself out as a deliverer, all persons suffering from, or detesting the Revolution, or wishing to break the yoke under which they groaned, were assiduous in paying their devoirs to him. Watched as he was by his brother's spies, those manœuvres could not remain unnoticed or escape suspicion. His mother warned him, *by command*, to cease his ma-

* Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 342.

chinations, but without effect. On the 19th of October 1804, his house near Rimini was therefore surrounded by the staff officers of General Jourdan's army. By this general he was arrested, and carried under safe escort a prisoner to the citadel of Mantua, where he was delivered up to its commander, General Mainoni, who, on his own head, was to answer for his confinement. When the Pope in the following month arrived at Fontainbleau, the first favour he asked the Emperor, according to Madame Buonaparte, the mother's instructions, was the liberty of Lucien, and a permission for him and his wife and children to reside at a retired country seat in the Ecclesiastical States. To this Napoleone consented with repugnance and bad grace; and only on condition that his brother should see few strangers, keep up no correspondence, and bind himself never more to visit the territories of the French and Italian Republics*.

During her husband's imprisonment Madame Lucien was closely guarded in her own room by some gens d'armes d'Elite. For fear of being poisoned, her children's and her own nutriment

* Le Voyageur Italien, vol. iv. p. 25.

con-

consisted only of vegetables, eggs, milk, and biscuits baked with her own hands, and of flour ground by her servants in her presence. As she justly considers her apprehensions still the same, she continues to follow the same diet, notwithstanding her husband's dissuasions, who fears it is injurious to her constitution. By her former husband she had two children, who are still alive; and since her present marriage she has been delivered of two sons, baptized, according to Lucien's orders, Julius Brutus, and Junius Brutus*.

In March 1805, Madame Lucien Buonaparte was surprised by an unexpected visit from Eugenius de Beauharnois, on a day when her husband was absent on a hunting party with two neighbouring noblemen. He informed her, "that he came on the part of the Emperor, to advise her, if the lives of her children were valuable to her, and if she had any real love for Lucien, to depart that day with her infants for France, where she and they should be treated with all possible delicacy and distinction, her fortune safe, and the advancement of her sons certain, upon her vo-

* Le Voyageur Italien, vol. iv. p. 40.

luntarily renouncing her marriage, which a bull of the Pope should soon dissolve." This proposal she refused with firmness, and Eugenius said on leaving her, "One day, Madam, and not very far distant, you will be obliged to subscribe to harder conditions, and think it an imperial favour not to end your days at Cayenne." He left behind him a letter from Napoleone to his brother, in which the latter was again *exhorted* to give up or divorce his wife. As the price of his obedience, he should directly be created a Doge of Genoa, and an Imperial Highness, an annuity of three hundred thousand livres settled on his two sons, and Madame Lucien likewise enjoy her own property unmolested."—"In a month," said Napoleone, "I hope to be at Milan; if you, by submission to my will, prove yourself worthy of the grandeur fortune has bestowed on our family, come there and embrace me. I shall then forgive you all that has happened, and reinstate you in the same rank and favour with Joseph and Louis. If you continue obstinate and refractory, you must eternally renounce all hope of reconciliation, as I renounce you for ever as a brother." Instead of answering this letter, Lucien sent the very next

day

day a trusty agent, to conclude, in his wife's name, the purchase of an estate in Bohemia, for which he had been bargaining near twelve months*.

On his arrival at Turin in May 1805, Napoleone dispatched his aide-de-camp, Le Brun, with another fraternal letter, but in it a *sine qua non* to favour, was a divorce with Madame Lucien. He again offered him "to be a Doge of Genoa, and an Imperial Highness in France; and he was given to understand, that the hand of a beautiful Princess of one of the most ancient sovereign families in Europe, would also recompense his obedience and his repentance." As no more notice was taken of this letter than the former, Napoleone in spite incorporated the Dogeship of the Genoese with his Emperorship of the French. This is not the only occasion, since Buonaparte's reign, that a petty family quarrel, or a momentary whim, has changed the destiny of a state†.

What can be the reason of this perseverance of Napoleone to conciliate or to destroy Lucien? A few words will explain the mystery. Of all

* Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 350, 351.

† Idem, p. 352, and Les Nouvelles a la Main, Messidor, an xiii. No. 11. p. 6.

his brothers, Lucien is the most enterprising, the most audacious, the ablest, and most criminal; of a disposition as obstinate, malicious, and revengeful, as his own. Could he persuade or command him to acknowledge a favour; to stoop to be looked upon in France as a reprieved felon, and to renounce a wife he loves for another forced on him, the usurper's vanity would be as much flattered as his safety and interest promoted. But those *worthy* brothers well know each other, and therefore must either be soon friends again, or one of them will in a short time cease to pollute the earth with his guilty existence.

After the many astonishing changes witnessed within the last sixteen years, it would not be very surprizing if a Julius Brutus or a Junius Brutus Buonaparte should one day proclaim himself, by the support of the same bayonets that have elevated Napoleone, an Emperor of the French, and a King of Italy. As to Lucien's present patriotic jargon, of its value every loyal man is well aware, and it cannot make many dupes. Because he is disagreeing with his upstart brother, he speaks now of liberty and philosophy, with the same sincerity, when quarrelling with his fellow-regicides, as Robespierre, in 1794

(when

(when thousands of victims perished daily by the guillotine, by shooting, and drowning), spoke of his humanity and patriotism. French rebels always become patriots and philanthropists when their popularity begins to decrease, or the day of their punishment approaches. Liberty, equality, and fraternity, are words always in their mouths when the daggers of rivals touch their breasts, or the halters of suspended justice their necks*.

Madame Lucien Buonaparte is in her twenty-third year; her person is handsome, her manners accomplished, and her sentiments refined. But she was no doubt uninformed, before her present marriage, that in Lucien Buonaparte she should embrace an assassin and a Septembrizer.

* See a sketch of Lucien Buonaparte's life in the second volume of the Revolutionary Plutarch.

PRINCESS LOUIS BUONAPARTE,

AN IMPERIAL HIGHNESS.

HORTENSE-EUGENIE, commonly called Fanny de Beauharnois, is the daughter of Madame Napoleone Buonaparte by her first husband, Viscount de Beauharnois, and was born on the 10th of April 1783.

Princess Louis had scarce reached her first lustre when she saw her father a rebel. She had hardly passed her second lustre before she saw him punished for his rebellion by his fellow-rebels, and her mother prostitute herself in the arms of one of the regicide assassins of her King —an indirect assassin of her father. Before she was thirteen she witnessed her mother exchanging the adulterous embraces of a regicide Barras for those of a sanguinary terrorist, Buonaparte; a murderer, stained with the blood of eight thousand men, women, and children, just butchered

chered by him in the streets of Paris. If, after such examples of depravity before her eyes, she was preserved from the common contagion, it is to be ascribed to that innate worth, on which both seduction and corruption sometimes in vain throw out their venom, their insinuations, and their allurements.

Immediately after her marriage, Madame Napoleone observing her revolutionary husband's particular attention to his daughter-in-law, who was tall and much grown of her age, inquired after some boarding-school, in the vicinity of Paris, where she might place her. The republican *philosophers* of the National Convention and of the Jacobin Club, in destroying and selling the public schools, academies, and colleges of France, had openly declared all education, private as well as public, both hurtful and unnecessary. "Children destined to be the defenders of the rights of man, and of liberty and equality," said these wiseacres, "should learn nothing but the republican constitution." Several schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, who continued, nevertheless, to instruct youth, were tried, condemned, and executed, as conspirators against the Republic, because they had permitted their

pupils

pupils to read books in which Kings were mentioned with other epithets than those of tyrants. These examples of *national justice*, abolished all private instruction sooner than the decrees of the legislature or the threats of the Jacobins. At Robespierre's death, in July 1794, not a single school existed in the French capital*. Had his reign been of some few years longer duration, Buonaparte would at present have tyrannized over slaves as ignorant and brutalized as they would have been base, corrupted, and wicked.

The Directory, which succeeded the National Convention, permitted the establishment of private schools, under the inspection of the republicans, who were members of these public schools, called then, in their revolutionary jargon, Normal schools, free-thinkers in politics and morality as well as in religion. But though these establishments were permitted, they were neither

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 311. The *philosopher* Hebert made one day a motion to proscribe and burn all books and all libraries, as the relics of aristocracy. Another day the *philosopher* Le Roux, demanded in the tribune of the Cordeliers, a mandate of arrest against the aristocratic Cicero, accused by several children of having taught them all their aristocratical sentiments. Such were some of the French *regenerators* of the first year of the Republic. Idem, p. 312, *note*.

numerous

numerous nor well conducted when Madame Buonaparte went in search of one for her daughter. She fixed, however, on that house at Versailles where an acquaintance of hers, Madame Campan, boarded and lodged young ladies.

Madame Campan, a chambermaid of the late unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, was from 1789 a secret admirer of the French rebellion, and secretly served the French rebels with whatever information she could pick up at court. She was accused of being one of the traitors who, in 1791, discovered to La Fayette the intention of the King and of the Royal Family to escape their gaolers at Paris; she, of course, shares with some others the cruel reproach of being one of the causes of all the enormous crimes perpetrated since, and all the consequences of the arrest of the Royal travellers at Varennes. This lady had hired at Versailles, one of the spacious hotels confiscated by the nation, as belonging to emigrants, where she had *organized*, rather upon an extensive scale, a seminary for young persons of her own sex. Having had herself the advantage of a liberal education, and at court numerous lessons of good-breeding;

she

she was very fit for the undertaking, had not her revolutionary mania, though she had suffered from, and seen all the evils of the Revolution, made her introduce, even in teaching youth, some revolutionary innovations. It is very probable, that these very defects procured the preference Napoleone Buonaparte gave her. But although he approved of the general plan of her institution, he too had his revolutionary mania. Having his reasons for fearing the existence of a remunerator of virtue, and an avenger of guilt, he was particularly zealous to overthrow all belief in the Christian religion. He therefore gave Madame Campan some private instructions concerning the religious creed in which she was to bring up his dear Fanny. They are too sacrilegiously curious, as coming from the pen of the present MOST CHRISTIAN Emperor of the French, to be left out. "1. He positively forbids all visits to his daughter-in-law of priests, constitutional as well as refractory, and all conversation with this class of fanatics or impostors. 2. He enjoins the governess to prevent all attempts of instilling into the mind of her pupil the usually erroneous ideas concerning Christianity; a faith proved by historians false, by philoso-

phers

phers absurd, and by *moralists* dangerous. 3. The religion of Nature is more than sufficient to improve the wise, to console the good, and to terrify the wicked. 4. The catechism, and other works of the theophilanthropists, might be given his daughter to read and meditate on, were she judged to harbour any natural inclination to vice. 5. As it is however supposed, from what has hitherto been seen of her, that Nature has created her originally good, and that her natural instinct is for virtue, the *reasonable* philosophy and *pure* morality of Spinosa and of Helvetius may be taught. 6. An implicit obedience to her parents is to be implanted in her mind, and she is to be taught always to submit her own understanding and thoughts to their better and maturer judgment; if she seems to hesitate about obeying this duty, it will be necessary to remind her often, that to them *alone* she is indebted for her physical and moral existence; that they *alone, not from duty* but from generosity, supply her necessities, and even procure her superfluities at a time when so many other children of her age are starving from want, or perishing from diseases brought on by penury. 7. She is never to be permitted or instructed to pray; if

she believes in a God, her prayers are improper and insulting; because by them she evinces no confidence in, but doubts of his providence; her prayers in telling him her wants and desires, reproach him with want of omnipotence, or of bounty. 8. If she is found worthy of being educated a Spinosist, she will soon be convinced of the inefficacy and inutility of prayers; that they procure no good and prevent no evil; that destiny, with or without them, goes on in its usual train, determined from and for eternity. 9. Let her well consider, that if the Grand Mechanic can prevent our troubles, and does not do it, he is no good Being; if he will but cannot prevent them, he is not all-powerful; but if he neither will nor can prevent our misfortunes, his impotence is unworthy of the worship of such rational beings as men and women. These hints are sufficient to shew the ridicule of prayers, and to whom—to a Nonentity *."

Five other paragraphs follow these, but they are too blasphemous to be laid before loyal and religious readers. Those above translated, from their puerility and absurdity, are unable to de-

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 360, and 361.

lude

lude even the weakest, to dupe even the most ignorant, or to furnish arguments even to the most sceptic. They are, however, undeniable evidences of the impious sentiments of that infamous hypocrite and sacrilegious apostate, who at present perverts the heavenly morality of the Christian religion for the preservation of his tyranny, as he formerly employed the sophistical arguments of an abominable and dreadful atheism, to seduce and deceive the vicious, vile, and foolish instruments of his usurpation.

Madame Campan was too much attached to her own interest, not to follow strictly the instructions of Buonaparte, who, at his return to Paris, after the peace of Campo Formio, was highly delighted to find his *dearest* Fanny so much improved in her mind, manners, and conversation. His first question to her was, "Do you know, my dear girl, any thing of Jesus Christ?" "No, papa," said she ingenuously, "I have not the honour of being acquainted with such a citizen." "And what do you think of God?" "Nothing; if he does not think of me I never trouble my head about him." "Are you not afraid of him?" "No, I do nothing to fear any body." Several similar questions followed, and

and received similar answers. They all persuaded Buonaparte that he had been punctually obeyed, and he therefore rewarded Madame Campan with a diamond ring, originally worth twelve thousand livres (500*l.*), but which did not cost him more than the signature of his name to an order for stripping it off the finger of a Madona at Vincenza. A gift presented by Christian devotion to a Saint, was thus bestowed by an atheistical zealot for propagating infidelity *.

In the winter 1796, during Buonaparte's absence in Egypt, his wife, contrary to his orders, introduced Mademoiselle de Beauharnois in the Directorial and other fashionable circles. In one of those she met with a middle aged, respectable looking man, who passed for a country farmer, whose relations were of the then *haut ton*. Speaking to her of her own father, and of the proscribed persons of the same *class*, he demanded of her some trifling gift for children, who, like herself, had been made orphans by the revo-

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 363. In a note, it is said that of Madame Campan's pupils, at that time seventy-two, fourteen only were brought up in the Christian religion. All the others were educated to be Atheists or philanthropists.

lutionary

lutionary axe, but less fortunate—no succeeding prosperous circumstances had restored lost wealth or relieved present and pressing necessities. She had no money in her pocket, but struck with his conversation, and always commiserating the unfortunate, she asked his address, promising to call on him early the next morning. Before her mother was up, she dressed herself secretly, put four Louis d'ors in her purse, and ordered her maid to accompany her. When she presented the money, the pretended farmer, Saunier, who was a disguised priest, said, "thank God the success of the wretched infidels has not been general; when charity has not excluded France, Christ still has his adorers there." She told him that she was no Christian, and that she did not even believe in a God. "Your own heart and these Louis d'ors, Mademoiselle, contradict your assertion." He then entered into a long discussion about that genuine and disinterested charity, which, without the example of our Saviour, would have been unknown upon earth. "Had Athens, Persepolis, and heathen Rome," said he, "like the Christian capitals, those hospitals for age and disease, those orphan-houses for deserted infancy and destitute youth, those asylums

asylums for correcting vice, for encouraging virtue, and for relieving the wants and lessening the misery which assail mankind from the cradle to the grave? What is become of the charitable institutions of our own country, since ruled by infidels? our streets swarm with beggars, our high roads with robbers, our gaols with criminals; and there is hardly a house in France where persons have not expired from neglect, from desertion, from distress, or from despair; from that selfish insensibility, the characteristic of infidelity, which sees with indifference a brother suffer without any attempt to succour or console him, and a friend agonizing, without even pitying him. Look round you, Mademoiselle, and I am sure it will almost rend your very heart, to observe one generation descending into eternity without faith, without hope, and another entering the dreadful career of life, exposed to all its vicissitudes and calamities in this world, without any expectation of remuneration for virtue, or punishment for vice in another—in an hereafter." Her eyes confessed those sentiments which her heart felt, but her mouth hesitated to pronounce. Profiting by the impression, Saunier put a book into her hand, and

desired

and desired her to read it with attention, and to honour him with a visit as soon and as often she was at leisure.

Her maid was not less moved than herself by what she heard. They read the book both with application and edification. For two months they continued regularly to see the worthy ecclesiastic at the same hour, in the same way. To this day Princess Louis acknowledges that the information she obtained from his conversation, the precepts of his doctrine, and the conviction of the truth of the religion of her forefathers, from his arguments and example, preserved her from many evils, particularly from the seduction to which she was exposed by young Rewbel, the son of the Director, who, under pretence of marrying her, had free admittance to her private company, but whose views, she had reason to suspect, were not honourable *.

Even

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 366, 367. In a note it is said, that the good Saunier was, in the spring of 1799, seized by the police minister Fouché and transported to Cayenne. After having, with four hundred other priests, suffered great hardship during his passage, he was, after his landing, sent to the interrior of the colony where, while he was at his

Even after Buonaparte's usurpation, she, by the same religious notions, resisted and escaped the incestuous and unnatural attempts of this her father-in-law, who was furious when he heard of her conversion to Christianity. Policy, however, soon got the better of lust, and took advantage of her devotion and dutiful resignation, to marry her to his brother Louis, whom she not only did not like, but who was repugnant to her on account of his debaucheries and other vicious propensities. Whether she afterwards was the dupe of her own sensibility, or became culpable, because she had been obedient, her scrupulous conscientiousness is evinced in a letter to her mother. In it she so frankly explains her situation, and deplores her errors, that early repentance makes it probable that her continuance upon the road of perdition will be but short.

" *Compiegne, August 19th,* 1804.

" Yes, my dearest mother and only friend, I am encompassed with every thing that can make life not only agreeable but enviable. Of

prayers in a forest, a lion flew upon him, killed, and devoured him. His piety, too pure for the earth, is now rewarded in heaven.

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my sex, I am here the first by a rank I never dreamt to attain, and I am hailed and complimented by every body, as having no superior in the beauty of my person, or in my mental accomplishments.

"These gifts of fortune, of nature, are valuable, charming, and flattering indeed. I have, however, experienced that they are unable to confer what constitutes the sole blessing and only worth of existence—*content with one's self, and above all, peace and tranquillity of mind.*

"How singular are those occurrences of my life that have preceded and produced my present brilliant misery! At eleven years of age the public executioner made me an orphan, and at thirteen I had another father. From mistaken, ill-conceived, or criminal tenderness, he ordered me to be educated without belief in a Divinity. This was not easily effected. The lessons, the prayers of my infancy, though the giddiness and playfulness common to youth made them often neglected, were never entirely forgotten or erased. I found, I do not know what consolation, in secretly confiding my wishes, my griefs, my joy, in my prayers to a Supreme Being, to act as I thought would please him; to

enjoy an heavenly satisfaction when I had done right, and a tormenting anxiety when I had any wrong with which to reproach myself: on the other hand, an invincible horror seized me the instant the idea of total annihilation put me on the level with the brute, or insinuated to my bewildered senses, that my production and end were the same with the plant in our garden, the dog tied in our court-yard, or the insect I trampled under my feet. I often made these remarks to Madame Campan, because they often perplexed me. She in return shewed me my father's instructions, to which she added her own comments, corresponding with his desires.

"But the fashion of impiety was to me the most dangerous of teachers and seducers. All other girls, my companions, strove who should be foremost to pride themselves of infidelity, and throw ridicule on Christianity. They were always applauded—fatal applauses! In two years I left them all behind me, and was saluted the most amiable atheist of the whole seminary. The approbation of my father, on his return victorious from Italy, did not at all tend to make me change my opinions.

"You know, since the unexpected light which Provi-

Providence gave me in the precepts of my ever regretted virtuous instructor Saunier, how much I changed for the better, in my behaviour towards the best of mothers, and how much every good person approved that decency of gait, of language, which succeeded my presumptuous and indecorous boldness. This, the *only* time of my life I was truly happy, was short, too short.

" After my father-in-law had been made a First Consul, and continued those unnatural insinuations I dreaded and detested, the pain it caused me to avoid giving offence, and to conceal my disgust and contempt, made me agitated when alone, and uncomfortable when in company. You know that he was insupportable to me from the day I heard him use such shocking language to you. My innocent caresses, which he took for affectionate sentiments, were only the consequence of a duty my obedience to my mother's commands imposed on me. But when he had from jealousy so cruelly exiled my only lover, the worthy choice of my heart, the dearest De S——, when he murdered De S——'s friend, Frotté, I abhorred him.

" You since know the daily combats of my mind, and that they would long ago overcome

my strength, had not the hope relieved me, that my power over a barbarian might prevent the commission of more crimes. You know also, how little he has kept that promise (which bound me for life to a husband I must despise) *of sparing all Royalists:* sacred shades of D'Enghien, Pichegru, and George, revenge on your assassin the pangs of your friend, caused by your murder.

"I many times wished that my principles of religion, of morality, were as easily reconciled with my conduct as your's, dear mamma. I should not now deplore the pollution of my nuptial bed by intruders; of not having resolution enough to resist temptations I condemn as culpable; of having permitted my passions to govern my reason, and my senses to silence my duty, and for some short and temporary enjoyments, endure the perpetual reproaches of a guilty conscience. These would be insupportable to me, were my husband's behaviour to me kind, and if, in some manner, his repeated infidelities did not extenuate my adultery. For one of my lovers, he has twenty mistresses. The indelicacy of his intrigues, of his amours, goes beyond what you can imagine. The embraces of the common

harlots

harlots of the camp are often as acceptable to him as those of the wives of his aids-du-camp, and always preferable to mine. Is it not outrageous! Is it not provoking! If your walks are sown with thorns, you may guess that mine are not strewed with roses.

"Believe me, my sole friend, that the young conscripts are nothing to me. Had I a husband I could love, or only esteem, I should always have remained pure and irreproachable. I am, however, determined, if I survive my approaching accouchement, to dismiss for ever, even those *consolers* you think so necessary to my comfort. This is a vow I have this morning made before the altar, and God will enable me to perform it. As to Louis's jealousy, I fear it less than I suffer from his negligence*."

The Princess had frequent audiences of the Pope during the winter of 1804, and his Holiness bestowed on her indulgencies in abundance. Her life has since been very retired, and as she has perfectly recovered from her accouchement, it is supposed that her vow has not been forgotten†.

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 24, et seq. † Idem, p. 30.

The yearly allowance of the Princess Louis amounts to four millions of livres; her jewels, plate, china, and pictures, are valued at twelve millions; a bishop is her almoner, and two grand vicars her chaplains; Madame Deviry is her lady in waiting, and Madame Boubers; Madame Villeneuve, Madame Mollien, and Madame Lery, are her maids of honour; Mr. Darjuson is her first chamberlain, and Colonel Caulincourt her master of the horse; Mr. Turgot her equerry; Desprez her secretary; Dalichoux Senegra her intendant; Robert Villars her librarian; Raguideau her notary; Le Roux her physician; Assaliny her surgeon, and Dufau her apothecary; besides these, sixty-six other persons are attached to her household*.

Her Imperial Highness has been delivered of two sons. Napoleone Charles, born on the 18th of Vendemaire, an xi. or 10th October, 1802; and Napoleone Louis, born on the 19th Vendemaire, an xiii. or 11th October, 1804.

* See Bulletin Imperial, p. 375. In the same page it is stated, that Buonaparte has promised to augment the allowance of his *dearest* step-daughter with 600,000 livres (25,000*l.*) for every daughter, and one million of livres for every son of whom she is delivered. Her sons he regards as the certain support of the Buonaparte dynasty in France and Italy.

MAD. JEROME BUONAPARTE,

CI-DEVANT MISS PATTERSON.—*NO* IMPERIAL HIGHNESS.

THE magistrates of the ancient republics of Athens, Sparta and Rome, would have degraded, disgraced, banished, or put to death, a citizen who permitted his children to marry into a family either of tyrants or of slaves; either of foreign princes, or of foreign upstarts. But his Excellency Mr. President Jefferson is no more an Aristides, a Lycurgus, or a Cato, than Citizen Patterson is a Socrates, or a Brutus. In the *free* commonwealth of the United States of America, such is the general liberality and hospitality, that had a Spartan citizen, with his contempt of riches and stern principles of freedom, presented himself there, if he had refused to sell himself for a slave, he would have perished from want like a wretch; he would have found no choice between bondage and death.

On the other hand, the example of Monsieur Jerome Buonaparte, proves the *unambitious disinterestedness* of American citizens, and that any foreign adventurer, let his relatives be ever so vile or ever so wicked; let them owe their elevation to the most enormous crimes, their power to the basest treachery, and their wealth to the most infamous plunder; let himself be an accomplice of their guilt, provided he has a prospect of sharing in the spoils, he is certain of being adopted into the families even of those *called* the most respectable citizens. The greedy trader will heap upon him hoarded treasures, renowned beauty bestow her hand, *austere* virtue her caresses, and *staunch* republicans their commendations, their flattery—their cringing.

On a young person of Miss Patterson's age and republican education, love must generally exclude all other considerations. The ambition of the females of a commonwealth of equality, must chiefly confine itself to obtaining for husbands the most handsome or the richest among their fellow-citizens. The shameful cupidity, and foolish ambition of her parents, therefore, no doubt, dictated her unbecoming marriage with a low

low Corsican. To suppose it otherwise, would be a libel on her *heart*, on her *sense*, and on her *judgment*. She was the wife of Monsieur Jerome after an acquaintance of some few weeks only. Was he a little more hairy, the yellow and diminitive figure of Monsieur Jerome would hardly improve the ugliest monkey capering in the forests either of the western or eastern world. Monsieur Jerome is ill-bred as well as uninformed; possessing neither natural nor acquired parts to recommend him. Parental despotism alone could have united the beautiful and accomplished Miss Patterson with such an ignorant, mean, vicious, and corrupted personage.

What could give Mr. and Mrs. Patterson the hope of a fraternity with the Buonapartes?—Their worth, their credit. These may, perhaps, be well known upon the exchanges of America, but Napoleone despises and detests merchants. Mr. Patterson has hitherto no military achievements, no revolutionary crimes, to recommend him, and he is too honest a man, to be transformed hereafter, either into a bravo or an accomplice of the Corsican usurper. The domestic virtues of Mrs. Patterson?—These are the most pointed epigrams on the hereditary

vices of the female Buonapartes. They must therefore resign themselves to see their pleasing scheme miscarry, of being the parents of a revolutionary Imperial Princess.

In the creation of Imperial Highnesses in May 1804, Monsieur Jerome was excluded; and in the subsequent dignities and distinctions thrown in such a scandalous profusion, on every person related to the upstart tyrant, no mention is made of this his younger brother. His name is not found even upon the list of those French banditti forming a Legion of Honour. He is only a captain of a frigate, without property and without talents, and will remain in these narrow circumstances, in that humble station, until he renounces a match he was not of age to conclude. Is it to be supposed that the *feelings* of Jerome will oppose such a dishonourable, though not unlawful act? Will his *stoicism* prefer obscurity and penury to rank and riches? To judge of his present sensibility from his past transactions, he is as unfeeling as a brute; and to determine his firmness, constancy, and inconsistency, from those of the other members of the Buonaparte family, he must regard all ties of honour and of honesty merely as steps to advancement

vancement and gratification of passions, and disregard them the instant they cease to be such, whenever they do not promote or only oppose his interest. Thus absurd ambition, as well as all other unbecoming passions, carries with it its own chastisement. The disappointment of the Pattersons is certain, while their design of grandeur and splendour is problematical, if not improbable. Should also their good and sacrificed daughter suffer from affection, love, or defeated confidence, her misfortunes must be to them tormenting and unrelenting reproaches.

The only event that could make Monsieur Jerome continue the husband of Miss Patterson, is of such a nature, that had it occurred in 1802, her parents would never have permitted her to bestow her hand on him. Was Providence in its justice, to precipitate the sanguinary Napoleone from the blood-stained throne which he so treacherously seized, and so illegally occupies, and let the punishment due to his enormities overtake him in this world, Jerome would then certainly be fortunate, to seek in America a refuge from the proscription of his criminal relatives in Europe.

When, in the beginning of January 1805, the

Pope

Pope was busy at Paris, in marrying again all the Buonapartes, who had previously only been coupled according to the impious code of the Republic, and the *rites* of atheism, he is said also to have signed a bull dissolving the marriage of Jerome, as contracted by a minor, against the consent of his relations, and contrary to the canon laws, with an heretic*. As Jerome did not set sail from America before the April following, it cannot be doubted but that he was acquainted with this his family *arrangement*, and that he left his wife in the Tagus, with an intent never to see her again without the consent of his brother Napoleone. That this was his determination, his supplications before the Imperial throne when at Genoa, shortly afterwards, and when they were unavailing, his acceptance of the inferior command of a frigate, as a penance for past offences and an indication of future amendment, clearly evince. He shewed that he was determined, at any rate, to merit *indulgencies* of the Pope, and to obtain indemnities from the mock Emperor, his sovereign and his master †.

* See Appendix of Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 44; and Les Nouvelles a la Main, Messidor, an xiii. No. 3. p. 5.

† Idem, No. 4. p. 9.

Nothing

Nothing has, however, happened, or can happen in this business, or rather intrigue, which the Pattersons should not have prepared themselves to expect; both from the so well known outrageously vain character of Napoleone, and from the letters intercepted by British cruizers, addressed by the usurper's minister of the marine department, to Monsieur Jerome himself, as well as to his political Trans-Atlantic emissary, Pichon.

The following is an official and authentic copy of the minister of the marine, Decré's letter to his *friend* Monsieur Jerome Buonaparte.

" *Paris, 30th Germinal, year* 12 (*April* 18, 1804.)

" I have just been fulfilling, my dear Jerome, a rigorous duty imposed upon me by the First Consul; that of forbidding the Citizen Pichon to supply you with money, and prescribing to him to prohibit all the captains of French vessels from receiving on board the young person to whom you have attached yourself; it being the intention of the First Consul, that she shall on no pretext whatever come into France; and should she happen to present herself, that she

she shall not be received, but be re-embarked for the United States without delay.

"Such, my dear Jerome, are the orders which I have been obliged literally to transmit, and which have been given me, and repeated after the interval of a month, with such a solemn severity, as neither allowed me to withhold them altogether, nor to soften them in the slightest degree.

"After the discharge of this severe duty, I cannot, my dear Jerome, deny myself the pleasure of lengthening my letter in a way which the attachment I feel for you will warrant, and our military association entitle me to. If I loved you less, if the sentiments with which you have inspired me did not so perfectly accord with those which I owe to your family; if there were not between you and me a sort of companionship in arms, and of intimacy which I delight in keeping up, I would confine myself to the dispatching of the orders which I have received, and to an accurate official correspondence; the result of which would give me very little uneasiness. Instead of this, I am going to chat with you at a great rate, and without knowing beforehand what

I am

I am about to say; of one thing I am certain, I shall tell you nothing of which I am not well persuaded.

"War is carrying on, and you are quiet and peaceable at 1200 leagues from the theatre on which you ought to act a great part. If unfortunately you come not back in the first French frigate which returns to Europe, and I have already given you that order by C—tds, an order which I repeat to you by the Consul's command, in the most formal manner: if, I say, you shall not return to France till after the peace, what dignity will accompany your return? How will men recognize in you the brother of the regulator of Europe? In what temper of mind will you find that brother, who, eager after glory, will see you destitute even of that of having encountered dangers; and who, convinced that all France would shed its blood for him, would only see in you, a man without energy, yielding to effeminate passions, and having not a single leaf to add to the heaps of laurels with which he invests his name and our standards.

"O! Jerome, this idea alone should determine you to return with all expedition amongst us. The sound of arms is heard in every quarter,

and

and of the preparations for the noblest enterprise. You are inquired for, and I vexed that I should be at a loss what answer to give to those who ask where you are—declare that you are just at hand; give me not the lie, I beseech you.

"Your brother Joseph, father of a family that he adores, possessed of a fortune proportioned to his rank, invested with the highest civil honours of the state; known throughout Europe for his sagacity, and his diplomatic labours, wishes to add to so much glory, that of sharing with the Consul the dangers of war, and has just got one of the regiments that are about to embark. Louis, known by his military services, a general of division, is desirous of adding to that glory, that of displaying talents for civil arrangements; he has just entered into the Council of State—the section of legislation.

"Lucien, it is true, has just quitted France, and has exiled himself to Rome, in consequence of a marriage repugnant to the views of the First Consul; but Lucien is known by the services he has rendered, by his genius, by his talents, by the dignity of a senator. He is possessed of a great and independent fortune; but notwithstanding, *the connexions (disavowed by his brother)*

ther) which he has contracted, have been found incompatible with his abode in France.

"What has taken place in your family, points out to you sufficiently what the First Consul expects of you, and his inflexibility concerning what you shall do in opposition to his views. Sole architect of the glory of which he has attained the summit, he acknowledges no family but the French people, and in proportion as he exalts his brothers, who press around him, so have I seen him show coldness, and even aversion, to those of his own blood, who push not forward in the career which his genius traces out for them. Whatever is foreign to the accomplishment of his great designs, seems to him treason against his high destiny! and believe me, for I know your brother better than you know him yourself, if you should persist in keeping yourself at a distance from him, he would get angry at it at first, and would conclude by entirely forgetting you; and Heaven knows what regrets your obscurity would lay up in store for you. Scarce can a more brilliant career be opened to a man of your age. Shut it not up yourself. The union which you have formed, has deeply affected him. While I, thought he,

ani doing every thing for glory, for my own, for that of my name, for the happiness of the people that have put their fate into my hands, by whom may I hope to be seconded, if not by my brothers? and the youngest among them forms an *inconsiderate* connexion, on which he has not even asked my opinion. He has disposed of himself as a private individual; it is, therefore, as a private individual he wishes me to consider him. What claim does he show to my benefactions?—None; for instead of being useful to me, he takes the route diametrically opposite to what I wish him to follow. In vain availing myself of the freedom which the First Consul permits in domestic privacy, did I wish to make the voice of natural affection be heard; I became sensible, from his conversation, that he neither felt, nor was liable to feel, any pliancy of that kind.

"*I will receive Jerome, if, leaving in America the young person in question, he shall come hither to associate himself to my fortune. Should he bring her along with him, she shall not put a foot on the territory of France, and you must answer to me for this, by the orders which you are bound to give to prevent her landing.* If he comes

comes alone, I shall never recall the error of a moment, and the fault of youth. Faithful services, and the conduct which he owes to himself, and to his name, will regain him all my kindness; such, my dear Jerome, are nearly the words of the First Consul. Bethink yourself, my friend, that he is only your brother, and that as I have already told you, a brother feels not the yielding condescension of a father, who identifies himself in some measure with his son—Consider that you have as yet done nothing for him, and that in order to obtain the advantage attached to the honour of being connected with him, you have not a moment to lose for deserving them. For it is his character, that merit and services rendered, or to be rendered, are the only things on which he sets a real and solid value.

"In truth, I am frightened at the regrets you are preparing for yourself, and the person with whom you have *connected* yourself, should you go the length of opposing the views of your brother; your passions will pass away, and you will reproach yourself with the injury which you will have done yourself. *Perhaps you will accuse, even involuntarily, the young person who will*

will have been the occasion of it. Listen to reason, and she will tell you, that at any rate you have committed the fault of failing in respect for your brother, and for a brother fed for a length of time with the *love* and *veneration* of all France, and with the RESPECT of Europe. You will be sensible how happy it is for you, that you are able, by returning to France, to obtain the pardon of this fault; that it would be inconsistent with your personal dignity to carry thither a woman who would be exposed to the mortification of not being received. I know not whether you can hope to overcome your brother's unfavourable dispositions towards her; and, to deal frankly with you—I see no probability of such a thing; but if there be any means of obtaining it, it must be by your presence—by your compliance with his views, by proofs of your devoted attachment to him, you can bring it about. You are so young, that if you unhappily let slip the opportunity of placing yourself about the Consul, you will have many years of regret steal upon you. The obscurity to which you would thus condemn yourself, would be long; and long and bitter the comparison between the lot you had chosen for yourself, and that which once awaited you.

you. Without distinction, fame, or even fortune, how could you bear the weight of the name with which you are honoured? To you, a stranger to the glory attached to it, it would become an insupportable burthen. I repeat it for the last time, my dear Jerome, come hither, come hither by the first French frigate which shall sail from the United States, and you will meet with such a reception as you could desire; but I regret that you know not the Consul sufficiently, because you would then be persuaded that you cannot regain his good will but by this expedient, and his good will is essential to your happiness and your glory. I conclude with the expression of the most sincere attachment, which I shall never cease to retain; happy, if I have been able to influence your determination in the way I could wish, more happy still, if my letter was unnecessary for that purpose. A thousand good wishes.

(Signed) "DECRES."

Paris, 1st Floreal, year 12, *April 19th*, 1804.

Not unnecessarily to swell the volume, another letter from the same minister to the French chargé

chargé d'affaires in America, Pichon, is left out, as being nearly a repetition of the above.

A French periodical paper, published on this subject some other curious particulars, under the head of

"IMPERIAL FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE.

(From Les Nouvelles a la Main, Vendemaire, an xiii. or October, 1804, No. 4. p. 3, et seq.)

"British cruizers on the coast of America have intercepted a parcel containing original, confidential, and official letters from Napoleone Buonaparte to his brother Jerome, and from Talleyrand to the French agents in America. The names under some of these letters are signed at full length, others only with initials. Among the latter is one signed J. B. supposed Joseph Buonaparte, and another L. B. supposed Letitia Buonaparte, addressed to *Monsieur* Jerome.

"In the letter from Napoleone, Jerome is severely reproached for his *degrading* marriage in a family of *la canaille marchande*, or of the mercantile rabble; ordered immediately to renounce his wife, and embark for France, where *honours*, rank,

rank, and riches await him, if obedient; whilst, on the contrary, if refractory, poverty and obscurity are to be his only lot, as a *Senatus Consultus* which, were he in France, would proclaim him an Imperial Highness, shall otherwise prevent him and his posterity for ever from *using* and *dishonouring* the *great* name of Buonaparte. The sword of the Grand Admiral, intended for him, shall then be disposed of to distant, though more worthy relatives.

" Joseph's letter to Jerome is merely a copy of Napoleone's. Though he presses Jerome to obey the Emperor's *commands*, he does it with so bad a grace, as if he seemed apprehensive that the arrival of a younger brother in France, would diminish his own ambitious views or avaricious expectations. Two-thirds of the letter are said to express, in the strongest terms, the *terrible* anger, and the *terrible* effects, of the *terrible* Napoleone's displeasure, which require *years of good conduct* in Jerome, before the Emperor's *fraternal* affection can be restored.

" The letter of Madame Buonaparte the mother, to her Jerome, is full of *Catholic* sentiments. As a true Christian of the *Catholic* church, she fears as much the damnation of her son in the

next world, as his *disgrace* in this, for having married into a family of heretics, and united himself to a woman educated in the same principles of eternal *perdition* as her parents. She exhorts her son not to go to France, but to join her in Italy, where she will endeavour to make his and Lucien's peace at the same time with his Imperial brother. She hints that his Holiness the Pope has shewn no objection to pronounce his marriage with an heretic void, and that she has fixed upon a young Roman Princess of the Colonna family as his future wife, whose religion is as pure as her birth is illustrious. To console the *temporary* Madame Jerome, she offers to settle upon her an annuity of six thousand livres (250*l.*), if she will become a Roman Catholic, and retire into some Spanish or Italian convent.

"The French agents in America are informed by Talleyrand, that the Emperor's command is, that they shall try all means in their power to persuade Jerome to take his passage immediately for Europe, and if without success, stop the Imperial allowance; entice him on board, and even use *secret* violence in forcing him to embark without his *pretended* wife, to *remove* whom out of the way, the agents have full authority to employ

employ whatever *secret* means they think necessary. The principal agent is ordered to repeat to the President Jefferson, the Emperor's displeasure for not having interfered with regard to his brother's match, which, if lawful according to the laws of America, is illegal according to the laws of France: to these *alone* Frenchmen are subjected, *wherever they reside*. He is to be requested *tacitly* to permit those measures of *vigour*, which the family *honour* of the Buonapartes requires on this occasion, and to equip an American frigate to carry Jerome, without his incumbrance, to France at the expence of the Emperor, who in return will ensure his re-election as President, and even, upon *certain* conditions, a presidency *for life* over the American States. General Turreau (of terrorist memory), whom the Emperor has appointed his representative in America, will inform the President of his Majesty's demands and intents. This general ambassador has instructions to support him, and even to head any party that shall take up arms against the Angloman federalists, who are to be *exterminated*, should they dare to oppose his re-election. Should his future conduct be approved of, Turreau will let Mr. Jefferson

more into the secret views of his Imperial Majesty with regard to Spain and her colonies, which, when Europe is pacified, may easily be *partitioned* between the *subjects* of the President and those of the Emperor."

"These are the principal contents of the INTERCEPTED IMPERIAL FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE, of which we have obtained copies from our correspondent at Baltimore: there, as well as every where else in America, they are circulated by English emissaries, enemies to the quiet and glory of our *illustrious*, revolutionary, Corsican *sans-culotte* Dynasty; which with so much *modesty*, and so many *virtues*, has put the rank, the throne, the palaces, and the property of the French Bourbons in requisition for themselves.

"When Monsieur Jerome is *safely arrived* in France, and Madame Jerome is *safely removed* to America, we shall publish a panegyric on the former, and a funeral sermon on the latter."

The inveteracy of the Emperor against the *premature* marriage of Jerome, is besides evident, from the strict order he gave his minister at Lisbon, to prevent the landing of Madame Jerome in

in that *neutral* kingdom, and the *civil* departure she was forced to take from the *allied* Batavian Commonwealth: an indelicate insult, which the becomingly-proud republicans of old would have considered as an act of premeditated hostility, had it been offered to one of their fellow-citizens. But it may be repeated again, that the Americans are *modern* republicans, more ready to worship Plutus than to draw their swords in the service of Mars. Their political consciences are not so nice or scrupulous as those of the republicans of antiquity. They would sell and dispose of all the Helens, all the Venuses in the world, with the same indifference as any other commodity, provided the bargain was profitable.

Another occurrence has not lessened the wrath of Madame Jerome's barbarous brother-in-law, Napoleone. Her husband, according to report*, in announcing his arrival in Europe with the young person his wife, had also stated, that although she had the misfortune of being under the Emperor's ban, *his* enemies were *her's*. She would expect with submission his gracious directions in neutral Embden, where she was

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Messidor, an xiii. No, 2. p. 2.

friendless, instead of landing in hostile England, where her relatives were many, and the friends of her parents numerous. His revolutionary Majesty had hardly finished the reading of this letter, when the public prints informed him that Madame Jerome was quietly landed opposite to where his Army of England bravely, but *quietly* encamped.

As he, however, at the same time was shewn translations of some English prints, mentioning the distinguished reception she had met with at Dover; that an honourable gentleman had performed the part of his Imperial Majesty's grand master of the ceremonies, and handed her on shore; that generals, colonels, and mayors had waited on her; that their wives had complimented her; that her anti-chambers had been crowded with fashionable amateurs, and her hotel surrounded with greeting John Bulls; his fury was somewhat softened, and his rage less violent than usual, particularly when *honest* Talleyrand, the Emperor's grand sycophant of honour, had addressed him thus: "Sire! and my most gracious Sovereign, Emperor, and King! notwithstanding the ungenerous endeavours of the British Government to cloud your Majesty's glory,

glory, to diminish the inestimable value of your Majesty's great actions, to calumniate your Majesty's patriotism, disinterestedness, and liberality, and to excite the people of Great Britain against your Majesty's sacred person, Englishmen of all classes strive who shall be foremost to bow to a lady, who had no other claims to their veneration, than that of having usurped the brilliant name of Buonaparte. Sons of peers cringe to touch her hand; superior and confidential officers of his Britannic Majesty, with their wives, emulate to be admitted and remarked in her drawing-room; and his subjects of every rank are anxious to pay their *devoirs* to the *soi-disant* Madame Jerome Buonaparte, who, had she landed as Miss Patterson, would not only have been unnoticed, but perhaps insulted. From this voluntary and flattering behaviour, your Imperial and Royal Majesty may conclude what a reception he would have obtained, had he graciously condescended to land in the British Islands. Sire! some little more patience, and the Sovereign who has lately been consecrated *Rex Italicus*, will soon be saluted, nay hailed, *Rex Britannicus**!"

Whether

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Messidor, an xiii. No. 4. p. 6, 7.

Whether this speech of Talleyrand is fabricated or real, whether it is composed as a compliment to Buonaparte, or as a censure on the conduct of certain British subjects, who suffered their curiosity or *politeness* to get the better of their duty and policy, it is equally just, proper, and pointed. What a disgrace to the character of a free, dutiful, and loyal nation, to have published accounts of persons of rank and eminence dancing attendance on a Madame Jerome (the wife of a petty insignificant rebel and adventurer, brother of an usurper, tyrant, and assassin, the sworn enemy of their country), who, as Talleyrand truly observed, would scarcely have been regarded or spoken to, had she arrived here as Miss Patterson. Her misfortune of having accepted for a husband Jerome Buonaparte, certainly deserves compassion and pity, but cannot be alleviated by an unexpected and undeserved attention and troublesome bustle. As to her

In a note it is said, that Talleyrand delivered this speech at Milan, in the presence of all the grand officers of state of the kingdom of Italy, who all immediately exclaimed, "Vivat Napoleonus Rex Britannicus!" To this compliment Buonaparte answered, with a gracious smile, in laying his hand on his sword.

sex,

sex, it would have been respected the same, less pompously indeed, but perhaps more sincerely, by all true Britons, had she set her feet upon British ground as the unmarried daughter of an American trader, instead of the disappointed and deserted wife of a revolutionary Imperial Highness *in petto*. Our laws, our manners, our civilization, and our gallantry, protect it, without all the impolitic and ridiculous show and parade witnessed at Dover, and transmitted thence to fill the columns of London newspapers, or to announce to continental nations our rapid advancement towards a degradation which we have so often censured in them, when prostrating themselves before a Napoleone, Joseph, Lucien, or Louis Buonaparte, before a revolutionary Emperor, or before a revolutionary Empress. In what light have the Emperors of Germany and Russia considered such an humiliating infatuation! Have they not reason to believe that the conclusions drawn by Talleyrand, though exaggerated, may not be improbable? States that know nothing of our loyalty, resources, and public spirit, but from the libels in the *Moniteur*, may they not suppose that our extravagant acts of good breeding are the dictates of fear, and

that our necks are stretched out ready to receive the Corsican yoke? Will not the *loyal* and *disinterested* cabinet of Berlin rejoice at such progression towards Corsican fraternity? Britons are but little aware of the hateful effects such ridiculous scenes here, produce on the still independent continental nations.

Had Madame Jerome, like a Madame Tallien, shewn herself bold, daring, vain, and presumptuous, instead of being modest and amiable, she would have been visited by our great folks, invited by our fashionables, followed by crowds in her walks, gaped at in churches, stared at in theatres, and, finally, after being caressed by our first people, envied by her equals of the middle classes, and hooted and abused by the rabble. Her prudence and good sense in avoiding publicity, are as praiseworthy as her marriage is deplorable. All persons who have enjoyed the pleasure of her company, are unanimous in their admiration of the charms of her person, as well as of the ornaments of her mind.

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS
ELIZA BUONAPARTE,
SOVEREIGN PRINCESS OF PIOMBINO, *alias* MADAME BACHIOCCHI.

" IF any farmer wants an able housewife, any cattle-keeper a good dairy-maid, any inn-keeper an attentive and clean bar or chamber-maid, or any bleacher an expert laundress, my Eliza," said Madame Buonaparte the mother, " is a valuable match. She will keep at home for months, never going out but to hear mass or to make her confession, continually looking after the house, watching, instructing, and, when necessary, scolding the servants. She can milk the cows or goats to perfection, churn butter to a nicety, discover cows lost in the woods, or runaway goats capering upon the mountains. She can bake bread, brew beer, feed pigs, and nurse lambs or kids. She is a competent judge of all sorts of good wines, spirits,

and liquors; can mix negus, punch, or syllabubs, lemonade, coffee, or chocolate; can make feather or straw beds; can sweep to perfection sitting and bed-rooms, and by splashing and mangling, spare the washing of sheets and curtains for years. By a method her own, and invented by herself, she hangs up, lays down, or spreads out her linen in such a systematic manner, that not a drop of rain, or a ray of the sun, is lost to whiten or dry them. For citizens of such description, of such occupation," repeated Mother Buonaparte, " my Eliza is an inestimable treasure*."

Thus spoke the simple, plain, and poor Letitia Buonaparte, when cultivating a small farm near Ajaccio in Corsica; when following the plough, or guarding flocks of goats; when surrounded with nine ragged or naked children, calling, and often calling in vain, for bread. Notwithstanding her faith in the predictions of gypsies, and in the prescience of her own dreams, she then little supposed that thrones, grandeur, and wealth were in store for those brats, whom she expected to vegetate in penury, mean-

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 179, et seq.

ness,

ness, and obscurity; whom she would have thought rich, if not experiencing immediate want, and exalted, if necessity or misery did not force them to become troublesome to the parish; to augment the number of needy vagabonds begging on the highways, or the sturdy, starving beggars infesting and asking for alms in the streets of cities and towns.

A countryman of her Imperial Highness Princess Eliza, considered affluent, because he possessed property to the amount of twelve thousand livres (500*l.*), was struck with the boasts of Mother Buonaparte, of this her daughter's domestic qualities, which her friends in charity circulated all over the island of Corsica. He therefore hired a jack-ass to go to Ajaccio, where he surprised her Imperial Highness occupied in gelding pigs. As he wanted a wife of all work, this did not frighten or dishearten him. Without being captivated by a beauty, that, if it ever had existed, had not been improved by the scorching rays of a burning climate, he was pleased with her sensible conversation and rustic accomplishments. For him to demand and obtain the hand of a *virgin*, already the mother of a child of many fathers, was the same. Their

nuptials

nuptials were celebrated with a pomp that made Mother Buonaparte weep for joy, and all the other raggamuffins of Ajaccio envy her felicity*.

The adventures of Princess Eliza's husband, Citizen Felix Bachiocchi, his present Serene Highness, Sovereign Prince of Piombino, were no less extraordinary than her own qualities were wonderful. The son of a shoe-black at Bastia, or at least of the wife of a shoe-black (whose very frequent visits to a neighbouring convent of Recollets scandalized the devotees, and furnished matter for the chat of gossips), he was gratuitously brought up by one of the friars, until, when about twelve years of age, he eloped, and engaged himself as a drummer in the regiment of Royal Italien. Destined, no doubt, to make a noise in a higher sphere, he was in some few months tired of the military service, and deserted into Switzerland. After four weeks' wanderings, during which he subsisted by begging and pilfering, he was received into a coffee-house at Basle, in the capacity of a waiter, and *marqueur*, or marker at a billiard table. Being soon

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 183.

expert

expert in playing, he won considerable sums and bets, particularly from English travellers, who then visited the Swiss Cantons. Within six years he had money enough to set up a manufacturer of chocolate. In that situation he married the daughter of a cotton manufacturer, who took him into partnership, which, however, the death of his wife shortly dissolved. When he became the husband of Princess Eliza Buonaparte, he was in business for himself. As from compassion he behaved very generously towards the distressed relatives of his wife, he had nearly ruined himself, when the plunder of Italy enriched the sans-culotte Napoleone Buonaparte. He was then indeed relieved of a part of the incumbrance which he had supported; but until Napoleone had usurped the Consulate, he was not *indemnified* for his liberality, or paid his advances. Even then a great objection was harboured in the Consular bosom against him. He had no crimes with which to reproach himself; his hands were neither polluted by pillage, nor stained with blood; his quiet submission, and his wife's patient assiduities about her powerful brother, made him, however, at last, in 1803, within twelve month, a Colonel, a General, and a Senator; in 1804 a Serene Highness,

Highness, and in 1805 the Sovereign Prince of Piombino, a petty principality on the borders of Tuscany, which Napoleone seized and bestowed on this his awkward brother-in-law, that he might no longer with his presence disgrace, at Paris, the Imperial reviews, levees, drawing-rooms, and circles *.

Since her elevation to an Imperial Highness, Eliza Buonaparte has much altered her foibles as well as her habits. Formerly by turns devout and amorous, her occupations and passions were divided between heaven and earth; at present she is transformed into an invincible coquet, and a disbelieving infidel, notwithstanding that she was the first and the last of her family to demand and obtain from his Holiness the Pope, indulgences and relics, absolution for former sins, consolation for past troubles, and hope for future happiness †.

The reason for this unaccountable change, is reported to be a disappointment of having children, and a temporary folly occasioned by the surprizing and unheard of successes of her guilty brother. She is said to have, in the beginning

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Prairial, an xiii. No. 1. p. 3.
† Idem, No. 2. p. 1.

of

of April 1805, invited Cardinal Caprara to wait on her. When his Eminence arrived, he was, by her orders, shown into the innermost room of her hotel. Believing that a repenting sinner would unbosom her frailties before him, he without suspicion went through six rooms before he entered the apartment of the penitent, which was her *boudoir*. As soon as he was seated, she told her chamberlain, that she was visible to nobody before she rung the bell. She then bolted the door, placed a brace of pistols by her side, and ordered the Cardinal to approach her. Instead of imagining the real cause of this state of siege, his Eminence supposed her in a state of religious despair; he began, therefore, to talk of the bounty of our Saviour, of the power of his vicar at Rome, and the example of the crucified robber, which proved that sincere repentance, however tardy, was not too late. Here she interrupted him abruptly, with "none of your nonsense, Eminence! you are not asked here to preach, but to act. I am told, that for these thirty years past you have never slept with a woman; you are short and ugly, it is true, but it is no matter to me; a child I want, and a child I will have; here I am laying myself down on the sofa

at

at your service. No retreat, Cardinal, if you hesitate a moment, if you begin speaking instead of obeying, here are the pistols, and you are a dead man." "But," said the trembling Cardinal, "my vows to my God, and my dignity in the church." "Your God," answered the Princess, "what does he care about you making me a child, when he has made Napoleone an Emperor and a King. Your dignity! did not your superior in dignity, the Pope, consecrate the same Napoleone on his Imperial throne, he who is so deserving and so fearful of the gallows." As the Cardinal all the time she was raving had been ringing the bell, her whole household was in an uproar, and, headed by chamberlains, ladies in waiting, maids of honour, prefects of palace, equerries, and pages, forced open the door. They were all unanimous in laying their hands upon the poor pale Cardinal, suspecting from the position of her Imperial Highness, that he attempted to commit a sacrilegious and high treasonable rape. She, however, soon undeceived them, by calling out to them to get out of the way, that she might shoot the ungallant coward, for refusing to procure her a child, a future heir to the thrones of France and Italy. This avowal

of

of Princess Eliza procured Cardinal Caprara his release, and an opportunity to escape to the castle of the Thuilleries, where he informed the Emperor of the *curious indisposition* of his sister. The consequence was, that his Majesty forced her Imperial Highness Princess Eliza, and his Serene Highness her husband, to set out with an escort of honour, within four days for Italy. Arrived at Milan, Prince Bachiocchi alone went to Piombino, his princely consort being in a most deplorable situation, screaming out every instant, "Is Napoleone an Emperor and a King! am I an Imperial Highness! are my brothers and sisters to have children, and am I to have none* !"

Princess Eliza continued *indisposed* at Milan even in June 1805, and was attended by her physician, Dr. Husson, member and secretary of the Vaccine Committee †.

The yearly allowance of her Imperial Highness, in France, amounts to three millions of livres, and at Piombino, to two hundred thousand livres. Her diamonds, plate, and china, are

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Prairial, an xiii. No. 3. p. 6, and 7.

† See Le Publiciste of June 18, 1805, p. 4.

valued

valued at six millions of livres. Ninety-two persons form her household, of whom a bishop is her almoner, and two grand vicars her chaplains. Madame la Place is her lady in waiting; Madame Brehan-Pelo de Crecy, and Madame Chambaudouin, her maids of honour; Messrs. D'Esterno and Phillippi, are her chamberlains; De Montrose, is her master of horse, and Picault her equerry; Lesperut is her private secretary, and Villeneuve, her intendant *.

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Messidor, an xiii. No. 1. p. 2.; and Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 79.

Since the above was written, the ancient republic of Lucca has been incorporated with Bachiocchi's principality.

CHARLOTTE BUONAPARTE,

PRINCESS OF SANTA CRUCE;

NO IMPERIAL HIGHNESS.

WHEN Lucien Buonaparte had determined to marry according to his own inclination, but contrary to the ambitious views and absolute orders of Napoleone, he invited his brothers Joseph and Louis, and his four sisters, with their husbands, to assist at his nuptials. Through fear of the Imperial wrath, most of them, however, under different pretexts, declined the invitation. Joseph was tormented by the gout; Louis suffered from rheumatism; Bachiocchi was suddenly taken ill, and Murat had a very bad cold: in such circumstances, the wives could not leave their husbands, and he received their common apologies at the same time. The Prince and Princess Borghese were not among the number

ber of these; they had no excuse, no complaint, being unexpectedly visited by Lucien, and found all well, an hour before the ceremony was to take place. A message to the Emperor informed him of their dilemma, and *begged* for advice how to get out of it. His Majesty immediately and graciously invited himself to dine, and to pass the day with them. The Prince and the Princess Santa Cruce, less prudent, or more independent, were the only relatives of Lucien who were present at his condemned wedding*.

The family quarrels of the petty Buonapartes, whose usurped rank has been unable to alter their native sans-culotte minds, have often caused their friends uneasiness, their rivals pleasure, their enemies satisfaction, and the *good* Parisians of all classes and parties wonderful amusement. Since Napoleone seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons, hardly a week has elapsed, that one or more of the members of his family have not been disgraced, insulted, caned, kicked, or exiled by him. Sometimes their frequent attendance at court was thought unbecoming, as bordering on familiarity; at other times

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 205.

their

their long absence was construed into neglect: one day, when they presented themselves, they were refused admittance; the next day, for not calling, they were accused of want of attention, of duty. When they appeared often at the Thuilleries, or at St. Cloud, they were told that they were troublesome; when some days went over without their being there, they were suspected of being mutinous, or at least discontented. When they attempted to speak in their own defence, they were called audacious; when they submitted in silence, they were despised as mean. When they petitioned for places or emolument, they were informed that they must wait their Sovereign's pleasure; when they waited with patience and silence, they were reprobated as having no *honourable* desire of rising from their original obscurity, no perception of the dignity of elevation, and no notions of the comfort and influence of wealth. It should also be stated, that they were often recompensed for all these contrarieties, for all their chastisements and anxiety. The capricious tyrant, during one moment of good humour, overpowered them with his benefactions, and indemnified them, in part, for their endurance of several years' pains and humiliations.

tions. He frequently squanders away, in fifteen minutes, upon his mother, brothers, and sisters, more profitable offices and valuable gifts than the Sovereigns of the House of Bourbon had during five centuries bestowed on their royal relatives*.

The *improper* and forbidden marriage of Lucien Buonaparte did not decrease nor put an end to those vexations and disagreements of the other Buonapartes with their supreme chief Napoleone, who, the next day, forbade the Prince and Princess Santa Cruce his court. This act of despotism highly offended their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Santa Cruce; and, in consequence, the latter is said to have written the following letter to her brother, the revolutionary Emperor†.

"You have often told me, dear Napoleone, that you found me an apprentice in the shop of a mantua-maker, and placed me as the mistress of the palace of a Prince; that from a sans-culotte servant, your victories made me a wealthy Princess. You have so long and so frequently repeated to me what you have done for me, that

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 207.

† Idem. Apendix, p. 50, et seq. and Le Voyageur Italien, &c. vol ii. p. 7. et seq.

you

you must excuse, that I in my turn call to your remembrance what I have suffered from you. I do not deny, that, with us all, I was poor and reduced; that I worked hard, and gained but little; but it is also a fact, that during the few hours I could spare for diversions, I was happier than I have ever been since; and I went again behind the counter, with greater satisfaction than I ever entered your wife's drawing-room, or sat down at your dinners of state. I had a mistress indeed, but when she had done scolding me for a fault, or a mistake, I heard no more of it; you, on the contrary, like an old ill-natured woman, when once irritated, repeat over and over again all my frailties; every thing that has displeased you from my infancy to the present moment.

"I have experienced that you have a good memory to preserve in remembrance the errors of others, but the worst in the world for recalling your own mistakes, your own absurdities, your own extravagance, your own ingratitude, and, pardon my frankness, even *your own crimes*. Have you forgotten when, in 1792, you spoke of engaging in the English service under Paoli? when, in 1793 your execution of the Toulonese excited horror; and when, in consequence, you

were the following year arrested as a terrorist? Has it escaped your memory who it was that, by her prayers, prevented you from serving the Grand Turk in 1795, as well as Great Britain in 1791; who complained of to you, but palliated to others, the atrocities you perpetrated at Toulon in 1793, and who, at the expence of her own necessaries of life, supported you, when a terrorist prisoner at Nice in 1794? When you were made a General of Brigade by Barras in September 1795, can you not recollect who pawned her own wearing apparel, not only her gowns, *but her very shifts*, to pay for your first regimentals as a general? What did you say, when at Campo Formio, in 1797, fortune enabled you to dictate a peace to the Emperor? did you not tell me, that as I had been your most tender and affectionate sister, I should be the best as well as the first provided for? The Prince my husband, I flatter myself, judging from his expressions, was more taken by my trifling natural charms, than induced to marry me from the renown of your victories. I am confirmed in this opinion by his kind conduct during your wanderings in Egypt and in Syria, at a time when nobody in Europe ever expected that you would return from

from Africa and Asia. When after having escaped the effects of the climate, and the dangers of the waves; the mutinous disposition of your own troops, the fire and sword of your Turkish foes, and the vigilance of English cruizers, you again landed in France, where, instead of punishment for your desertion, you were rewarded with the supreme authority, how did you behave to me your *dearest* sister? How did you act by my husband, who, in uniting himself with our family, had sacrificed the friendship of his own; who, deluded by your duplicity and hypocritical jargon of liberty and equality, was maimed in fighting at the head of the Roman patriots? The places of your government, the treasures of state, you threw away on every one related to you, however low, ignorant, or unworthy. We alone were left unnoticed, unrewarded. What have you done for us since? In proportion as your usurped power augmented, your insulting indifference about us increased. When you made a Bachiocchi a general and senator, a Murat a governor of Paris; when you gave a cardinal's hat to a Fesch, diamonds worth millions to the wives of our brothers, to Eliza, to Paulette, and to Caroline; what rank did you be-

stow on my husband; what presents were offered to me? You may say, that you have no title to confer that would not disgrace a Prince of Santa Cruce, and no gifts of value for the rich Princess his wife. Those excuses might have been admissible in better times, when Sovereigns and Princes knew their own dignity, and did not admit the fraternity of upstarts; but in our depraved age, supremacy, if ever so unjustifiably and treacherously seized, and riches, if ever so infamously acquired, are not despised and abhorred as the reward of barbarity and meanness, but considered as if they were the well-earned fruits of worth and virtue. You should have left to us the choice of accepting or declining, but not have treated us as if we were the outcast even of the vilest of the Buonapartes. Excuse my warmth, but your unkind treatment makes me regard myself as belonging no more to the Buonaparte family than the Prince my husband.

" As to your late fury against Lucien, it is unjust and unnatural, as well as cruel and insolent. He is indeed not *pure*, but what are his vices and crimes, compared to your outrages and enormities? His wife is an honest woman: can the

the same be said of your's? Even scandal has respected Madame Lucien, while incredulity and guilt itself must blush in recollecting the profligate deeds that transformed Josephine de Beauharnois into a Madame Napoleone Buonaparte.

"Do not expect that I will ever supplicate you to revoke the order which forbids me your court. YOUR COURT! I can scarcely refrain laughing! Degrade there as much as you please the representatives of Emperors and Kings, but, depend upon it, you shall never more be honoured with my presence. As soon as we have arranged our affairs, my husband and I intend to join at home our worthier relations, and better bred equals*."

Within four hours the Prince of Santa Cruce received the following note from the Minister of Police Fouché: "Sir, by superior command, I enclose for your Serene Highness, for your consort, and attendants, passes to leave Paris within twelve hours, and France within six days. I

* In a note of the Appendix of Bulletin Imperial, p. 53, it is stated that the Princess gave a copy of this letter to Lucien, who circulated it all over France and Italy.

must inspect the execution of these orders. I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) "FOUCHE."

In two hours the Prince and Princess Santa Cruce were in their carriages for Rome, where they have resided ever since. The allowance of one million of livres, which they had from Napoleone, was stopped; and all the diamonds the Princess had received from her brother, were, by his orders, seized on the frontiers, *as by chance*, by the custom-house officers. All the Roman nobility that formerly shunned her, now visit and caress her. From the riches of her husband she is enabled to live in great splendour in his hotel at Rome*.

* See Bulletin Imperial. Apendix, p. 55.

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS
MARIA PAULETTE BUONAPARTE,

PRINCESS OF BORGHESE—CI-DEVANT
MADAME LE CLERC.

Quand on ignore tout, pourquoi donc enseigner ?
Quand on port des fers, pourquoi vouloir regner ?

THE Emperor of the French had invited his Holiness the Pope, for the 15th of January 1805, to a *family* party in the Empress's apartments of the castle of the Thuilleries, where none but the Buonapartes, and some favourite and select friends, were admitted. During a moment's silence, when the tea was handed about by their revolutionary Majesties' chamberlains, her Imperial Highness Princess of Borghese suddenly burst out a laughing, so loud and so long, that Napoleone the First commanded her to cease, or to leave the room. " Please

your Majesty, be not offended," said she, with *naiveté*, "I am not always mistress of myself, when any laughable ideas occur to me. I was just thinking how it would edify our contemporaries, and astonish posterity, had the Holy Father, who sits there so grave, received the gift of converting me to Christianity, or if I possessed the spirit of perverting him to infidelity."—"It is too much," interrupted Cardinal Fesch; I "cannot, I ought not to suffer such a scandal, such a blasphemy. I will tell your Imperial Highness, improbable as it seems to you, that it is more easy to make you a Christian proselyte, than an honest and modest woman."—"Out, out with you both, Princess and Eminence!" cried his Majesty the Emperor in a rage. "Am I not the sovereign master in my *own* palace as well as in my *own* empire? Am I not here the *only* person competent to judge of indecencies as well as of impertinences; of improprieties as well as of indecorous demeanour, to correct the former and chastise the latter. The Princess is in the wrong, but you, Cardinal, are very much to blame for daring to reprimand her in my presence. I command you both to retire instantly from the company, and to remain confined to your

your own hotels, and there await my good pleasure and pardon."—"Most gracious Monarch," said Pius VII. "forgive them for my sake, and let them remain where they are. They sinned unintentionally, and not deliberately. I pardon them, do your Majesty graciously do the same. And you, Princess," continued his Holiness, "as convinced as I am of my Cardinal's orthodoxy, as certain I am that you, before your death, will become one of my flock."—"Then, Holy Father," retorted the Princess, "you must live to a great age."—"Silence, Imperial Highness," exclaimed the Emperor with a stern voice. "Throw yourself down and beg his Holiness's pardon this instant, or I will in an hour send you away from *my* dominions, never to return again."—"If that is the case," stammered the Princess, kneeling, "then permit me to kiss the Holy Father's feet, and to implore his forgiveness and indulgencies." The Pope, in giving her his blessing, raised her, and presented his hand to kiss. In returning to her seat by the side of her Imperial Highness Princess Louis, the Princess of Borghese muttered loud enough to be heard by most persons present, "What a villanous wrinkled hand has that Monsieur Vice-Christ; and how ridiculously un-

gallant he is! how rude, to think of offering me his old dirty hand to kiss, instead of taking advantage of his situation, and embracing such a handsome gay lady as myself—me, who have turned the heads of all the *beaux* of France, St. Domingo, and Italy; of the army, of the navy, and of the church!" Napoleone, with one of those terrible and significant looks, which belong exclusively to his Majesty himself, put a stop to her soliloquy; and the *happiness* and *enjoyment* of the evening was not interrupted by any other accident, except that Madame D'Arberg, the Empress's lady in waiting, to the great alarm of all the party, scalded with hot tea the Imperial lap-dog of her sovereign, *Bijou*. The bulletin of the following day announced, however, to the sincere consolation of fifteen thousand visitors, who inquired after its health, "that the Imperial beast was in a fair way of convalescence*."

* This scene of the Imperial family party, is translated from Les Nouvelles a la Main, Ventose, an xiii. No. 4. p. 2, et seq. In a note is stated, that it was communicated to the Editors by one of the pages in waiting, and that Madame D'Arberg, after the accident of the dog, fainted away; all the maids of honour fell into fits, and all the chamberlains turned pale; according to the etiquette established by the Emperor's Council of State.

Before

Before the Princess of Borghese was up the next morning, a message was left for her from the Emperor her brother, informing her that she was expected by his Majesty, who would graciously see her at three o'clock in the afternoon on that day. After having dressed herself in a very coquetish manner, she went to the palace of the Thuilleries, and was ushered into the most secret closet of his Majesty, who at her entrance through one door, let out his favourite Mameluke through another. "*Sans façons*, brother Napoleone," said the lively and giddy Princess Borghese, "what can you want with me at this hour, and particularly at this moment, when your *bon ami*, Rostan, has just left you? I understand you want variety—the *tête-à-tête* of an infidel is therefore to follow that of a Mussulman."—"Can you, sister," interrupted Napoleone, "be serious for the ten minutes I intend and must speak seriously with you? You know too well, that next to my dear Princess Louis, you have the greatest power over me of all our relatives; that if you are complaisant sometimes to me, I am always kind and generous to you. You know also, because I have often explained it to you, that next to the mili-

tary support of my brave and devoted troops, I trust to the spiritual authority of the Pope, and his supremacy over the Christian Catholic church, for the preservation of my Imperial throne, and for its continuance in the possession of the Buonaparte dynasty:

Les Rois n'ont plus de trone ou Dieu n'a plus de temple!
Que la Religion qui soutient ma couronne
Recoive de mon bras, l'appui qu'elle me donne.

You smile at my poetic declamation, but Portalis has so often repeated these lines, that I know them by heart; and whenever the avarice, bigotry, or superstition of the clergy put me out of humour, I get the better of my anger in recollecting the political justness of these lines. It was the infidelity of Frenchmen, as much as the imbecility of the ministers of the too good Louis XVI. that overturned the throne of that prince, sent him to the scaffold, and banished and excluded for ever from France the Bourbon race. I, a sovereign of four years only, have I not much to apprehend from the sacrilegious monster that subverted a dynasty of fourteen centuries standing, and almost uninterrupted prosperity? You cannot conceive all the diffi-

difficulties I had to surmount; all the discussions, all the obstacles, all the arguments and all the sophistry, which pretended philosophers, revolutionary fanatics, depraved reformers, immoral republicans, and sanguinary atheists, opposed to the restoration of religion in the French empire. I was obliged to cajole and bribe some, to terrify and exile others, and to remove and punish the most refractory of the indiscreet and impolitic crew of infidels. I am well aware, that all enlightened persons, with you, understand how to estimate truly my Christian zeal; consider my Catholicism as mere mockery, and my Catholic Pope as a superstitious ideot, my political puppet. But even those who, with you and me, do not believe in a God, are convinced of the utility and necessity, as well as of the policy, of implanting religious notions into the minds of a fickle, vain, unprincipled, and naturally ferocious people. They remember the shocking and barbarous scenes of 1793 and 1794, and therefore prefer the military and ecclesiastical, to the popular and atheistical yoke. More people perished by the republican guillotine of infidels and unbelievers, during eighteen months, than during the eight preceding centuries had been reduced to ashes by

by the faggots of religious persecutors and inquisitorial tormentors. Last night I was as highly offended as every body else was scandalized, by your inconsistent and improper *etourderie.* I am, as well as you, acquainted with the contemptible character of modern Frenchmen, my *dutiful* subjects; and that at a given signal from me, they would all be ready to prostrate themselves with the Mussulman, pray with the Protestant, howl hymns with the Methodist, kneel before the rising sun with the Indian, worship the cow or the crocodile with the Egyptian, plunge themselves into the Ganges with the Bramin, adore the Devil with the Abyssinians, lay down offerings to the moon with the Icelanders, go to mass, confess, and communicate with the Roman Catholic. But I hope that the perversity of the present generation, should my reign continue prosperous and long, will not descend to its descendants, to future generations and ages. In our private party last night, I do think, that, with the exception of Pius VII. and one of his six Cardinals, there was nobody who was a real Christian in his heart. You observed, however, how much they all felt themselves hurt by your imprudent sortie, your indiscreet sally; because all,

all, for the preservation of civilized society, were, with myself, persuaded of the necessity, at least of being externally Christians, of not saying any thing to be reprobated by the piety of the faithful, or scandalizing the scruples of the conscientious or devout. Let me therefore conjure you to be hereafter more decent, prudent, and discreet. Believe me, that notwithstanding my sincere affection for you, should you not cease your profane and irreverent language and expressions when in company with strangers, or with our family and visitors at my court, I shall, for the safety of us all, be obliged to silence my own inclinations, and listen to my duty as a sovereign, by ordering you into exile on one of your husband's estates on the other side of the Alps; and renounce for ever all the satisfaction and pleasure I have promised myself from your conversation and tenderness."

"Admire my patience, brother," replied the Princess of Borghese, "in listening with attention and silence to your excellent sermon and eternal *capucinade*. It is very easy for you, dear Napoleone, who are so enthusiastically fond of your rank and authority, and who from your youth have studied dissimulation, and made duplicity habitual, to stifle your real sentiments,

and

and be as much at your ease in the company of impostors and hypocrites of every description as with men of honour, veracity, and integrity. But as to me whom from a prostitute you have made a princess, and who do not care a pin about it, were you to make me a harlot again, provided I can gratify my passions and inclinations; I who never concealed my real thoughts, nor spoke what I did not think, was I to promise you to esteem what I scorn, and to scorn what I esteem, I should deceive you, and for the first time in my life not act frankly with you. For example, was it not disgusting, last night, to see the apostate and atheist Talleyrand, who has so frequently confirmed me in my infidelity, throw himself down at the feet of a pontiff (who has not so much sense in his whole body as the ex-bishop and minister has in his little finger), and to remain on his knees, during a good quarter of an hour, until Pius VII. had finished his mummery? was it not enough to excite one's laughter, to see this same grave Pope placing his old and ugly hands to be kissed by the most beautiful women of France? who could help smiling at observing your own *chaste* and *religious* Josephine so *devoutly* demand, and so readily

readily obtain his Holiness's blessing? and when our own dear and imbecile uncle Fesch, moving in his brilliant cardinal's dress, as if he had been shut up in a sack, after the departure of the Pope, began in his turn his ridiculous solemn grimaces, was it possible to be serious, or rather was not laughter irresistible? Do you not suppose that many others besides myself remarked these and other absurdities and contradictions, repugnant to the eyes, and repulsive to the mind? and do you imagine that their respect for the visible head of the Roman Catholic religion was so much augmented, that they went away improved or even satisfied? As a friend, I advise you not to expose this idol of the faithful to their view too often, for fear that they may discover its deformities, or their own fallacy. If you do not wish to have your own works undermined and perhaps blown up, send away as soon as possible, or shut up as closely as you decently can, the Roman Pontiff. Without the least intention of hurting your pride, vanity, or policy, I tell you with sincerity, that by his consecration of you as an Emperor, he certainly has lost a great deal of the veneration formerly paid to the tiara and to his holy office.

"As

"As to your menaces of banishing me from your presence, or of exiling me to the country seats of my husband in Italy, when you call to your remembrance that you alone have made me what I am, and such as I am, I do not fear them much. I do not think it possible that you could thus treat a sister who is and has always been your confidential and trusty friend; whom you *converted* to an atheist, and seduced to become incestuous; who, without your reasonings and your persuasion, might still have been among the number of the select pure and chaste few. But I see that what I say affects you, and I believe even afflicts you, let us therefore embrace each other and make peace; as, however, the ratifications of treaties of peace are always accompanied with presents, I expect from you something more substantial than an embrace."—The Emperor immediately took from a closet a diamond necklace, worth half a million of livres (20,000*l.*), which he fastened round the ivory neck of the Princess, assuring her, "that when in future displeased with her words or transactions, he should not use his own power, but apply to her own feelings." The same day the Prince of Borghese was made a grand officer of the

Legion

Legion of Honour, and was presented with a watch set with diamonds, as valuable as the necklace given to his wife*.

The Princess Borghese is now (1805) in her twenty-eighth year, and has been married two years to her present husband, and was three years the wife of General Le Clerc, who died in the spring of 1803, by whom she had two sons, who have survived him. The Prince of Borghese is not yet a father. Her yearly allowance from her brother amounts to four millions of livres; her diamonds, plate, pictures, china, &c. are esteemed worth ten millions; and her property in the funds or in estates, is calculated to be worth above fifteen millions, of which ten millions were left her by her former husband, of his plunder in Portugal and St. Domingo. As well as all her brothers and sisters, she has her chamberlains, maids of honour, lords and ladies in waiting, equerries, and pages; but she has not, as all her other Imperial relatives, a bishop for an almoner, or

* In Les Nouvelles a la Main, Ventose, an xiii. No. 3. p. 4, et seq. from which the above particulars are translated, it is stated, that they were written by the Princess herself, and circulated by her, to shew her influence over her brother.

grand

grand vicars for her chaplains; she is, however, the only Imperial Highness on whom Napoleone has bestowed a suit of elegant apartments in the castle of St. Cloud *.

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 222.

HER

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS
ANNUN. CAR^E. BUONAPARTE,
PRINCESS (CI-DEVANT MADAME) MURAT.

Sous son règne indolent, bientot tout va changer;
Le bien s'y fait sans gloire et le mal sans danger.

"AS long as my sister Josephine remains undisturbed upon the throne of the French empire, she has no reason to complain either of intrusion or usurpation, of vanity, or audacity, if I am determined not to endure any rival upon the throne of fashion, or permit any body else to seize the light reins of my fickle dominions." Such was the contents of the official note delivered by the maid of honour, Madame La Grange, in the name of her mistress, her Imperial Highness Princess Murat, to Madame Remusat, a lady in waiting of the Empress of the French, in answer to the following official message:

"With

"With equal surprize and indignation, Madame and my sister, have I heard of your vain, audacious, and mutinous conduct, in daring to usurp the power belonging to me exclusively, of regulating the fashions of my empire. I am told that you are conspiring night and day with certain milliners and mantua-makers, to overthrow in an hour what has cost myself and the members of my privy council weeks and months' deliberations and industry to determine and conceive; and that thence the bonnets *a la Josephine*, the corsets *à l'Imperatrice*, the gowns *a la Souveraine*, and the shoes *a la Pagerie*, have suddenly disappeared to give place to those unbecoming and ridiculous hats *a l'Altesse*, petticoats *a la Caroline*, veils *a l'Annunciade*, and slippers *a la Murat*. I am your sovereign—you are my subject; I command you, therefore, under pain of my displeasure, to cease your impertinent intrusion.

(Signed) "JOSEPHINE, Empress."

No sooner had the Empress read the official note of Princess Murat, than the natural crimson which so seldom colours her Majesty's cheeks, faded the lustre even of her most brilliant artificial rouge; the beating of her pulse almost

surpassed

surpassed the palpitation of her Imperial heart. Dr. Hallé, her physician, and Yvan, her surgeon, were sent for by Madame Duchatel, her lady in waiting, who, however, mistook her sovereign's situation: she required not the assistance of the faculty, but the advice of her council of state. All its members, consisting of her ladies in waiting and her maids of honour, were convoked; her Majesty presided, and her favourite chambermaid, Fauve, acted as secretary. The discussions were long and violent, before it was resolved to send another official and admonitory epistle to Princess Murat, informing her, that "if she did not directly renounce her pretensions and plots, and deliver up her accomplices, she must abide by, and feel the fatal consequences of her refractory spirit." Her Imperial Highness retorted with this laconic *billet doux:* "Eternal warfare, rather than such a dishonourable and degrading peace."

Upon this the Empress again assembled her council of state, of which Madame Bertin, late milliner of the late Queen of France, was sworn a new member. Notwithstanding her advanced age, this lady remembering her former exploits and prosperous havock in the magazines of lace merchants

merchants and muslin manufacturers, proposed an immediate declaration of war, and herself as quartermaster-general. She had nearly gained over the council to her opinion, when the maid of honour, the modest Madame Seran, asked her Sovereign permission to make some few and humble observations. "Were your Majesty," said she, "instantly to denounce war, without even preceding it with an *ultimatum*, Princess Murat would have some reason to cry out injustice, if not cowardice. She might say, that not having capacity or valour enough to engage in a fair contest, we wished to obtain victory by unfair means and by surprise. I, therefore, submit to your Majesty's superior wisdom, whether it would not be more honourable, and more generous, to dispatch an official ultimatum, fixing equitable terms, and a limited time for the Princess to submit. If not acceded to or accepted, then open attack and direct hostilities should follow."

After an hour's further deliberation, her Majesty the Empress graciously consented to change Madame Seran's motion into an Imperial decree, and an ultimatum was thus drawn up: "His Majesty the Emperor of the French, our gracious consort

consort and lord, has the undisputed and unopposed right to ordain the colours, cuts, size, and length of the dresses of all gentlemen at our court, and of our household, of his public functionaries, and of all persons serving him in his armies, the form of their hats as well as of their boots and shoes; so We, Josephine, Empress of the French, have an equal right, from our rank and supremacy, as well as from our taste and genius, to regulate every thing concerning the wearing apparel and accoutrements of our female subjects. To convince the universe, however, of our sincere desire to avoid a rupture with her Imperial Highness Princess Annunciade Caroline Murat, our dearly beloved sister-in-law, we condescend to bestow the following indulgence upon the following terms:

"1. Her Imperial Highness Princess Murat, may from this day regard herself as vice-regent in the empire of fashion, and accordingly, command, disseminate, invent, and establish every thing belonging to the dresses of the higher and lower *bourgoisie*, of the wives and daughters of inferior magistrates, of the wives and daughters of mayors and municipal officers, of sub-prefects, of bankers, of merchants, of mechanics, &c. &c.

"2. In gratitude for this our munificent bounty, her Imperial Highness Princess Murat shall return immediately to her duty, and promise from this day and for the future, never to interfere, alter, or conspire against those dresses, ornaments, and trappings, gala suits, or *deshabilles*, arranged by us in our privy council, for the higher classes and *haut ton*, as well as for all individuals of distinction, presented or presentable at our Imperial court, for the ladies of the members of the foreign diplomatic corps, or for the wives and daughters of all civil and military functionaries above the rank of a justice of peace, or lieutenant-colonel.

"Although we by these liberal allowances have already shown enough of our gentle and pacific disposition, yet to remove all doubt even from the most incredulous, of our sincere desire to live in amity with our dearly beloved sister, her Imperial Highness Princess Murat, we graciously condescend to add this secret article to the above treaty:

"Besides the dresses of the persons already mentioned in article the first, we also permit her Imperial Highness Princess Murat, to regulate, inspect, and guide the accoutrements and fineries, of

of the pretty *grisettes* all over our empire. This our Imperial permission ceases, however, the instant our ladies of quality shew their bad tastes, as has sometimes been the case, of adopting the vulgar fashions of these same *grisettes*.

"A precise answer must be delivered to this our Imperial ultimatum within forty-eight hours. Given in our Council Chamber of our palace of the Thuilleries, the 9th Pluviose, year xiii. (29th January, 1805), four o'clock, P. M.

(Signed) "JOSEPHINE, Empress.

(Counter-Signed) "LOUISA FAUVE, Sec."

The Empress's privy counsellor, Madame Bertin, in the mean time laid before her Sovereign a plan of campaign, in case hostilities were unavoidable. She proposed to fix her Majesty's head-quarters in the milliners' shops of the *Palais Royal*, and in those of its vicinity in the *rue St. Honoré*. Some flying camps were to be formed in the green-rooms of the theatres, and a corps of reserve placed in the shops of the milliners on the Boulevards. Strong picquets were to patrole Tivoli and Frescati, a corps of observation quartered in the pavillion of Hanover, the flying artillery scour the Thuillerie

garden, the Elysian Fields, and the *Bois de Boulogne*; and the mounted riflemen scout in the Luxemburgh garden, and in the faubourg St. Germain. The park of heavy artillery she wished to establish in the Empress's drawing-rooms at the palaces of the Thuilleries and St. Cloud. But the good-natured Josephine, judging her rival after herself, never came to any determination, notwithstanding the frequent representations of her privy counsellor and quartermaster-general, until too late, and when she was informed that Princess Murat had opened the campaign, by occupying the most advantageous positions, and by having surprised several of her Majesty's out-posts.

The pale and trembling privy counsellors of the Empress, hardly able to describe the ravages caused in the empire of fashion by the machinations of Princess Murat, were the first and unwelcome messengers of that disagreeable news; and as it generally happens, when any unexpected disasters occur, in which the advisers of Sovereigns are equally guilty, and have an equal share of reproach for not having foreseen or prevented it; instead of uniting all the talents and efforts to combat a common enemy, they began to

quarrel

quarrel among themselves; divided and coalesced with factions, partisans, and adherents of sans-culottism, praising the nudity of our first parents, and of course were sworn foes of all fashions as well as of all dress.

Of these unfortunate disagreements in the Empress's cabinet, Princess Murat did not fail to take advantage. Possessing the same spirit of enterprise and intrigue as the Emperor her brother, she planned the most artful ambuscades, where those of the adverse party whom she could not debauch to desertion, were caught and made prisoners of war. Even the staunch quartermaster-general of the Empress's army, Madame Bertin, for fear that the precepts of the factions of nudity and sans-culottism should become fashionable, joined the colours of Princess Murat, and put on the anti-Josephine regimentals, which shortly became the *haut ton*, and were, with a barefaced impudence, worn, not only in all public walks, at the theatres, and in all genteel places of resort, but even in the gardens of the Thuillerie, under the windows of the Empress's pavillion, and at a ball given by Princess Louis, where both the Emperor and the Empress were present. In the mean time the Princess's light

troops were continually on the alert, and her flying artillery were seen in all directions. She seized on her rival's advanced posts, cut off her picquets, and captured numerous convoys of Brussels lace, cambric, linen, and satin, destined for the magazines of Josephine's contractors, but which were carried to, and safely delivered into the depôts of her Imperial Highness.

The good Parisians, naturally inclined to be factious, were first secret well-wishers, and afterwards, when victory accompanied her exploits, the avowed adherents of Princess Murat, who, wherever she shewed herself, either in the Imperial academy of music, *alias* the opera, in the museums, in the national institute, or even in the churches, was hailed, *Notre Dame des Victoires!* When the weather permitted, she had daily reviews, in the forenoon, in the Bois de Boulogne, and at night in the elegant apartments and delightful garden of Frescati. Though she often varied the accoutrements and manœuvres of her troops, their numbers increased, as the adroitness and popularity of the chief made a recruit of every spectator.

It cannot be supposed that the Empress saw the progress of her enemy without some chagrin,

or

or that her depression banished all activity, and her present humiliation excluded all future prospects of vengeance. In hope of gaining time to organize her dispersed army, she renewed the negotiation with the Princess Murat; and when these pacific overtures were repulsed by the latter, she proposed a congress, composed of all the other Imperial Princesses of the house of Buonaparte, to accommodate their differences, and to decide on the contest. As, however, these Princesses, instead of being neutral, as the Empress pretended, were either envious of the superiority which a Princess their equal had assumed; or, under promise of ample indemnities, bribed over to Josephine's interest, they could not be considered as disinterested, unprejudiced, or impartial powers, and their mediation was of course declined. The Empress then applied to her dear Napoleone, to use all his powerful influence, and command a submission which her Majesty's arms and intrigues had been unable to obtain. The Emperor at first refused to interfere, in what he called a war of rags *(chiffons)*; but on the representation of his Imperial consort, that his own dignity and *glory* required it, as he was an indirect partaker of the ridicule or contempt offered

her, he ordered his aid-de-camp Rapp to inform his sister, that she must immediately lay down her arms, strip herself and her adherents of her own colours, and put on those of the Empress.

But few heroines, as well as heroes, have existed, whom repeated successes have not blinded, and a long prosperity corrupted. Naturally tormented by vanity and pride, her late fortunate campaign had added imprudence and insolence to her other foibles; and so far from obeying the orders of her brother and sovereign, the Princess Murat proved by her conduct that she dared his power, and despised his threats. The very next night, at the theatre of the Empress, *ci-devant Theatre de Louvois*, her Imperial Highness, attended by her guides and Mamelukes, had taken possession of all the principal boxes, and introduced such innovations, under the name of improvements, that every spectator must have observed disobedience united with scandal and audacity, and insult intended with both. She wore a *Ridicule a la Napolcone*, a *fichu menteur a la Josephine*, a bonnet *a la Pitt*, gloves *a la Grenville*, and a bosom-friend *a la Windham*, and all her troops were attired in the same manner. To crush an enemy she had already

ready vanquished, and to give the death-blow to the pretensions of the Empress in the reign of fashion, she went from the theatre to the masquerade at the opera-house. There she appeared at the head of her valiant warriors in a dress *a l'Arlequin*, made up and put together in a most laughable manner, of all the different inventions and fashions of Josephine, or called after her. To crown the whole, she wore a mask an exact resemblance of the Empress's face, with this inscription on the front: "*Would be* TWENTY; *past* FIFTY." All the officers of her staff were more or less accoutred, so as to expose to derision the adversary of their general. From the time of her entrance she was surrounded and admired by a crowd of amateurs and applauders, so that the police commissary, always present for fear of any serious disturbance, interfered, and ordered the Princess to unmask, or to withdraw with her companions. Bonneau, General Murat's aid-de-camp, who was in the secret, informed the commissary to whom he spoke, and that her Imperial Highness's mask and masquerade dress was merely a *badinage*. The tumult and jokes at the expence of the Empress, however increased, and he thought it

his duty to send a messenger to the police minister, Fouché, to ask for instructions how to act. This senator and minister in his turn waited upon the Emperor, to obtain his sovereign's order how to proceed in such a delicate affair, where lenity might have been construed into approbation, and severity punished as a want of respect. About two o'clock in the morning Fouché arrived at the opera-house, accompanied by fifty gens d'armes, masked as well as himself. Without being discovered, they encompassed the Princess and her suite, and told them, that on the part of the Emperor they were prisoners. Most of them seemed willing to follow the gens d'armes without further resistance, and to acknowledge the irresistible power of bayonets even in the empire of fashion, when Princess Murat called out, "Banditti, who is your leader?"—"I, please your Imperial Highness," answered Fouché, "here is the Emperor's written order." He had no sooner uttered these words, than the paper with the Imperial signature was torn to pieces, and himself seized by the nose so roughly, that he, to the great amusement of the spectators, who called *encore*, bravo! howled in a

most

most doleful manner. What would have been the end of this tragi-comical scene is uncertain, had not General Murat arrived just in time to cool the courageous fury of the Princess, his wife, who did not desert her trembling troops, or consent to surrender, but on a most honourable capitulation, that left her and them at liberty, while Fouché and his gens d'armes were forced to retreat without their prey.

During the remainder of the morning, several messages passed between the contending parties, and a parley was reciprocally assented to. But what was the Empress's surprise, when at the first conference Princess Murat informed her, that she had settled every thing with the Emperor at a private audience. She also laid the treaty before her Majesty, who seeing the PROBATUM—NAPOLEONUS EMPERATOR, signed it without even reading it over. It was a kind of partition treaty, rather favourable to the Princess Murat, though she was obliged to give up her pretensions of perpetual sovereignty in the empire of fashion. She was to be a subject during the months of Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivose, Pluviose, and Ventose, when the Empress was to sway; but who was in her turn to be a subject

during the months of Germinal, Floreal, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor, Fructidor, and Vendemaire, when the Princess was to be seated on the throne of fashion. The five complementary days of the republican calendar were decreed an interregnum, during which the maids of honour of the Empress and of the Princess, to exert their genius at emulation, were permitted to contend by reciprocal ingenuity for a temporary supremacy*.

The Editors of *Les Nouvelles a la Main*, from which publication *La guerre des modes*, or this fashion war, is translated, affirms what is known to all Paris, that the main point of the story and of the occurrences is a certain fact, only decorated and composed by them in the jargon used in the histories of political wars. It is besides avered, that ever since Buonaparte usurped the Consular authority in France, his wife pretended to dictate the fashion, in which she has been often and successfully opposed by her sister-in-law, Madame Murat, who has the advantage of being twenty years younger than her rival, being born on the 25th of March

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Germinal, an xiii. No. 9. p. 3, et seq.

1778,

1778, while Madame Napoleone Buonaparte was born on the 24th of June 1758.

Madame Murat, since her elevation to an Imperial Princess, has become the proudest, the most arrogant and insufferable, of all the Buonapartes, whom an unjust fortune has dragged from obscurity. She continues, however, always to profess herself a lover and admirer of liberty and equality, and a sincere republican in her heart *. These contradictions and absurdities are not uncommon in degraded France, where, since 1789, every rebel pretending to, or seizing the reins of government, has insulted those slaves he plundered and oppressed, by assuming the mask of patriotism, while every act of his was that of an unconscientious tyrant.

It is whispered in France, that should any sudden catastrophe put an end to the crimes of Napoleone Buonaparte, Murat has laid his plans so as to become his immediate successor, whatever WILLS to the contrary are deposited in the Senate. The troops in and near Paris, under Murat's command as a governor of the capital, have never been less than thirty thousand, all

* Bulletin Imperial, &c. Preface, p. ii.

attached

attached to him, from his attention to them. He is also the only general of Buonaparte's relatives who is known to the army at large for any military exploit; and the soldiers' general contempt for all the other Buonapartes is proverbial over France. If he finds himself unable to continue in power, it is supposed that he will play the part of a Monk, and make the best terms he can with the legitimate sovereign of France. But in this scheme he has a rival in every French general who commands or who has commanded an army, all considering their present rank, and their plundered wealth, unsafe until confirmed and protected by a Bourbon *.

The property of General Murat and his wife is valued at twenty millions of livres. Their yearly allowance from Napoleone amounts to six millions of livres; and their jewels, plate, china, pictures, &c. are estimated at seven millions. A bishop is the almoner of this revolutionary Princess, and two grand vicars are her chaplains; Madame de Beauharnois is her lady in waiting, and Madame Cara St. Cyr, Madame St. Martin de la Motte, and Madame Le Grange,

* Bulletin Imperial, &c. Preface, p. xix.

are

are her maids of honour; Daligré is her chamberlain, and de Cambis her equerry*.

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Frimaire, an xiii. No. 1. p. 12.

THE FRENCH PRISONS:

THE ROYAL BASTILLE, THE REPUBLICAN GAOLS, AND THE IMPERIAL TEMPLE.

A CONTINENTAL writer has said, "Even a visit to the English prisons, will convince a foreigner that he is in a land of rational liberty." An impartial description of the French royal and revolutionary state prisons, will be sufficient to convince even the most prejudiced reader, that if France, under a monarchical government, was not free, she is most barbarously enslaved under a revolutionary tyranny; and that, while under the former, humanity and generosity tempered severity; under the latter, suspicion and studied ferocity exclude both justice and compassion, and aggravate wretchedness as well as oppression.

The account of the Bastille is copied nearly *verbatim* from the very interesting Memoirs of Marmontel*, who, as a renowned man of letters,

* See Memoirs of Marmontel, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, and John Murray, 1805, page 160, et

ters, and an intimate friend of Voltaire, belonged to that *philosophical* sect, which, by its sophistical and anti-religious writings, prepared, in part, the general overthrow which has desolated France, and still threatens all other states; but who, with Abbé Raynal, lived long enough to be convinced of the dangerous impolicy and eminent culpability of disseminating novel social theories, ridiculing, or having a tendency to subvert, the wise and practical experience of ages.

THE BASTILLE.

"Cury (a man of letters), notwithstanding his adversity, had preserved as his friends the other intendants of the *Menus-Plaisirs* (among whom he formerly had been one). I was particularly intimate with Gagny, one of them, an amateur of painting and of French music, and one of the most habitual frequenters of the opera-house. He had taken a fair candidate of that theatre

et seq. vol. ii. The Author recommends the reading of these Memoirs to men of letters, as well as to their patrons. The former will see with pleasure, how comparatively happy the French savans were before the Revolution; and the latter will learn, that bread and condescension are preferable to marble and epitaphs.

for

for his mistress; and he wanted to bring her out in the great parts of Lully, beginning with that of Oriane. He invited Cury and myself, and some other amateurs, to go and pass the Christmas holidays (1762) at his country house at Gorges, to hear the new Oriane, and give her some instruction. You must take notice, that Laferté, intendant of the *Menus*, and the beautiful Rosetti, his mistress, were of this party of pleasure. The good cheer, the good wine, the kind looks, of our host, made us listen with admiration to the voice of Mademoiselle St. Hilaire. Gagny thought he heard Le Maure, and when dazzled with wine we were all of his opinion.

"All went on very well, till one morning I learnt that Cury was attacked with a violent fit of the gout. I instantly went down to him. I found him by his fire-side, with both his legs wrapped up in flannels, but writing on his knee, and laughing with the air of a satyr, for he had all the features of one. I would have spoken to him about his fit of the gout, but he made me a sign not to interrupt him, and with a crooked hand he finished what he was writing. 'You have suffered very much,' said I to him, 'then; but I see that the pain is abated.' 'I suffer still,'

said

said he to me, 'but I do not laugh the less. You shall laugh too. You know with what fury the Duke of d'Aumont has pursued me? I think it is not too much to revenge myself by a little malice; and here is what I have been ruminating the whole night, in spite of the gout.'

"He had already written some thirty verses on the famous parody of *Cinna:* he read them to me; and I confess, that, having found them very comic, I engaged him to continue. 'Then let me write,' said he, 'for I am in the humour for it.' I left him; and when, on hearing the bell, I descended to dinner, I found him (for he had hobbled down by himself, muffled up in fur, before the company assembled) reading to Laferté and Rosetti what he had read in the morning to me, and some more verses that he had added. At this second reading I easily retained these mischievous verses from one end to the other, aided by the verses of Corneille, of which these were the parody, and which I knew all by heart. The next day Cury went on with his work, and I was always his confidante; so that, on my return to Paris, I carried away about fifty of these lines, that my memory retained.

* * * † "With my head full of the parody

† See Memoirs of Marmontel, vol. ii. p. 167, et. seq.

that

that had just been confided to me, I arrived at Paris, at Madame Geoffrin's, and the next day I heard this curious piece mentioned there. The two first verses only were quoted:

"Let each then retire, and none enter; do you,
"Le Kain, stay with me, and you, d'Argental, too."

But this was enough to persuade me that it was already current in society; and I happened to say, smiling, 'What! do you know no more than that?' They instantly pressed me to tell what I knew of it. 'There is no body present,' said they, 'but confidential friends;' and Madame Geoffrin herself answered for the discretion of her little circle. I yielded: I recited to them what I knew of the parody; and the next day I was denounced to the Duke d'Aumont, and by him to the King, as the author of this satire.

"I was listening tranquilly at the opera-house to the rehearsal of Amadis, in order to hear our Oriane, when some of my friends came to tell me, that all Versailles was in arms against me, and that I was accused of being the author of a satire against the Duke d'Aumont; that the first nobility of the court cried aloud for vengeance; and that the Duke de Choiseul, the then Prime Minister, was at the head of my enemies.

"I in-

"I instantly returned home, and wrote to the Duke d'Aumont, to assure him that the verses that were attributed to me were not mine; and that never having written a satire against any one, I certainly should not have begun with him. I should have stopped there; but in writing, I recollected, that on the subject of *Venceslaus*, and the falsehoods that were published against me, the Duke d'Aumont had himself written to me, to say that I ought to despise such trifles, and that they would die of themselves if they were not kept alive by controversy. I thought it natural and just to return him his maxim, in which I was very foolish; and thus my letter was taken for a fresh insult; and the Duke d'Aumont produced it to the King, as a proof of the resentment that had dictated the satire. Did I not accuse myself, by ridiculing him whilst I disavowed it? My letter, then, did but influence his anger, and that of the whole court. I did not fail to go immediately to Versailles, and on arriving there, I wrote to the Duke de Choiseul.

"MY LORD DUKE,

"I am told that you lend your ear to the voice that accuses me, and that solicits my ruin. You

You are powerful, but you are just; I am unfortunate, but I am innocent. I entreat you to hear me, and to judge me.

"I am, &c. &c."

"The Duke de Choiseul wrote, for answer, at the bottom of my letter, *in half an hour*, and sent it back to me. In half an hour I went to his hotel, and I was introduced.

"'You are desirous that I should hear you,' said he. 'I am willing to do so. What have you to say to me?'—'That I have done nothing to merit the severe reception I experience from your Grace, who have a soul too noble and generous, to take a pleasure in humbling the unfortunate.'—'But, Marmontel, how do you expect I should receive you, after the infamous satire that you have just written against the Duke d'Aumont?'—'I never wrote that satire; I have told him so himself.'—'Yes; and in your letter you have added a fresh insult, by offering him, in his own words, the counsel he had given you.'—'As that counsel was wise, I thought that I might be allowed to recall it to his memory; I intended no insult by it.'—'But it is, nevertheless, an impertinence, let me tell you.'—'I felt it

so too, after my letter was gone.'—'He is very much offended at it, and with reason.'—'Yes, to this I plead guilty; and I reproach myself with it, as a total neglect of decorum. But would this neglect be a crime in the eyes of your Grace?'—'No; but the parody.'—'The parody is not mine; I declare it to you as an honest man.'—'Have you not recited it?'—Yes, what I knew of it, in a society where each tells all he knows; but I would not permit them to write it down, although they were very desirous of it.'—'Yet it is current.'—'Then those who gave it currency have it from some other person. And you, from whom had you it?' I was silent. 'You,' added he, 'are said to have been the first who recited it, and to have recited it in such a way as to discover you were its author.'—'When I told what I knew of it,' answered I, 'it was already the subject of conversation, and the first verses were quoted. As to the manner in which I recited it, it would prove as well that I have written the Misanthrope, the Tartuffe, and Cinna itself; for I boast, my Lord, of reading each of those pieces as if I were its author.'—'But, to be short, concerning this parody, from whom did you hear it?

it? this is what you should tell.'—'Pardon me, my Lord, that is exactly what I should not tell, and what I shall not tell.'—'I would wager it is from the author.'—'Well, my Lord, if it were from the author, ought I to name him?'—'And by what other means will you be able to convince the world that it is not yours? appearances are all against you; you have been irritated against the Duke d'Aumont; the cause of it is known; you have sought to revenge yourself; you have written this satire, and finding it comic, you have recited it: this is what the world says, this is what the world believes, and this is what the world has a right to believe—what do you answer to this?'—'I answer, that this conduct would be that of a madman, of a fool, of a wretched idiot, and that the author of the parody is far from either of these characters. What! my Lord, would the man who wrote it have had the simplicity, the impudence, the extravagance of going to recite it himself, without mystery, in society. No; disguising his hand-writing, he would have made a dozen copies of it, which he would have addressed to the players, and to other malcontents about the court. I know as well as another, these means of concealment, and had I been

been culpable I should have adopted them. Be pleased then to say to yourself—Marmontel, before six persons who were not his intimate friends, has recited what he knew of this parody, therefore he is not its author. His letter to the Duke d'Aumont is the letter of a man who fears nothing; he therefore felt himself strong in his innocence, and thought he had nothing to apprehend. This reasoning, my Lord, is the very reverse of that which is opposed to me, and is not less conclusive. I have committed two imprudent mistakes: one is, that of reciting verses that my memory had caught, and of having told them without the author's consent.'—'Then you had really heard them from the author?'—'Yes, from the author himself; for I will not tell you a falsehood: it is to him, then that I am culpable, and that is my first fault; the other is that of having written to the Duke d'Aumont in a tone that seemed like irony, and was not sufficiently respectful. These are my two faults; I confess them, but I have no others.'—'I believe you,' said he, 'you speak like an honest man; yet you are to be sent to the Bastille. Call on M. de St. Florentin (another minister of state), he has received the order

from the King.'—'I will go to him,' said I, 'but may I flatter myself that you will no longer be among the number of my enemies?' He promised it me with good grace, and I went to the office of the minister who was to expedite my *lettre de cachet.*

"He was well inclined to favour me. Without the least hesitation he believed me innocent. 'But what can I do?' said he to me; 'the Duke d'Aumont accuses you, and insists on your being punished; it is a satisfaction he asks as a recompense for his services and the services of his ancestors. The King has chosen to grant it him. Go to M. de Sartine's (the King's police minister); I address the order to him. You will tell him that you come to receive it by my direction.' I asked him if I might be allowed to dine first at Paris; he permitted me to do so.

"I was invited to dine that day with my neighbour, M. de Vandesir, a man of talents and learning, who, under an unwelcome exterior, united an exquisite fund of literature, much politeness and much affability. Alas! his only son was that unfortunate St. James, who, after having madly dissipated the great fortune he had left him,

him, had gone to die insolvent in that Bastille to which they were sending me.

" After dinner I confided my adventure to Vandesir, who bade me a tender adieu; I then went to M. de Sartine's, whom I did not find at home: he had gone out to dinner, and would not be back till six o'clock. It was then five. I employed the interval in going to tell my good friend, Madame Harene, of my misfortune, and to comfort her. At six I returned to the minister of police. He knew nothing of my business, or he feigned to know nothing. I related it to him; he appeared concerned. 'When we dined together at Baron Holbach's, who could have foreseen that the first time I should see you again, would be to send you to the Bastille? But I have not received the order. Let us see if it has come to my office in my absence.' He sent for his secretaries, and as they had heard nothing of it, 'Go and sleep quietly at home,' said he, 'and return hither to-morrow at ten; that will do just as well.'

" I wanted that evening to prepare the *Mercure* of the month. I sent then to ask two of my friends to supper; and waiting their arrival, I went into Madame Geoffrin's to announce my

calamity to her. She already knew something of it, for I found her cold and sorrowful. But although my misfortune had taken its rise in her society, and she herself had been the involuntary cause of it, I did not touch on that point, and I believe she was pleased with me for it.

"The two friends I expected were Suard and Coste; the latter a young Toulousian, with whom I had been acquainted in his native city; the other, one whom I reckoned for life was the friend my heart had chosen; he loved to keep me in that gentle illusion, by freely offering me opportunities of being useful to him.

"We passed a part of the night together in disposing every thing for the printing of the next *Mercure*; and, after having slept a few hours, I rose, packed up my things, and went to M. de Sartine's, where I found the officer who was to accompany me. M. de Sartine wished that we should go to the Bastille in separate carriages: I refused this obliging offer, and my conductor and I arrived at the Bastille in the same hackney coach. I was received there in the council chamber by the governor and his staff officers; and there I began to perceive that I was well recommended. This governor, M. Abadie,

Abadie, after having read the letters which the officer had presented to him, asked me whether I wished my servant to remain with me, on condition that we should be in the same chamber, and that he should only quit the prison with me? This servant was Bury. I consulted him about it; he answered that he would not leave me. My parcels and books were then lightly examined, and I was conducted into a large room, whose furniture consisted of two beds, two tables, the bottom of a chest of drawers, and three straw chairs. It was cold; but a jailer made us a good fire, and brought me wood in abundance. At the same time they gave me pens, ink, and paper, on condition of giving an exact account of the employment and number of sheets with which they should furnish me.

"Whilst I was preparing my table to set myself to write, the jailer came back to inquire whether I was satisfied with my bed. After having examined it, I answered that the mattresses were bad, and the blankets dirty. In a moment they were all changed: they sent to ask too, at what hour I dined. I answered, at their usual hour. The Bastille had a library; the governor sent me the catalogue, giving me the

choice of the books that composed it. I thanked him, for myself; but my servant asked for the novels of Prevost, and they were brought him.

" For my part, I had provision enough to save me from weariness. I had long been impatient at the contempt that men of letters expressed for the poem of Lucan, which they had never read, and which they knew only by the barbarous and bombastic version of Brebœuf; and I had resolved to translate it more decently and more faithfully in prose; and this employment, that would occupy, without fatiguing me, appeared well suited to the solitary leisure of my prison. I had, therefore, brought with me the Pharsalia; and to understand it better, I had taken care to add Cæsar's Commentaries.

" Here then I was by the side of a good fire, meditating on Cæsar's dispute with Pompey, and forgetting mine with the Duke of d'Aumont. There was Bury, on his part, as much a philosopher as I, amusing himself with making our beds, placed in the two opposite angles of my chamber, which was at that moment lighted by a clear winter's day, notwithstanding the bars of two strong iron grates, that just left me a view the fauxbourg Saint Antoine.

" Two

" Two hours afterwards, the bolts of the two doors that inclosed me, awoke me by their noise, from my profound reverie; and two jailers, loaded with a dinner, which I supposed mine, came and served it in silence. One placed before the fire three little dishes covered with plates of common earthen ware; whilst the other laid a coarse, but clean cloth, on the table that was vacant. I saw him put on the table a clean pewter spoon and fork, some good household bread, and a bottle of wine. Having done this, the two jailers retired, and the two doors were again closed with the same grating sound of locks and bolts.

" Bury then invited me to place myself at the table, and he served me up the soup. It was on a Friday. This soup, *en maigre*, was a white bean soup, made with the freshest butter, and a dish of these same beans was the first that Bury put on my table. I found all this very good. The dish of cod-fish that he brought me for my second course was still better. A little point of garlic seasoned it with a delicacy of flavour and of smell, that would have flattered the palate of the most dainty Gascon. The wine was not ex-

cellent, but it was passable. No dessert; it was requisite to be deprived of something, or I should not have thought myself in prison: on the whole, I found that one dined very well in prison.

" As I rose from table, and as Bury was going to seat himself at it (for there was enough for his dinner in what remained), behold my two jailers, who re-entered with pyramids of new dishes in their hands. At the appearance of this service in fine linen, in beautiful porcelain, silver spoon and fork, we recognized our mistake, but we took no notice of it, and when our jailers had set all this down, and had retired, ' Sir,' said Bury to me, ' you have just ate my dinner; allow me, in my turn, to eat your's.' —' That is but just,' answered I; and the walls of my chambers were, I believe, quite astonished to re-echo a laugh.

" This dinner was *gras;* it consisted of an excellent soup, a slice of juice beef, the legs of a boiled capon swimming in its gravy, and melting in the mouth, a little dish of fried artichokes in marinade, one of spinage, a very fine Cresanne pear, some grapes, a bottle of old Burgundy, and some

some of the best Moca coffee. This was Bury's dinner, with the exception of the coffee and the fruit, which he chose to reserve for me.

" In the afternoon the governor came to see me, and inquired if I was satisfied with my dinner, assuring me that it should be served from his table; that he would take care to carve for me himself, and that no other person should touch it. He proposed a chicken for my supper; I thanked him, and said that the fruit I left at my dinner would suffice for me. You see what was my ordinary fare at the Bastille.

" I had every day a visit from the governor. As he had some tincture of literature, and even of Latin, he took pleasure in observing the progress of my works; he was delighted with it. But soon stealing himself from these little recreations, 'adieu,' said he, 'I am going to console those who are far more unfortunate than you.'— The attentions he shewed to me might well be no proof of his humanity; but I had besides a very faithful testimony of it. One of the jailers had conceived a friendship for my servant, and he soon became familiar with me. One day then, as I was speaking to him of the feeling and compassionate disposition of M. Abadie;—'Ah!'

said he, 'he is the best of men; he has taken this place, which is so painful to him, only to soften the lot of the prisoners. He has succeeded a cruel and avaricious man, who treated them very ill; so that when he died, and M. Abadie took his place, the change was felt even to the dungeons; you would have said (a very strange expression in a jailer's mouth), 'that a sun-beam had penetrated into these cells.' People to whom we are forbidden to tell what passes without, asked us what then had happened? In short, Sir, you see how your servant is fed; almost all our prisoners are as well fed as him; and the comforts it depends on the governor to give them, comfort him, for he suffers when he sees them suffer.'

"I need not tell you, that this jailer was himself a good man in his profession; and I took great care not to disgust him with his profession, in which compassion is so precious and so rare.

"The manner in which I was treated at the Bastille, made me conceive that I should not be there long; and my translation, intermixed with interesting reading (for I had with me Montaigne, Horace, and La Bruyére), left me but few weary moments. There was one thing only

only, that sometimes plunged me in melancholy; the walls of my chamber were covered with inscriptions that all bore the character of the sad and sombre reflections, with which, before me, some unhappy sufferers had doubtless been oppressed in this prison. I used to think, I still saw them wandering and lamenting, and their shades encompassing me.

"But a circumstance that was personal to me, occurred to torment my fancy more cruelly. In speaking of the society of Madame Harene, I have not mentioned an excellent man, whose name was Durant, who had some friendship for me, but who was otherwise only remarkable for a charming simplicity of manners.

"One morning, then, on the ninth day of my captivity, the mayor of the Bastille entered my chamber, and with a grave and cold air, without any preamble, asked me if a man of the name of Durant was known to me. I answered that I knew a man of that name. Then seating himself to write, he continued his interrogatory. The age, the height, the features of this Durant; his profession, his abode, how long I had known him, in what house; nothing was forgotten; and at each of my answers the

mayor wrote with a face of marble. At last, having read my interrogatory to me, he presented to me the pen in order to sign it; I signed it, and he withdrew.

" He had scarcely left my room, when all the most sinister possibilities seized on my imagination. What can this good Durant have done? He goes every morning to the coffee-house; he has there undertaken my defence; he has spoken with too much warmth against the Duke d'Aumont; he has indulged in murmurs against a partial, unjust, oppressive authority, that crushes a feeble and innocent man to gratify the powerful. On the imprudence of these remarks he has been arrested; and on my account, and for my sake, he will groan in a prison more rigorous than mine. Weak as he is, being much younger, and much more timid than myself, melancholy will seize him, and he will sink under it: I shall be the cause of his death. And poor Madame Harene, and all our good friends, in what a situation must they be! Great God! what evils my imprudence will have created! It is thus, that in the fancy of a captive, isolated, solitary man, in the bonds of absolute power, reflection aggrandizes all evil presages,

sages, and encircles his soul with dire presentiment. From that moment I did not get one gentle sleep. All the dishes that the governor reserved for me with so much care, were steeped in bitterness. All that was most vital in me felt wounded; and if my detention at the Bastille had continued a week longer, it would have been my tomb.

" In this situation, I received a letter that was forwarded to me by M. de Sartine. It was from Mademoiselle S——, a beautiful and interesting girl, with whom I was on the point of being united before my imprisonment. In this letter she expressed to me, in the most touching manner, the sincere and tender interest she took in my misfortune, assuring me that it had not alarmed her courage, and that, far from enfeebling her sentiments for me, it rendered them more lively and more constant.

" I answered first by expressing all my sensibility for so generous a friendship. But I added, that the great lesson I received from adversity, was never to associate any one to the unforeseen dangers, and sudden revolutions to which the perilous condition of a man of letters exposed me; and that if, in my situation, I felt some courage,

courage, I owed it to my isolated existence; that my senses would have been already lost, if I had left without the walls of my prison a wife and children in affliction; and that at least on that point, which to me would be the most cruelly tender, I never would give adversity any hold on me. Mademoiselle S—— was more stung than wounded at my answer; and a little while afterwards she consoled herself by marrying M. S——.

"At length, on the eleventh day of my detention, at the close of the day, the governor came to announce that my liberty was restored to me; and the same officer who had conducted me, took me back to M. de Sartine's. This minister expressed some joy at seeing me again, but his joy was mixed with sadness. 'Sir,' said I, 'in your kindness, for which I am very grateful, there is something that still afflicts me; while you congratulate me, you have the air of pitying me. Have you some new misfortune to announce to me?'—I thought of Durant.—'Alas! yes,' answered he, 'the King has taken the *Mercure* from you*.' These words comfort-

* The Mercure de France was a periodical publication, which rendered Marmontel six hundred guineas in a year.

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ed me, and expressing my resignation by gently inclining my head, 'So much the worse for the *Mercure*,' answered I. 'The evil,' added he, 'is perhaps not without remedy. M. de Saint-Florentin is at Paris; he interests himself for you; go and call on him to-morrow morning.'

"On quitting M. de Sartine's, I ran to Madame Harene's, impatient to see Durant. I found him there, and amid the joyous acclamations of the whole society, I saw only him. 'Ah! there you are,' said I, throwing myself into his arms, 'then I am indeed comforted!' This transport at the sight of a man for whom I had never before discovered any very particular attachment, astonished the whole company. They thought that the Bastille had disordered my brain. 'Ah! my dear friend,' said Madame Harene, embracing me; 'what heartfelt joy it gives me to see you again at liberty!—And the *Mercure?*'—'The *Mercure* is lost,' said I; 'but Madam, permit me to occupy myself a moment with this unfortunate man. What can he have done to cause me so much affliction?' I related the history of the mayor. The truth was, that Durant had gone to solicit from M. de Sartine permission to see me, and he had said

said that he was my friend. M. de Sartine had sent to inquire of me who this Durant was; and of this very simple question the mayor had made a string of interrogatories. Enlightened and tranquil on that subject, I employed my courage in raising the hopes of my friends."

So much for the extract from Marmontel's Memoirs. It should be remembered, that at the period this celebrated savans was thus treated, Louis XV. reigned, and though not a tyrant himself, was surrounded by unprincipled mistresses, by intriguing courtiers, and ignorant ministers, who in his name committed acts of injustice with which he was unacquainted, but which at the same time were severely felt, and loudly complained of. When the Duke d'Aumont was convinced of Marmontel's innocence, to repair his wrongs he demanded of the King, and obtained for him, the place of Historiographer of France; a situation of more honour and profit than the patent of the *Mercure*, of which he had deprived him.

According to the Registers of the Bastille, published in 1789 by the French rebels, there had been confined in that prison, so much decried, only three hundred persons in the course

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of three centuries. During eighteen months of the republican Robespierre's reign, two hundred and fifty thousand *families* were shut up in *patriotic* state prisons; and during the first five years of Napoleone Buonaparte's *mild* reign, the TEMPLE *alone* contained nine thousand five hundred prisoners of both sexes *.

To the satisfaction of all enemies of arbitrary power, the Bastille existed no more; when the pretended regenerators and friends of liberty in France, instead of one bastille, which they destroyed, constructed or decreed thousands. Every city, every town, every village, nay, every street, had its official bastille filled with persons *suspected* of political crimes; that is to say, loyal and religious subjects, or men of property.

REVOLUTIONARY PRISONS.

As soon as the good and unfortunate Louis XVI. had been transferred from his throne to a loathsome prison, the gaols of Paris were filling with persons arrested on frivolous and va-

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Frimaire, an xiii. No. 1. p. 2.

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rious charges of counter-revolutionary intentions, and many had been shut up from motives of personal dislike, or from no other motive but the reputation of being rich, or because they were nobles or priests. The means of incarceration were greatly increased by a measure resulting from a proposal of Danton to the Assembly. He had proposed to equip a volunteer army of sixty thousand men, who should sally forth from Paris to meet the Prussians, then in Champagne. To obviate the difficulty of supplying them with arms, he proposed that individuals who possessed any should be compelled to furnish them; and for this purpose domiciliary visits were directed to be made. In the course of these irruptions into the dwellings of individuals, many were carried to prison without the allegation of a crime, merely because their personal property tempted the avarice, or their talents or loyalty excited fear in the parties of the conspirators against the altars and the throne. Arrests were executed in all quarters, in the houses, streets, squares, and gardens. The hackney coaches and the soldiers, at the command of the officers of justice, were too few for the purpose of taking all the persons pointed out

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into custody, and for conveying them to prisons. The priests and ex-nobles were given to understand, that it was in contemplation to transport them to the coast of Africa, and in that persuasion collected as many of their valuables as they could, to procure such comforts as their sudden expatriation would permit. This was merely reported, that their assassins might have an opportunity of gratifying their avidity by plunder, as well as their thirst of blood by murder. Manuel, a municipal officer, and a representative of the people, attended at the prisons daily, to number and call over the prisoners; and encouraged them to collect their property, by an ambiguous declaration, that they would be liberated the 2d of September*.

That day was fixed for the muster of the levies intended to be sent out of the capital to meet the invaders; they were ordered to present themselves at the *Champ de Mars*, to be enrolled, and march from thence in a body. In the course of the day the most alarming reports were circulated, and the most fatal jealousies excited. It was falsely asserted that the Prussians had taken

* Peltier's late Picture, vol. ii. p. 230.

Chalons,

Chalons, and were within ten leagues of the gates of Paris; that they were to be joined by an immense force in the departments, and reinforced by a party in the capital, who, as soon as the new levies had left the city, were to rise, open the prisons, and, being joined by the prisoners, to perpetrate many horrid cruelties on the *patriots*; to murder one-tenth of the other citizens, and to release the Royal Family, and reinstate the King in the plenitude of his pristine power. At one o'clock the cannons were fired, the tocsin sounded, the barriers shut, and the country proclaimed to be in danger. The citizens, panic struck, and torpid with surprize, retired to their places of abode, while a prepared band of ruffians went to the various prisons, where they commenced a scene which will form an eternal stigma on the nation. They massacred in cold blood, one by one, every confined person, with the exception of sixteen from the number of several thousands. They instituted in each prison a pretended court of justice, composed of self-constituted judges, many of whom could not read. These ruffians ordered the execution of those brought before them; and it was the melancholy employment of those confined,

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and who were expecting their fate, to examine the various modes of receiving the stroke of death, and calculate in which position it appeared to give least pain, or occasioned the fewest struggles. The sentence of acquittal pronounced in favour of some, was drowned in the yell of the exterminators around the doors, and thus they were inhumanly butchered. The same fate awaited some who attended as witnesses, but whose terrors overcoming their presence of mind, were murdered amongst the victims they came to rescue. These horrible scenes continued the whole of the 2d, 3d, 4th, and even 5th of September; and the torpid indifference of the military and civil authorities, are undeniable evidences of their participation and culpability in these horrid transactions. The prisons were at length emptied, and the assassins satiated with blood and plunder. Besides the thousands whom the contagion of example, and the extension of the plan of murder into the departments, and whom private animosities in Paris, deprived of life, upwards of eight thousand were sacrificed during these days of horror and indelible infamy*.

* Peltier's late Picture, vol. ii. p. 234, 236, and 318. Garat's Memoirs, p. 35. Conjuration d'Orleans, vol. iii. p. 212.

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Of the imprisoned priests, one hundred and eighty were confined in the convent of the Carmelites. A troop of assassins commenced the massacre in the garden, where the priests were permitted to take the air; but while they were proceeding, a commissary arrived, and informed them that the work was not to go on in that way. There were now about a hundred left alive, who were all ordered into the sanctuary of the church; but to get thither, they had to pass through a crowd of their murderers. One received a ball, another a blow, and another a stab; so that, when arrived in the sanctuary, they presented a scene the most heart-piercing that eyes ever beheld, or the imagination could conceive. Some were dragged in wounded, others quite dead. Even here, though surrounded by a detachment of soldiers, the blood-thirsty mob rushed in upon them, and murdered several at the very altar. The sanctuary of a Christian church was, for the first time since the blessed Redeemer appeared among them, filled with a promiscuous group of the living, the dying, and the dead. The marble pavement was covered with dirt and gore, and mangled carcasses, and the sides of the altar splashed with blood and brains.

The soldiers had not been brought to save the lives

lives of the priests; the civil commissary who headed them, was to execute a plan of more deliberate murder. The surviving priests were called out two at a time, and murdered in the presence of the commissary, who took their names down in a book, as he was answerable for their assassination. Of all that were found here, only four or five escaped.

The same indiscriminate carnage was carried on at the other prisons. Every one of these men might have saved his life by taking the proffered oath of apostacy; yet not one of them condescended to do it. Let the infidel show, if he can, any thing like this, in the annals of his impious sect*.

Thus were the prisoners treated in the first month of the French Republic one and indivisible, or in September 1792. The victories of the French armies, which increased the security and assured the impunity of the French rebels and assassins, instead of alleviating their barbarities, augmented their enormities; and the massacres of 1792, which their *patriotic* adherents in foreign countries called the *momentary* irruption

* This last article is translated from l'Histoire du Clergé François, by Abbe Barruel, p. 266.

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of popular vengeance or *misguided* patriotism, were continued in 1793 and 1794, according to the organized revolutionary laws of the legislature. Some few individuals could therefore not be criminated for transactions that inculpated the humanity and morality of all the citizens of the whole French commonwealth.

Although some of the descriptions inserted hereafter are taken from particular prisons, yet divested of their localities, they apply, in general, to all the gaols at Paris during the plenitude of Robespierre's power. "In all the prisons," says a released prisoner, "where I have been confined, I have always observed the same abuses, always experienced the same uneasiness, the same constraint. It is hardly possible to form an adequate idea of the hard-heartedness and apathy of the gaolers, the grinding rapacity of the attendants and servants; the treacherous watchfulness of the spies; the repeated oppositions to the most trifling requests; and the continual subjection to a minute and unprofitable vigilance: deprived of all communication from without, no news public or private, kept in ignorance even of the successes of the armies of our country, and even of the existence of those most

most near and dear to us by consanguinity and attachment: not a word of peace or consolation within; insulted, threatened without cause, by administrators intoxicated with wine and pride; subjected to their caprices, and to those of their creatures, the gaolers; transferred from place to place, to humour the whims of any of them; dragged from prison to prison, amidst the hootings and invectives of a deluded mob; no relief for the indigent, either in the most necessary articles of clothing, or in medicines if they happen to be indisposed *."

The activity of the agents of tyranny tended in a most astonishing manner to populate these abodes of despair. From every corner of France victims were daily sent to the prison called the Conciergerie. It was filled by the activity of the missionaries in the departments, and the administrators in Paris, and emptied by the massacre of its unfortunate tenants, or their transfer into other houses of confinement. To this place women, without number, were brought, without respect to their sex, or state of pregnancy, for which the most sanguinary savages

* Memoirs d'un Detenu, p. 3.

generally retain some sympathy. They were brought in loaded with fetters, and sometimes even with a collar of iron about their necks, fatigued, astonished, and dispirited. Some fainted at the sight of their dungeons, and were carried away in the arms of brutal turnkeys, who laughed at their condition; some were dissolved in unavailing tears; some frozen into a state of torpid stupefaction, the harbinger of madness.

The place in which prisoners were at first lodged, was called the *Souriciere*, or mouse-trap, a dungeon impervious to the rays of the sun, and exhaling an infectious odour from the accumulated filth of persons who had previously occupied it. The straw provided for a bed was rotten with damp and dirt, and the rats ate the shoes, the clothes, and even the very flesh of the unhappy tenant. In this infernal abode, they were sometimes left for thirty-six or forty-eight hours without relief, without communication, and without food. They were afterwards transferred to some other chamber, or to a different prison. There their state was somewhat changed, though very little ameliorated. On their arrival the gaoler asked them in a rough voice, "Have you got any *bills?*" a cant word for

for money. If answered in the affirmative, he provided a small cistern for water, a mug, and two or three cracked plates, for which he exacted three times their original cost. If the prisoner had no money, he was told, "so much the worse for you, citizen, you'll get nothing here without money." He was in that case obliged to part with any thing of value which he possessed, at an extremely reduced price, to pay for the trifles above mentioned, at an exorbitant rate. For example, a person gave a gold ring which cost a hundred crowns (12*l.* 10*s.*), for twenty-five livres (1*l.* 10*d.*), which barely paid for the necessaries furnished by the rapacious gaoler; and this was before the law took place authorizing their search and robbery; after that, *every thing* they had was taken from them.

They all dined together, but this meal, the only one in twenty-four hours, instead of being a pleasure, merely served to prolong a wretched and precarious existence. The introduction of any food from without was strictly forbidden; a table was established in the prison, at which those confined fed *a la gamelle*, or catch they who catch can; about a hundred plates were set at a table covered with three dishes; the prisoners,

deprived of their knives and forks, were obliged to tear the meat with their fingers, and their whole sustenance for the remainder of the day was merely what they could reserve from this scanty and disgusting meal, a little bread and water. The legislature allowed for food to each individual fifty sols a day, in assignats, which would not produce a penny in money, and according to the price of provisions in Paris, afforded a miserable subsistence, and was rendered still worse by the rapacity of the traiteurs or cooks. In some of the prisons they gave half a bottle of adulterated wine, a dish of French beans stewed in stinking grease or tallow, a salt herring, rotten and worm-eaten; in some a little putrescent meat, and vegetables full of dirt, hair, and worms. What will scarcely be believed had it not been proved, *even the sacrifices of the guillotine supplied the repast of the prisoners.* When a suspicion of the fact was mentioned to Hali, the keeper of the prison *Duplessis*, he laughed extravagantly, and called it a dish of *ci-devant!* Even Barrere, then a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and at present one of Buonaparte's Legion of Honour, avowed it to Vilate, and shewed him also a pair of boots, tanned into leather,

leather, from the skin of the guillotined *ci-devant*, by a tanner at Meudon, who had invented a manner of preparing it *.

All narrators agree, that during this period their bread was abominable, their wine adulterated, their meat and fish full of maggots, and their garden-stuff bad of its kind, ill dressed, and full of dirt, ashes, and coals. To complain was not only useless but dangerous: a murmur produced ill-usage, threats of closer confinement, or of a transfer to a worse prison: if the complainants were numerous, they were denounced to the administrators as having formed a conspiracy; and a youth of sixteen was actually sent to the guillotine as a conspirator, for having petulantly expressed dissatisfaction that his salt herring was rotten and full of worms. Even before the strict regulation took place, which prevented the introduction of provisions from without, they were far from comfortable: if they sent to a tavern for a fricassee, the turnkeys would take up a leg or a wing, and if the bearer remonstrated that the piece would be missed, sometimes contented themselves with sipping

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 151, and 152, and in the note p. 153.

the sauce, and dipping their fingers in what remained in the dish, facts which they took no pains to conceal from the prisoner. The fruit which was sent by their friends, or which they contrived to purchase at almost its weight in gold, passed through the hands of those harpies, who never failed to diminish the quantity, without fear of reproach, or even of remonstrance.

This treatment produced a general state of ill health; most of the prisons were crowded with sick; some of them had no infirmary, and in those the state of the prisoners was truly dreadful; they could not, without great expence, and an express application to the Committee of Public Safety, attended with much delay, obtain a physician; and the most ordinary drugs were not procured without similar expence and delay. All this while the patient lay on his bed of straw in a crowded room, exhaling pestilence, and without succour. Where there was an infirmary, the fate of the sick was not much ameliorated; this hospital differed nominally rather than really from a prison; the walls were bare and damp, the windows small, and the bars so thick and so transversed, as to exclude the air. The patients, without regard to the difference

of

of their complaints, were placed two in a bed. The physicians, chosen not on account of their knowledge, but on a certificate from their section, that they were genuine sans-culottes, administered their panacea, the *tisan* barley-water, without variation, or considering the cause or state of the disorder. When the want of drugs was represented to one of the administrators, "Well, well," he answered, "we shall have some of the apothecaries guillotined soon, and then you will have plenty." Death made the most frightful ravages, his victims were numerous beyond calculation: it is hardly necessary to suppose, as one narrator has done, and supported it with some cogent instances arising within his own observation, that it was part of the system of the day, to get rid of great numbers of prisoners by poison; the regimen above described carries in itself certain and almost inevitable destruction, without the necessity of recurring to laudanum or aconite.

Montgalliard gives an account of the general situation of the prisoners, which cannot be perused without sentiments of abhorrence. "For these four months (in the spring of 1794)," says he, "the prisoners have been forbid all

communication with mankind. They experience the most barbarous treatment, and the coarse food now allowed, the privation of which is often threatened, is examined by commissioners from the Committee of Public Safety, and thrown in through openings which are afterwards carefully shut. Women with child have died in the English convent, now a prison, *rue des Fossés St. Victor*, in the Luxembourg, and in the *Grand Carmes*, from want of the relief necessary in their condition. '*'Tis so much trouble saved to the executioner,*' said Billaud Varennes, when he was asked to order a physician for the prisons. In one single chamber forty persons were confined. Many petitioned the Committee of Public Safety, and the Public Accuser of the Revolutionary Tribunal, to send them to the scaffold. Couthon wrote the following answer on one of these petitions: '*Woman, you have not been yet long enough in a situation that makes you wish for death**."

They were surrounded with spies, who endeavoured, by acts of the most brutal insolence, to force them to complain; and if they did not

* Suite de l'Etat de la France, p. 67.

succeed,

succeed, invented circumstances they could not occasion, rather than fail in gratifying their employers. This rendered communication insecure, and added a terrible restraint to those under which they already laboured. The language of their gaolers led them to dread another massacre like that of September 1792, and harassed them by continual fears; which were increased by the excavations made in the yards of most of the prisons at the same period. The gaolers pretended they were meant for sess-pools, but the prisoners dreaded they were designed for their graves.

When retired to their cells at night, by virtue of the compulsory edict for their separation, their miseries were not terminated; the only cries in the streets which were permitted near the walls, were those calculated to inspire horror. In the night the furies of the guillotine, with piercing voices, would cry, "A list of the fifty, or threescore persons, who drew prizes to-day in the lottery of the guillotine." If the butchery had been less numerous, they would say, "A list of the twenty, or five-and-twenty aristocrats who were guillotined to-day. We hope the number will be greater to-morrow."

Sometimes in the middle of the night the prison bell was rung, and all the prisoners summoned into the yard, where administrators, by torch-light, attended by guards, waited with a list of persons to be carried to other prisons, or to the Conciergerie, till they should be tried. These transfers were effected with the utmost brutality; age, sex, or situation, procured no compassion. A lady near her time of lying-in, terrified by the bell, from her ignorance of the cause of its ringing, was seized with the pangs of child-birth. She was compelled to descend into the yard, her name being on the list: it was in vain she entreated and remonstrated; two soldiers dragged her towards the cart, till her increasing agonies at length compelled them to place her in the first room they could find, where she was prematurely delivered, without attendance or assistance.

These were not the only means contrived to murder sleep. By a diabolical mockery of justice, the acts of accusation were delivered late in the night before the day of trial. A fellow hawked them about the prison with a loud voice, calling them in barbarous pleasantry, *the Evening Post*. This noise disturbed all the prisoners, and

and made some hundreds partake of the misery intended perhaps only for ten or a dozen. Those to whom they were delivered sometimes could not read them from want of light, and if they could, it would have availed them but little, as they were generally the same in substance; the crime alleged, and the witnesses the same. They were made out by the inferior agents of Fouquier Tinville, written in a hand scarcely legible, and unspelt. The petulance of these wretches often indicated the fate of the person accused by some jocular expression, as, "*Let us send this woman to her beloved spouse;*" and at the top of one of the acts of accusation was written, "*A head to be chopped off without mercy.*" The change of the abode of prisoners, dictated by caprice, and unrecorded, often rendered the delivery of these acts a matter of difficulty; but the impatience of the messengers, and the promptitude of the revolutionary system, obviated delay. If the person marked for destruction was not to be found, some one whose name was similar in sound, or who had some relation or connexion with him, supplied his place. It was in vain to remonstrate, the answer was ready; "We were ordered to take ten, twelve, or fif-

teen persons from this house, and will not go away without our number; you may as well take this act of accusation as not, for you certainly must have one, sooner or later*."

Horrible as the sufferings were in the Parisian gaols, the persons confined in the provinces, particularly in La Vendee and at Nantz, were still more cruelly treated. The atrocities perpetrated by republican ruffians in those parts, have not come to the knowledge of the public by the reports of prisoners escaped from the hands of their assassins, but are the original depositions upon oath of witnesses before the republican tribunals, and published by order of the French government in the capital of France.

"The revolutionary hospital at Nantz, says the witness George Thomas, an officer of health, was totally unprovided with every necessary. The gaol-fever made terrible ravages in all the houses of detention; seventy-five persons, or thereabout, died daily in this hospital. There were nothing but rotten mattresses, and on each

* See Tableau des Prisons sous Robespierre. Memoires d'un Detenu, par St. Riouff. Conjuration de Robespierre. Tenth Correspondence; and Miss Williams's Letters of 1794.

of

of them more than fifty prisoners had breathed their last.

" I went to Chaux, one of the Committee, to ask relief for the unhappy wretches that remained here. ' We cannot do any thing,' said Chaux ; ' but if you will, you may contribute to the cause of *humanity*, in a manner I will point out to you. That rascal Phillippes has two hundred thousand livres (8000*l.*) in his clutches, which we cannot come at. Now, if you will accuse him in form, and support your accusation by witnesses that I will engage to furnish you with, I will grant you out of the sum, all that you want for the revolutionary hospital.' At the very mention of humanity from Chaux I was astonished : the latter part of his proposal, however, brought me back to my man. I rejected it with the indignation that it merited.

" I attest, that the Revolutionary Committee of Nantz seized and imprisoned all those who were esteemed rich, men of talents, virtue, and humanity. I accuse this Committee of having ordered, to my knowledge, the shooting and drowning of between four and five hundred children, the oldest of whom were not more than fourteen years of age.

" Min-

" Minguet, one of the Committee, had given me an order to choose two from among the children, whom I intended to save from death, and bring up. I chose one of eleven years old, and another of fourteen. The next day I went to the prison called the *Entrepot*, with several of my friends, whom I had prevailed on to ask for some of these children. When we came, we found the poor little creatures stood no longer in need of our interposition—*they were all drowned!* I attest, that I saw in this prison, but the evening before, *more than four hundred.*

" Having received an order from the military commissioners to go to the same prison, the *Entrepot*, to certify as to the pregnancy of a great number of women, I found, on entering this horrible slaughter-house, *a great number of dead* bodies strewed about the place. I saw several infants, some still *palpitating*, and others *suffocated* in tubs of human excrement. I hurried along through this scene of horror. My aspect frightened the women; they had been accustomed to see none but their butchers! I encouraged them; and addressed them in the language of humanity. I found that thirty of them were with child; several of them seven or eight months

months gone. Some few days after, I went again to see those unhappy creatures, whose situation rendered them objects of compassion and tenderness; but—(adds the witness with a faultering voice) shall I tell you, *they had been most inhumanly murdered!*

"The farther I advanced, continues the witness, the more was my heart appalled. There were *eight hundred women*, and *as many children*, in the prisons Entrepot, and in the Mariliere. There were neither beds, straw, nor necessary vessels. The prisoners were in want of every thing. Doctor Rollin and myself saw five children expire in less than four minutes. *They received no kind of nourishment.* We asked the women in the neighbourhood, if they could not lend them some assistance.—'What would you have us do?' said they; 'Grandmaison (one of their national commissaries) arrests every one that attempts to succour them*.'

"The same witness says, I accuse the Committee in general of the murder of seven prisoners, whom, from want of time to examine them,

* See Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. ii. p. 147.

they

they had hewn down with sabres, under the window of their hall. Carrier, the representative of the people, and the Committee, as well as their under murderers, used to turn the drownings into jest: they called them, *immersions*, *national baptisms*, *vertical transportations*, *bathings*, *&c.* I entered,' adds he, 'one day a public-house, opposite the Bouffay, where I saw a waterman, named *Perdreau*. He asked me for a pinch of snuff; 'for,' says the ruffian, 'I have richly earned it; I have just helped to dispatch seven or eight hundred!'—'How,' said I, 'do you manage to make away with them so fast?'—'Nothing so easy,' replied he; 'when I have a *bathing match*, I strip them naked, two men with their bayonets push them, tied two and two, into my boat, whence they go souse into the water with a broken skull*.'

"Vaujois, a witness, says; I wrote ten times to the administrators of the district, and went often to the Revolutionary Committee, to request that something should be done for the poor children in prison; but could obtain nothing.

* See Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol ii. p 156.

At

At last I ventured to speak to Carrier, who replied, in a passion;—'you are a counter-revolutionist; no pity: they are young vipers, that must be destroyed.'—'If I had acted of myself,' says the witness, 'I should have shared their fate.'

"One day, on entering the Entrepot, a citizen of Nantz saw a great heap of corpses: they were all of children; many were still palpitating and struggling with death. The man looked at them for some time; saw a child move its arm, he seized it, ran home with it, and had the happiness of saving it from death, and its more terrible ministers.

"Here Thomas was again questioned, and he attested, that the Revolutionary Committee issued an order, commanding all those who had taken children from the prisons, to carry them back again; and this, adds the witness, for the *sole pleasure* of having them murdered *.

"Cossirant, a witness, deposes, that it was proposed to shoot some of the prisoners *en masse*, but that the proposal was rejected. 'However,'

* See Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. ii. p. 151.

says

says he, ‘ as I was returning home one evening, I met Ramor, who told me that the shooting was at that moment going on. As I heard no noise, I would not believe him, but I was not suffered to remain long in doubt—a fellow came up to me, covered with blood: that is the way we knock them off, my boy,’ says he. Seven hundred had been shot that afternoon *.

“ Debourges, a witness, says; I have seen, during six days, nothing but drownings, guillotinings, and shootings. Being once on guard, I commanded a detachment that conducted the *fourth en masse* of women to be shot at Gigan. When I arrived, I found the dead bodies of seventy-five women already stretched on the spot. They were quite naked. I was informed that they were girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age. When they had the misfortune not to fall dead after the shot, they were dispatched with sabres †.

“ Labenette, a witness, informs the Tribunal, that the Revolutionary Committee ordered a

* See Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. iv. p. 245.

† Idem, vol. iv. p. 256.

decree

decree to be posted on the walls of the city, forbidding all fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children, relations, or friends, to solicit the pardon of any prisoners whatever. I was also witness of the drowning of ninety priests, two of whom, who were decrepid old men, by some accident or other, escaped, but were retaken and murdered. Indeed, I have been *an eye witness of several drownings of men, women with child, girls, boys, infants, indiscriminately.* I have also seen people *of all these descriptions shot* in the public squares and in other places. The national guard of the city was *employed, during six weeks,* in filling up the ditches into which the massacred persons were thrown. I was doctor to one of the prisons, and was very near being deprived of my situation, because I was too humane*.

" Carrier sent for the President of the Military Commission. ' It is you, then,' said he, ' Mr. Son-of-a-b—h, that has dared to give orders contrary to mine. Mind; if you do not *empty* the *Entrepot* prison in two hours, I

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. i. p. 27.

will

will have your head, and the heads of all the Commission.'—He was obeyed*.

" Tronjolly, a witness, says, that Chaux expressed his disapprobation of the law of the 14th September. 'It is a great pity,' said he, 'it ever was made; without it we should have reduced the inhabitants of Nantz to a handful.' Carrier was consulted, adds this witness, with respect to receiving money to save the lives of the rich, but he answered: 'No compositions; the guillotine; the guillotine, and take their money afterwards.' Three women, too charming, certainly, since they attracted the desires of the ferocious Carrier, had the misfortune to be chosen for the tiger's pleasure. He first sacrificed them to his brutal lust, and then sent them to augment the mass of a massacre†.

" The widow Dumey, a witness, says, that she is the widow of the late keeper of the *Entrepot;* that she saw fifty priests brought there, and robbed of all their money and effects, and that they were afterwards drowned with some women

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. i. p. 60.

† Idem, vol. i. p. 103.

and

and little children. She adds, twenty-four men and four women were taken out one day. A child of fourteen years was tied with others to be drowned; his cries for his papa were enough to pierce the heart of a tiger; Lambertye tied him, however, and drowned him with the rest. Fouquet, the companion of Lambertye, said on this occasion, that he had already helped to *dispatch nine thousand*, and that if they would but let him alone for twenty-four hours, he would sweep all the prisons of Nantz*.

"Lacaille, keeper of another prison, called the *Bouffay*, gives a circumstantial account of one of the drownings. 'The horrid night,' says the witness, 'of the 23d of October, two soldiers of the company of Marat came to the *Bouffay*, each with a bundle of cords. About nine o'clock they told me there were one hundred and fifty-five prisoners, whom they were to transfer to Bellisle, to work at a fortress. About an hour after, thirty or forty more of these soldiers arrived. An order from the Committee was pro-

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. ii. p. 175.

duced

duced for the delivery of one hundred and fifty-five of my prisoners. I observed to them, that several of the prisoners on the list were now at liberty, or in the hospital. They now sat down to table, and after having supped and drank heartily, they brought out their cords, and diverted themselves awhile in tying each other as they intended to tie the prisoners. I then conducted them to the rooms where the prisoners were lodged. They instantly fell to work, tying the poor trembling wretches two and two. Grandmaison now entered the court-yard, and hallooed out to them to dispatch. Goullin came stamping and swearing, because the number on the list could not be completed. There were so many sick and dead, that they could not well be made up. I sent you fifteen this evening, says Goullin, what have you done with them? I told him they were up stairs. Down with them, says he. I obeyed, and they were tied like the rest. Instead of one hundred and fifty-five, Goullin at last consented to take one hundred and twenty-nine; but even this number not being complete, he ordered the remainder to be taken from the prisoners *indiscriminately;* and when this was done, he marched off at the head

of

of the assassins, to conduct them to the river, where they were all drowned*.

"The widow Mallet, who had first been robbed of her property and then imprisoned, gives an account of the manner in which she and her companions in captivity were treated. "I complained," says this poor woman, "to Perrocheaux of a violent sore throat. 'That is good,' said he, 'the guillotine will cure you of that.' One day Jolly asked if I was not the widow Mallet, and giving me a look that makes me tremble even now, 'Aye,' says he, 'she shall drink out of the great cup,' (meaning drowning.)

"In the house where we were confined there were a great number of beautiful pictures. Some men were sent one day by the Committee to tear them to pieces, which they did, leaving only one, which represented *death*, and jeering with savage irony, 'contemplate that image,' said they, 'to cheer your hearts.'

"We were in want of every necessary. Seven hundred of us were confined in this house,

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. ii. p. 186.

which,

which, even as a prison, was too small for two hundred; forty were crammed into one little chamber. During six or seven months we had no infirmary, or rather each apartment was one. The sick and dead were often extended on the floor among the living. How many have I seen struggling in the pangs of death by my side!

"Grandmaison told me one day of an old quarrel: 'times are altered,' says he, 'now I have you under my clutches.' Dunassier came one day *drunk*, and began to make out a list for execution. His oaths and imprecations made us tremble; I was on the fatal list, and I know not how I have escaped. My old servant went to solicit for my removal, representing me as dangerously ill. Perrocheaux said to her, 'Let her die, you silly b—h, and then we shall have her house, and you will fare better with us than with her *.'

"Mrs. Pichot, a witness, living by the water-side at Nantz, says, that she saw the carpenters busy constructing the lighters for drowning the

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. ii. p. 204.

prisoners:

prisoners; and soon after, says the witness, I saw brought to be drowned at the Crepusile, a great number of women, many of whom had suckling children in their arms; they screamed and cried most piteously. 'Oh,' said they, 'must we be put to death without being heard?' Several poor women of the neighbourhood ran and took a child each, and some two from them. Upon this the poor creatures shrieked, and tore their hair worse than before. 'Oh my dear, my love, my darling babe! am I never to see your dear face again! Heavens protect my poor dear little love!' Such heart-piercing cries were surely never before heard; yet these could not soften the hell-hounds that conducted them.

"Many of these women were far advanced with child. All were taken into the boats, a part were immediately dispatched, and the rest put on board the Dutch sloop till the next day. When the next day arrived, says the witness, though we were all panic-struck, many had the courage to ask for a child each of those that were left alive; but the hard-hearted villain, Fouquet, refused, pretending his orders were

changed, and all that remained on board the sloop were drowned * !

"The same witness says, 'one day I saw several prisoners, brought from the *Entrepot*, deposited in a lighter with a head; they were fastened under hatches, where they were left for forty-eight hours. When the hatches were opened there were sixty of them stifled. Other prisoners that were on board, were obliged to take out the bodies. Robin stood on the deck, with his drawn sword in his hand, and superintended the work. This done, all the prisoners on board were stripped naked, men, women, and children of all ages, from *fourscore* to *five*; their hands were tied behind them, and they were thrown into the river!' Here the Judge asked the witness if this drowning was performed by day or by night? 'In open day light,' answered the witness. She adds, 'I observed that the drowners became very familiar with the prettiest of the women; and some few of them were saved, if it can be called saving, to

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. ii. p. 222.

endure

endure the more than infernal embraces of these monsters *.

" Coron, one of the company of Marat, informed the tribunal that he had seven thousand five hundred persons shot at the Gigan, and he had assisted in drowning four thousand †.

" Mrs. Laillet informs the tribunal, that six young ladies of the name of Lameterye, were sent to the Bouffay prison. Carrier sent an order to put them instantly to death. The keeper of the prison commissioned me to communicate to them the fatal tidings. I called them into a room apart, and told them that the representative of the people had ordered their execution. The youngest of them gave me this ring (here she shewed the ring); they threw themselves on their knees, and called on the name of Jesus Christ. From this posture the ruffians roused them to conduct them to the place of death. They were executed without ever being tried. While they were dispatching, twenty-seven men awaited the fatal stroke at the

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. ii. p. 223.

† Idem, vol. ii. p. 252.

foot of the guillotine. It is said, to the *honour* of the executioner, that his remorse for having executed these young ladies was so great, that he died in a few days afterwards.

" I attest, adds this witness, that I have seen numbers of naked bodies of women lying by the side of the river Loire, thrown up by the tide; I have seen heaps of human bodies gnawed and partly devoured by the dogs and birds of prey; which latter were continually hovering over the city, and particularly near the water-side. I have seen numbers of carcasses in the bottoms of the lighters, partly covered with water *.

" Captain Baulet, a witness, says, that one day on weighing anchor, he saw *four* or *five hundred dead bodies* raised by the cable; and adds, that there were one hundred and thirty women confined at Mirabeau, who disappeared all at once †.

" I was present at a drowning, says the witness Tabouret, on board a lighter conducted

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. iii. p. 14.

† Idem, vol. iii. 25.

by

by Affilé. 'Come on my lads,' said he, 'to the island of Topsy-turvy.' Before we got out to the sinking place, I heard the prisoners make the most terrible lamentations. 'Save us! oh, for pity sake, save us!' cried they; 'there is yet time; oh! pray, pray, save us!' some of their hands were untied, and they ran them through the railing, crying, 'Mercy, mercy!' It was then that I saw the villain Grandmaison, chop off their hands and arms with his sabre. Ten minutes after I heard the carpenters, placed in the little boats, hammering at the sides of the lighter, and directly down it went to the bottom *.

"One time," says Affilé (a witness who had been one of the drowners), Fouquet had ordered me to go to Marie, to bespeak the two lighters that were wanted for the night, and to engage some carpenters. This done, I went and got cords, and the staples, to fasten the prisoners at the bottom of the lighter. About nine o'clock nearly five hundred were put on board. These were pillaged and stripped in the lighter, and

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. iii. p. 38.

Fouquet swore, if I did not obey his requisitions, which were always made in the name *of the law*, he would drown me with the rest. Four little boats attended each lighter. When the plugs were pulled out, the prisoners cried mercy! There were some on the half-deck with their hands tied only, and these, when they saw the lighter sinking, cried, 'Let us jump into their boats, and drown them with ourselves.' But all that attempted it were hacked down with sabres. When the expedition was completed we went to Thomas's hotel, where the effects of the prisoners had been carried, from thence we went to Secher's, where we divided the spoil *."

"Bourdin, a witness, gives an account of several shootings. 'The last that I saw was of eighty women. They were first shot, then stripped, and exposed on the spot for three days. When the shooting *en masse* first began, the prisoners were suffered to retain their clothes till they were dead. As they were conducted to the place of execution, and even after they arrived on the spot, the old-clothes dealers were

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. iii. p. 50.

seen

seen bargaining with the soldiers for their clothes. The poor unfortunate creatures had the mortification to see their own town's men and women buying the poor remains of their fortunes on their backs; and the instant they fell, the monsters rushed in, tearing the new acquired property from their bodies, yet struggling in the convulsive pangs of death. But the revolutionary butchers found that this was but an unproductive sale, for the clothes being shot through, decreased their value, and this circumstance determined them to strip the prisoners naked before their execution *.

" Crespin, a witness, and one of the company of Marat, informs the tribunal, that he was at a drowning on board the lighter, where the prisoners were fastened down under boards, nailed from side to side. ' They uttered,' says he, ' the most piteous cries. Some of them put their hands folded in a supplicating posture through the openings between the boards; and I saw the members of the Committee chop off their hands and fingers: one of them plunged his

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire des Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. iii. p. 63.

sabre down in amongst the prisoners, and we heard a man cry out, 'Oh! the rascal! he has stabbed me!' Our ears,' adds the witness, 'were now stunned with the cry of 'Oh you rascally brutal savages! this is the *mercy*, this is the *humanity* of the *republicans* *!'

"Fontbonne, a witness, informs the tribunal, that he one day saw a number of persons conducted from the Place Equality to be shot at Mauves. There were women and children of all ages among them. My heart could not support this spectacle; I ran home, saddled my horse, and rode to the place of execution. When I arrived, the poor creatures were all on their knees, and the soldiers were prepared to fire. I rushed through them, and had the good fortune to save eight of the children, the oldest of whom was twelve years of age. The rest were shot with their fathers and mothers †.

"Laurancy, a witness, attests, that he saw, at one time, three hundred men conducted to the water. They were all naked, and had their

* Procés Criminél des Membres du Comité Revolutionnaire des Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. iii. p. 106.

† Idem, vol. iii. p. 113.

hands

hands tied behind them. I saw, too, adds the witness, several naked women and girls on board a barge in the river, two of whom, aged about eighteen years, I saw a young lad behead with his sabre, while he sung the *Carmagnole* *.

" I saw, says the witness Girault, about three or four hundred persons drowned. There were women of all ages among them; some were big with child, and of these several were delivered in the very lighters, among water and mud. The most shocking circumstance was, their groans, their heart-piercing shrieks excited no compassion. They, together with the fruit of their conjugal love, went to the bottom together†.'

" From the moment the Revolutionary Committee was installed, says Berêt, the imprisonments began; and they augmented daily. They were all dictated by animosity, hatred, and avarice. To such a degree did terror prevail, that every man trembled for his life. For my part, my resolution was shaken. I always went with two loaded pistols in my pockets; one for

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantz, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. iii. p. 114.

† Idem, vol. iii. p. 279, 280.

the villain who should offer to seize me, and the other for myself. Cruel expectation for a man who had a small helpless family! But I had seen six hundred men, at one time, plunged into the water, and had been a witness to the shooting of three thousand six hundred at different times at the Gigan: after this, what could any man hope for?

"There is reason to believe that Carrier meant to murder the whole city; for, before his journey to Paris, he told one of the women whom he kept, *and whose husband he had put to death*, that he would make Nantz remember the name of Carrier: 'do not fear, *my dear*,' said he, 'all my friends shall follow me, but as for the city, it shall be destroyed.'

"I was one day, adds the same witness, sent by Bowin to see some bodies buried, that were left on the puplic square. There were upwards of thirty women all naked, and exposed with the most horrible indecency*.

"Fontbonne informs the tribunal, that he was one day invited to a dinner, in a pleasure-

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantz, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. ii. p. 122.

garden

garden belonging to Ducrois. Carrier, and an Irish descendant, O'Sullivan, were of the party. The conversation turned on the bodily strength of certain persons, when O'Sullivan observed, 'yes, there was my brother, who was devilish strong, particularly in the neck, for the executioner was obliged to give him the second stroke with the *national razor*, before he could get his head off.' This witness adds, 'O'Sullivan told us, that as he was going to drown a man much stronger than himself, that the man resisted, but was knocked down; then,' says O'Sullivan, 'I took out my knife, and stuck him as butchers do sheep.'

"Guedon informs the tribunal, that he was at the same dinner mentioned by Fontbonne. I was seated,' says the witness, 'by the side of O'Sullivan, and during the repast, he held up his knife to me, and said, 'this is a very good thing to cut a man's throat with;' adding, 'that it had already done him much service in that way.' He called on Robin as a witness of his bravery, and told us the manner in which he proceeded.'—'I had observed,' says O'Sullivan, 'that the butchers killed their sheep by plunging the knife in underneath their ear; so when

I had a mind to kill a prisoner, I came up to him, and clapping him on the shoulder in a jocular way, pointed to some object that he was obliged to turn his head to see: the moment he did this, I had my knife through his neck!'

"This O'Sullivan, in his defence, says, 'that as to his brother, he was an enemy of the Republic. When he saw,' says this human butcher, 'that there was no hope for him, he came and threw himself into my arms; but, like a *good republican*, I gave him up to the guillotine*.'

"Poupon deposes that he was witness of a drowning, when the company of Marat went and dragged sick persons from the hospitals, in order to make up a lighter full. Some of these persons,' adds the witness, 'could scarcely crawl along, and I saw these murderers beat them most cruelly with great sticks, crying, along with you, b—gers! march! march! we will give you sweet air enough now. Others they dragged along by the hair of the head; till they got them on board of the lighter. All this time,' says the witness, 'the conductors of the expedition kept

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. ii. p. 276, 277.

halloo-

hallooing out,'—'Come, come, my lads, be quick! along with the b—gers! the tide falls apace; there is no time to be lost*.'

"Tronjolly, a witness, informs the tribunal, that the company of Marat was at first composed of sixty persons; Goullin openly proposed that none but the most infamous villains should be admitted into it; and at each nomination cried out,'—'Is there no greater scoundrel to be found?'

"On the 24th of October, says the witness, I heard Goullin and his colleagues say, that they were going to give a great example; that the prisoners should be all shot. I attest that this scene was still more horrible than that of the 22d and 23d of September. The company of Marat were carousing round a table, and at the same time it was deliberated, whether the prisoners should not be massacred by hundreds. In this deliberation, Goullin was for indiscriminate slaughter; and thus were the prisoners, without ever being interrogated or heard, condemned to

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. iv. p. 148.

die.

die. There existed *no proofs* of guilt against these unfortunate prisoners; they were what was called *suspected persons;* the *felons* and *all real criminals* were set at liberty.

" Old men, women with child, and children, were drowned without distinction. They were put on board of lighters, which were railed round to keep the prisoners from jumping overboard, if they should happen to disengage themselves. There were plugs made in the bottom, or sides, which being pulled out, the lighter sunk, and all in it were drowned. These *expeditions* were first carried on by night, but the sun soon beheld the murderous work. At first the prisoners were drowned in their clothes; this, however, appeared too merciful; to expose the two sexes naked before each other, was a pleasure that the ruffians could not forego.

" I must now, says the witness, speak of a new sort of cruelty. The young men and women were picked out from among the mass of sufferers, stripped naked, and tied together, face to face. After being kept in this situation about an hour, they were put into an open lighter; and after receiving several blows on the skull with

with the butt end of a musket, thrown into the water. These were called *republican marriages* *."

But enough of those atrocities of new born republicans. Hundreds of times has the pen dropped from my trembling hand in transcribing them. Should the fortitude of readers fail them in perusing them, let them consider what the writer must have felt, who, after witnessing some of these abominations, must still, and for ever, suffer as a victim of them. It is, comparatively, but yesterday, since he enjoyed rank, distinction, and wealth, since he was surrounded by parents, relatives, and friends—all—all swallowed up in the revolutionary abyss—to be recovered—to appear—no more! What has afflicted him, may also afflict the most elevated as well as the most humble in every part of the globe, should rebellion and faction oppress or proscribe the quiet and loyal; and, above all, should a country admit the curses of French fraternity!

* Procés Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionaire, de Nantes, et du *ci-devant* Representant du Peuple Carrier, vol. i. p. 66, 68. Those who have strength to read more of these horrors, may peruse the loyal and useful publication, "THE BLOODY BUOY," from which they have been extracted, after the original in French was consulted and compared.

This

This sketch shall conclude with a narrative of state prisons under Buonaparte's reign of *white* terror; that is to say, the noon-day murderers of his *worthy* revolutionary predecessors are by him transformed into midnight assassins and poisoners. The guillotine is now no longer inundated with blood in every public square, but every gaol has its secret racks, its secret executioners; *Imperial improvements* of Napoleone Buonaparte on the black terrors of his *brother* sans-culotte, Maximilian Robespierre!! Yes, it is an undeniable fact, that the first Emperor of the French, whom the *regenerators*, *philosophers*, and *friends* of *liberty* and *equality* of France, salute their sovereign, has in the first year of his usurpation re-established those instruments of torture, which the last King of France, the virtuous and humane Louis XVI. abolished in the first year of his reign!!! What unfortunate prisoner would not prefer the expeditious guillotining, shooting, and drowning of former rebels in power, to the slow and excruciating death, to the long and tormenting sufferings, of being torn to pieces alive piece-meal, by the barbarous Buonaparte, and his barbarous accomplices! At the death of Robespierre, who could have supposed

supposed that this monster would have been succeeded in authority by a low, sanguinary, and infamous foreigner, who should cause him to be regretted? Such is, however, at present the case. "Robespierre's hurricane," say Buonaparte's subjects, "threatened only the lofty trees of the forest; Buonaparte's tempest sweeps away the humble creeping herb, as well as the proud and elevated oak. Its ravages spare neither the valley nor the mountain*.

THE TEMPLE.

As Buonaparte's state prison, the Temple, is justly considered as the most cruel and execrable gaol that ever despotism organized to torment its victims, a description of its *economy* and horrors cannot but be interesting, as an historical monument, and useful as a warning to travellers who may be tempted, or under the necessity of visiting, regenerated France. It is translated from a work† published upon the Continent, and though its author, from motives of prudence, has not

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Messidor, an xiii. No. 3. p. 5.

† La Police de Fouché devoilée, &c. p. 21—24, and the note, p. 25.

affixed

affixed his name, its contents have never been contradicted. From what the writer of this experienced during his confinement in the same prison, he can confirm the truth of many of the particulars here related.

" I arrived at Paris," says the author, " with the intent of examining modern France, her museums, her institutions, her libraries; her chef d'œuvres of arts; but her policy, or political plots and intrigues, had no more to do with my journey, than if I had visited the unknown negroes of the interior of Africa, or the savage tribes of the remotest part of America. Since my dear country, wretched Helvetia, had lost its liberty and independence, I was politically dead; I was a social vagabond, or, to use the revolutionary jargon, a citizen of the universe, as indifferent about a First Consul in France as about a Sultan of Constantinople, or a Landamann in Switzerland. Being besides well known in my own country, and well recommended in France; discreet both from prudence and from inclination, I apprehended nothing, passing my forenoons with artists or savans, and my evenings with friends; or at the opera, at the playhouses, or in literary societies.

" Among

" Among other persons to whom I had been introduced at Paris, was my countryman, the banker R—. In his house, near the Boulevards, I had dined several times with the police minister Fouché, and the prefect of police, Dubois. The wife of the former had invited me to several of her routs and parties; an *honour* of which I sometimes accepted. To tell the truth, however, I was not much at my ease in the house of a known thief and assassin, though made a minister, and styled his Excellency; nor by the side of his wife, a *ci-devant* harlot, accused of incest and infanticide, and who, during 1793 and 1794, when her husband plundered and murdered, performed the parts of a goddess of reason or a fury of the guillotine; who had her sister guillotined, and danced round the scaffold on which her blood was still reeking. But my repugnant sentiments, as well as my indignant feelings, were always the secrets of my own bosom.

" Avoiding all kind of discussions, and even conversations, about government, I was as tranquil and as unsuspicious at Paris, as if I had resided in my native city of Berne, before the tricoloured banditti encompassed with blood, wrecks,

wrecks, and ruins, spoils of liberty and equality, in inflicting destruction and death.

"I had just been at Paris three months, when Madame Fouché one day invited me, with Monsieur and Madame R—, the banker and his wife, to a supper. It was near two o'clock in the morning before I returned to my lodgings, and a cold morning of February it was. I do not think I had been in my bed an hour, when I was suddenly alarmed by being commanded to rise, by five men at the side of my bed. Of these two had lights in their hands, and the other three pointed pistols at my head and breast. As I knew by their dress that four of them were gens-d'armes, I was aware of their business, but supposed that my arrest originated in mistake; I therefore informed them of my name and country, when the fifth person told me that he was a police agent, ordered by his superiors to seize me, my papers, and effects. I inquired in vain of him as to the cause of my arrest, and of what I had been accused, or where they were carrying me: he gave me no other answer, than to make haste and dress myself, and to deliver over to him every thing belonging to me in my rooms, which he packed up in two trunks, and put a seal on

in

in my presence. A hackney coach was waiting at the door of the hotel, into which the police agent and two of the gens-d'armes entered with me; the other two went behind the coach. As I observed that the coachman drove towards the Boulevards, I suspected what proved to be the fact, that they were conveying me to the Temple. As we approached it, the outside sentinels challenged us. After our gens-d'armes had answered the watch-word, they permitted us to descend, and wait in a kind of portico the return of one of the former, who had no doubt been sent to inform the commanding officer of our arrival. After an anxious expectation of about a quarter of an hour, the outer gate was opened, where our gens-d'armes had whispered the watch-word a second time, and our police agent shewed his orders. There another quarter of an hour passed over before we were permitted to enter the court-yard, and what they called *Le Greffe*, or register-office. There a man was sitting with a large folio volume before him, in which he wrote down a very minute description of my person; how tall I was; my age; the colour of my eyes, eye-lids, teeth, beard, and hair; the breadth of my mouth, and the shape of my nose; the length

length of my face; the name of my country, of my birth-place, of the day of my birth, of my profession, and with how many languages I was acquainted: he asked in what countries I had been travelling; in what lodgings I had resided at Paris; thro' what cities and towns I had passed, and what houses I had visited and frequented, since my arrival in France. That done, he copied out of the book, upon a sheet of paper, his questions and my answers, which I signed, as well as what was written in the book. Good God! what an extensive register of oppression and sufferings! I was now ordered to strip to the skin, and every part of my dress was searched; the soles of my shoes, and the collar of my coat, were cut open. That I had marks of four wounds on my body, was added in the folio volume, as well as in the extract from it, and I was ordered again to sign my name under this addition, in both places.

"When these tiresome and troublesome formalities were over, the police agent and the gens-d'armes who had brought me to the Temple, delivered me and my effects over to another agent of the secret police, and two gens-d'armes d'Elite, who in an insolent manner commanded me to accompany them. After marching by the dim

dim light of solitary lamps, through several subteranneous passages and filthy vaults, in which, however, were visible, chains, fetters, and two coffers, resembling, or real coffins, I was almost blinded by being ushered into a room lighted by a large chandelier, where I observed Fouché's private secretary, Desmarett (who some few hours before supped by my side at the minister's of the police), and another man, with whom I was unacquainted.

" Desmarett, after reading with affected gravity the paper I had signed in the Greffe, began a hypocritical discourse, in which, among other falsehoods, he solemnly asserted, that though government was well acquainted with the dangerous and treacherous objects of my arrival and stay in France; and though it possessed such sufficiently convincing evidences, as in any other country would have occasioned me to be shot without any farther interrogatory or examination, its *humanity* surpassed even its justice, and he had therefore been ordered to hear from my own mouth an acknowledgment of my guilt, and what I could say to alleviate it. Any denial on my part would avail nothing but to augment the criminality of *espionage* and conspiracy.

" I in-

" I interrupted him here, by asking him as a favour not to keep me longer in suspense of what I had been accused. ' Your name,' said he, ' is Louis De V— ?'—' My name is William Louis De V—.'—' Your Christian name is only Louis. I have here the extract from the register of the parish where you were baptized.'—' Then you know that my Christian names are William Louis.'—' You have served formerly in the Swiss regiment Ernest, in the service of the last king of the French ?'—' Never.'—' Recollect yourself,' said he, repeating the same question. ' I persist in my denial; I have never served in France.'—' Have you not, since you quitted the French service, been a recruiting officer in Switzerland for Colonel Meuron in the English service; and have you not still a commission as a lieutenant from the King of Great Britain ?'—' I have neither been in the English nor in the French pay or service. I never recruited a man in my life.'—' Your obstinacy to deny every thing shall soon be confounded to your shame and perdition."

" Have you not received four wounds in military service ?'—' Yes, on the 4th of March 1798, when I combated the French troops, invading

vading my neutral country without any previous declaration of war.'—'You were wounded in combating in the East Indies for the English?'—'I have never been in England nor in the East Indies; I have never yet seen a sea-port.'

"Did you not, in the summer of 1797, come over from London to Paris, with Roussillon and other English agents, and intrigue here with Pichegru and other conspirators?'—'I have never been in England, and never in France before last December.'—'What was the motive of your present journey to France?'—'I wished to see the monuments of arts, and was curious to visit a capital of which I had heard so much talked, both for its crimes and pleasures.'

"To whom were you recommended at Paris?" 'You and the minister of police, Fouché, are both well acquainted with those persons.'—'Mention them.'—'The diplomatic agents of my country, Messrs. R— & Co. bankers, my countrymen, and Mr. G—, my countryman, a savans, and member of the National Institute.' 'But neither of them knew you any farther than as recommended to them by some of your friends; persons, perhaps, who did not know you more than they do.'—'I was recommended to them by

friends who are my relatives, and their friends.' 'The truth or falsehood of this assertion will soon be proved; let us examine your papers, they may perhaps furnish pieces of conviction.'—'Of what am I then accused?'—'You will be acquainted with it time enough.'

"The first piece that fell under Desmarett's inspection was a sheet of paper, containing, in a confused manner, my remarks upon the different pictures in the museums, on statues, and on monuments; to each of which I had annexed a number, in the order I had visited them, or as I had intended to set down in full length the cursory observations I had written in the margin. With a ridiculous gravity that, notwithstanding my precarious situation, inclined me to laugh, Desmarett exclaimed: 'Citizen, an innocent traveller, who has nothing to reproach himself with, never uses cyphers; and an honest man, who has no dangerous secrets, no machinations to conceal, writes nothing that he is ashamed of being read, or fearful of being understood, even by his enemies. Where is the key of these cyphers?'—'They are no cyphers, and can therefore have no key. But if you will listen to me, I will explain to you what these

scraps

scraps signify, and for what they were destined.' 'Do you then even deny that those papers contain cyphers?'—'I tell the truth; they contain no cyphers.'

"He then wrote hastily some words at the top of the papers of the pretended cyphers, and gave them to the person who wrote down his questions and my answers. Among other scraps of paper that excited his suspicion, was a rough sketch of a mountain I had taken between Geneva and Lyons; of the ruins of an ancient castle, with a distant view of the Rhone; which he insisted was a drawing of one of the French seaports, intended no doubt to be betrayed to, or attacked by the English. My explanation availed nothing. It was added, as he said, to my other pieces of conviction.

"I suppose it was already day-light, when my interrogatory was over, and at the ringing of a bell two gens-d'armes d'Elite and a gaoler entered; in silence, but with a significant nod, repeated twice, he gave me in charge to them. After half a minute's walk, or thereabout, from what I afterwards learnt was the secretary's office of the secret police, I descended first twenty-two steps, and in some few seconds thirty-nine steps

more. The farther I descended, the darker it became; and when the gaoler called out 'Stop!' we were entirely in the dark. I heard him unbar two iron bolts, and heard him open with a terrible noise two iron doors, before he pushed me into a dark hole, where, without saying a word, he locked and bolted the doors after me, and where I instantly fainted away, from the intolerable stench, which nearly suffocated me. How long I continued in a state of insensibility I do not know, but when I recovered my senses, I felt myself supported by somebody, who said in a mournful and fainting voice, 'Unfortunate wretch, whoever you are, innocent or guilty, resign yourself to your fate, and hope nothing. Few that enter this dungeon, ever leave it but for execution. He who speaks to you, expects every moment to be his last. What have you done, or of what are you accused?'—'I have done nothing, and am ignorant of what I am accused.'—'Young man! (I can discover by your voice that you are not old); confide your misfortunes without reserve to a fellow-sufferer, who has but some few moments to live; believe my experience—confidence will relieve your pangs—you will be convinced very soon, that it will

will make you breathe easier even in this impure atmosphere.' I assured him with firmness and sincerity, that I had nothing to reproach myself with. I asked him whence the insupportable stench originated? He said that this dungeon was called the purgatory, and situated over the common sewer, with which the secret police had ordered imperceptible communication to be made, in hopes of forcing obdurate prisoners to confess, and of making the last moments of condemned persons so much the more miserable.

"This dungeon, or rather hole, was hardly sufficient for two people to lay down in, and it was impossible to stand upright in it. Some rotten dirty straw covered a damp stone floor, and water was dropping every moment from the roof and the walls. But this was not enough, it was also infested with rats and other vermin. It was a place of confinement too horrid, too inhuman, and too severe, even for the parricide or fratricide. My companion informed me, that he had heard of sixteen prisoners within twelve months, who had from despair destroyed themselves by dashing their heads against the walls, besides four who had bled to death from being bitten by rats. The truth of this last asser-

tion I really believe, being nearly expiring myself from a similar occurrence. When exhausted nature could hold out no longer, I fell into a slumber for some moments. I awoke suddenly from finding my face inundated with blood, and putting up my hand, I caught a rat eating the powder from my front, where I had been bit by it.

" Shortly after this accident the gaoler came to remove my fellow-prisoner, and as he had a lamp with him, I could plainly perceive that the floor was wet more from gore and dirt than from damp. He brought me a pitcher with water, and a small slice of black bread. Upon asking him when I could be removed from a place where a long stay would certainly kill me; he only shook his head, without speaking a word.

" The adieus of my companion were moving indeed. ' My pains,' said he, ' will cease in a few moments. Can I regret life, after a confinement here? Is not death preferable to such an existence?' I felt his tears trickle down my hand as he uttered these words. I pitied him most sincerely, and his last words made such an impression on my mind, that had I possessed a pistol, I should have increased the number of those miserable beings whom the oppression of the

the French government and its agents have reduced to despair, and caused to commit suicide. This man, however, who inspired me with so much interest, I afterwards discovered was only a *mouton*, or spy, confined with me by the police, for the purpose of gaining my confidence and then betraying it. As I never had heard of, so I never suspected such a refinement of wickedness, of meanness, and of tyranny. He had told me a long doleful story of his wanderings as an emigrant, and that as such he was condemned to die.

" As far as I could guess, I remained in this dungeon twenty-four hours longer, when the gaoler, with two gens-d'armes d'Elite, removed me to another, twelve steps higher up. It was larger, and lighted by a lamp; but its floor was of stone, like the former, covered with filth and gore, over which was spread some rotten and damp straw. In looking round me, I found the wall covered with inscriptions the most disconsolate and the most despairing. They were chiefly traced with blood. One of them in large letters stated: ' *Know, wretch, whoever you are that enter this abode of misery, that it is the antichamber of death, and that you are designed for cer-*

tain destruction. Your innocence will not save you. I too, was innocent, but the executioner is waiting for me.' By its side was written, '*In seventeen minutes, though not seventeen years of age, Aurora de Cuvy will be no more. For happiness I have lived seventeen years too long. I die faithful to my King as well as to my God.*'

"The gaoler and two gens-d'armes interrupted my meditations on these and other sentences, and brought me before a military commission, presided by a chef de brigade, of the name of Hulin, assisted by four inferior officers. A person in a military dress, acted as public accuser, and read ten articles of accusation against me. The principal of these were allegations of *espionage*, and of being an English agent, and an *embeaucheur*, or an emissary engaging troops to desert. I was again said to have been in the regiment of Ernest, in the French service, and actually a lieutenant in Meuron's regiment in the East Indies, in the pay of England. To my terror and surprise, two French gens-d'armes positively swore that they had seen me at Marseilles in 1790, as an ensign in the regiment of Ernest; but two Swiss soldiers of Meuron's regiment, taken by a French privateer in the East Indies, declared

declared upon oath, notwithstanding the threats of the president and of the public accuser, that I was not the lieutenant de V—— who served in that regiment. My explication of the papers with the pretended cyphers, was not looked upon as satisfactory; but after a trial of five hours I was ordered to withdraw, and was taken back again to my former dungeon. My request for leave to bring witnesses from my own country to prove my innocence, was refused, *as contrary to the laws for the expeditious justice of military commissions and special tribunals.*"

"To a prisoner in the dungeons of the Temple, certain death is preferable to a cruel suspense. A man of honour and character soon resigns himself to die, if he has time calmly to consider of the little value of life; but suspended, as it were, between existence and death, if, flattering himself with a delusive hope of escaping, he is unexpectedly called on to perish, it requires an unusually strong mind to evince in one's last moments a tranquil resignation or a heroic courage. The military judges of the Temple, to prolong and embitter agony, never make a prisoner acquainted with their decision before he is to be released or executed. The sufferings

arising from this uncertainty are so much the more poignant, as it has frequently happened that persons, three or four months after their trials, when they had every reason to think themselves acquitted, have been called out to be shot as condemned.

"In a week afterwards, I was visited by another gaoler with a milder countenance, who asked me to follow him to another and better room. It was time, if my tormentors wished me to live. From want of proper nourishment, of cleanliness, and of rest, which vermin and rats every minute interrupted, I was so exhausted, that I could not walk without leaning on the arm of the gaoler; who, on entering a long but narrow vault, said to the two gens-d'armes escorting me, 'Citizens, you may stop here, the prisoner is too weak to attempt any resistance; I answer for him.'

"In the midst of the vault he whispered to me, 'I am your countryman, and pity you; into the grasp of what cruel tygers have you fallen! look here, on this rack expired this morning another of our countrymen. See there a part of his skull, mixed with his hair. There you see five of his nails, and there lays one of his eyes.'

eyes.' All those horrible relics of barbarity I saw before me. 'Should you ever have the misfortune,' continued the gaoler, 'to be condemned to undergo these tortures, I shall do you the kindness of abbreviating your sufferings, by a shock on your breast, which will soon dispatch you when stretched out. I owe this service to your father, who was my benefactor.' Heavenly God! thought I, what an abominable confusion, even in moral duties, has the French Revolution and its cruel rulers produced. It would indeed have been an act of gratitude, nay, even of humanity, in this gaoler thus to dispatch the son of his benefactor.

"The room I now occupied was provided with a bed, on which was laid a dirty mattress, but it was free from rats. My food was rather better, and my gaoler told me, *that from the orders he had received to return me two of my shirts*, he supposed that I had some powerful persons interesting themselves in my favour. After another fortnight had elapsed, I got some books, and was permitted to join in the ordinary with forty-five other prisoners, who, like myself, had been tried, and under a sentence of which they were ignorant.

" At my second dinner, I witnessed the following scene, which made me almost repent of having got out of my dungeon. We had just finished our soup when I observed all my companions turn pale at the noise of the march of some military on the staircase, who soon entered the room, headed by a police agent. He called out loudly, ' Citizen Jean Francois de S—, you are immediately to undergo the sentence of death, to which the military commission has condemned you. Follow us.' De S—, without changing countenance, clasped his thunder-struck mother, and fainting sister, to his arms, bidding them an eternal adieu! and to us— ' Comrades, I recommend them to your kind care. God bless you all, believe me, I am not the most to be pitied!' Away he went, and when Mademoiselle de S— recovered herself, and missed her brother, her cries pierced our hearts; she refused all food and consolation, and in six days expired, imploring the vengeance of Heaven on the assassins of her brother. Madame de S—, more fortunate, never spoke again; she was carried a corpse from the table; and after being opened, it was found that her heart had literally burst. Such, or nearly such

such dreadful occurrences, happened very often at our dinner in the Temple. No person was safe, and hardly any person was certain of his existence for a moment. I saw, during fifteen weeks, twenty-one prisoners carried to execution from the table, by my side; and all went to die with the same indifference as they had sat down to dine; and as young De S— (who had been a page to Louis XVI. for which he suffered death before he was twenty) observed, the survivors were certainly the most miserable.

"Five months had already elapsed since my confinement in the Temple, when a countryman of mine, with whose immorality I was well acquainted, and against whom I had been warned, *with the permission of Fouché*, paid me a visit. He informed me that the French Government was now convinced of its *mistake* with regard to me, and that I had therefore nothing to fear for my life; but that it was a *custom* in France, never to release a state prisoner who had talents enough to expose the injustice he had undergone by the *too active* vigilance of the police. That therefore, if I did not petition to be transported to Cayenne, I should probably still languish for years in gaol. He would not, however, advise me to take the former

former step, as it would be an indirect acknowledgment of culpability; he knew one mode of proceeding that would procure me immediate release, but it was a delicate subject to mention; he meant pecuniary sacrifices made with caution. Inquiring what sum he thought would open the gates of the Temple to me, he said one thousand Louis d'ors (1000*l.*). After some discussion I consented to pay this sum, if Mr. R—, my countryman and friend, approved of it. In six days every thing was settled, and I was, under the escort of two gens-d'armes, carried to the frontiers of Switzerland. Thus ended my visit to Buonaparte's and Fouché's bastille, where, I am tolerably certain, I must have expired, had not Madame Buonaparte's and Madame Fouché's avarice got the better of their husbands' ferocity. With the exception of fifty Louis, the thousand were divided between these two respectable ladies. I often think that my imprisonment was merely an excuse to extort and pillage me of my money.

"I have hitherto related little but what regarded myself, and what I have myself witnessed; for the truth of which I can with safety take upon me to be a guarantee. What I shall mention

tion hereafter, I heard from persons who could have no interest in imposing upon me. I state it, however, merely as hear-say.

" A respectable person assured me, that every month since the reign of Buonaparte, upon an average, one hundred and twenty state prisoners were taken up and imprisoned. Of these, in the Temple, ten generally die in the month by *sudden* death, suspected to be poisoned; twelve by suicides; ten by tortures on the rack; and an equal number disappear nobody knowing exactly what becomes of them; thirty are usually transported to the colonies, fifteen shot, and the remainder detained until further orders, or till they purchase their liberty. Of these individuals, one-eighth are calculated to be females.

" I was told, that under the hall of the secret police office, are dug several large wells, called *Des Oubliettes*; these are said to be of the depth of several hundred fathoms. Any person condemned to be secretly *removed*, is ordered into the hall, and placed over a trap-door, which, by touching a spring, opens, and instantly precipitates the victim into eternity. The prisoners known to have suddenly *disappeared*, are all supposed to have been swallowed up, and to have perished

perished by this atrocious invention. A hall called the Chamber of Hell, was also talked of, but I was unable to collect any information on this subject, upon which I could depend*. The declarations, received by several individuals now in this country, who were impeached in the spring of 1804, as pretended conspirators with Pichegru and Moreau, supply this defect†.

" At Paris the following formality was observed with a prisoner: ' After being taken from his home by the spies of the police, accompanied by the gens-d'armes d'Elite, he was carried to the office of the secret police, which is sitting night and day. If any other prisoner was examined, or if it was intended to inspire terror, the arrested person generally continued shut up, chained there, in what is called *La Chambre d'Enfer*, or the Chamber of Hell, for forty-eight, and sometimes for ninety-six hours. This room is a large hall under ground, where no light penetrates, paved with stones, and in the walls are large iron rings, to which the chains of the prisoner, with which his hands and his feet are bound, are fastened and locked with a

* See La Police de Fouché devoilée, &c. p. 27.

† See the Revolutionary Plutarch, vol. iii. p. 314, et seq.

padlock.

padlock. He cannot move farther from the ring than six feet. This dark hall is large enough to contain one hundred and fifty prisoners at the same time. Light is only admitted into this abode of misery when the jailers are bringing a new victim to be chained, as they then mostly carry a lanthorn in their hands. Nothing but sighs and lamentations are heard, and no consolation can be given, is expected, or will be received, as, every where, the nearest person to an innocent sufferer may be a *mouton*, or prison spy, sent to obtain and betray confidence. Half a pound of bread and two pints of water are allowed each prisoner for every twenty-four hours.

" When carried to his first interrogatory, he does not leave the Chamber of Hell by the same way that he entered it, but passes through other large subterraneous rooms, where the stench strikes one of his senses, and blood-stained rags, instruments of torture, and coffins, another; for these rooms are so well lighted, that he can see spots of blood, not only on the walls, but on the floor.

" Arrived before the secret police magistrate, who

who frequently is the infamous Real, or the ferocious Fouché, sometimes both; he is told that his pretended crimes have long been known to the government, he being watched for months by the agents of the secret police, of course all evasion or denial are of no other avail than to expose himself to the rack, and certain death. If he persist in his declaration of innocence, he is carried back to the Chamber of Hell, and the turnkeys shew him, *en passant*, the instruments of torture, explain the manner of applying them, the terrible sufferings they produce, and finish by intimating that few persons have strength enough to survive their torments.

"After being forty-eight hours more in the Chamber of Hell, upon bread and water, he is carried to a second interrogatory, under a supposition, no doubt, that want of nourishment has enervated the strength of his body, as well as anguish reduced the vigour of his mind.

"If he is not suspected of being a chief or a principal confidante of the pretended chief conspirators, he is then, after having undergone the interrogatory, sent to the Temple, or some other prison, after signing made up examinations, which,

which, if he refuses to do, forty-eight hours more in the Chamber of Hell teach him to be less obstinate.

" If he has been arrested by mistake, or no evidence is found against him, he continues in prison as long as it pleases the police, which seldom opens the door of the gaols, if friends or relations do not make pecuniary sacrifices, which has been the case with those persons who have had the good fortune of escaping to England. If those arrested be related to suspected individuals, or supposed to possess great talents, or known hatred against the Corsican family, a dose of poison usually removes them from the prison to the grave. Of the eight thousand three hundred persons imprisoned in the spring of 1804, not a fourth part have again made their appearance in society; and though the police agents say that they have demanded a voluntary banishment to the colonies, the burial places at Paris are known to be inhabited by most of them.

It is well known that George's servant, Picot, before the criminal tribunal, in the presence of the public, declared that his confession had been extorted by tortures; and no one at Paris doubts that

that the virtuous Pichegru received the reward of the great services he had done his degraded country, by death upon the rack. A gens-d'armes d'Elite, of the name of Jean Pierreaux, one of his executioners, is now raving mad, and shut up at Charenton, where he never ceases to exclaim—'I have murdered Pichegru, the most honest man in France!' Before he was sent to Charenton, he proclaimed this both on the Pont-neuf and in the Palais Royal. Roland, the friend of Pichegru, lost the use of his right leg on the rack; but his discretion in not mentioning it before the tribunal saved his life, which is said to be the case with other prisoners.

"During all the interrogatories of George, Pichegru, and Moreau, at the secret police office, Buonaparte was with Murat, and his favourite aid-du-camp Duroc, in an adjoining closet, where he could hear what was going on; and it was him, in a fit of rage against Pichegru, who denied every thing, and refused to sign the interrogatories, who ordered the instantaneous and atrocious murder of the General, who was more admired in France for his greatness of mind, when surrounded by Buonaparte's assassins, than for his illustrious achievements, when leading on those victorious

victorious armies, to whom France is indebted, not only for all her conquests, but for escaping, perhaps, subjection to the confederate powers in 1794.

" Every person who has the good fortune of being set at liberty, is, before he obtains his release, obliged to sign a declaration, praising the lenity, generosity, and *humanity* of the present government, and of the persons employed by it; to which, and *not to his innocence*, he owes that the doors of his prison have not been shut for ever upon him. He is informed that this declaration is in the hands of the police, a *mandat d'arrêt*, which will be made use of the instant his conduct becomes suspected."

Such are the faithful extracts of several works published in France, containing impartial accounts of the Royal Bastille, of Republican Gaols, and Imperial State Prisons. From them may be learnt, that though under monarchy ministerial despotism had its gaols, humanity and generosity were blended with severity; while under a republican and Imperial tyranny, a refinement of cruelty excludes all compassion, and makes a grave preferable to a gaol.

Foreigners may perhaps think that Frenchmen alone

alone are subject to these horrors. Let them then know, that the writer of this sketch has been confined in the Temple with people of all countries, subjects of all states. Even some Algerine merchants, who had claims for corn sold to the French armies in Italy, were shut up there with him, and thought themselves fortunate on signing an acquittal, to obtain a release. Buonaparte, Talleyrand, and Fouché, have often paid their private creditors as well as those of the state, in the same coin.

Envy, malice, hatred, revenge, and oppression, constantly accompany the unbounded avarice and unlimited power of the revolutionary rulers. Buonaparte and his accomplices stab with one hand, and with the other seize plunder. They imprison to pillage, and murder to extenuate imprisonment or to conceal booty. Wealth oftener than loyalty, is the sole crime of the arrested, condemned, transported, murdered or executed*.

* See a recent publication of the State of France, published by Mr. Phillips, which mentions, p. 74, that Picot, George's servant, said to the Judges, on reproaching him with his contradictory declaration, "Will you know the reason?" and pulling up the sleeve of his coat, "look at my arms and feet, and

see

see how they treated me at the police, to extort a confession!" Another prisoner also declared that he had been tortured. How many other witnessess of Buonaparte's barbarous tyranny have not been removed, by expiring under the tortures, or by the hands of official assassins.

THE

THE FRENCH REPUBLICAN

AND

REVOLUTIONARY FLATTERERS.

AN able author has affirmed, "that debased freemen were the worst of slaves." May it not as justly be said, "that the worst of freemen are debased slaves?"

What has been witnessed in revolutionary France within these last sixteen years, or since 1789, seems to confirm, that certain people are by nature, more than by habit, intended to wear fetters; to cringe, to fawn, and to flatter; to dishonour the dignity of man; and to disgrace humanity as well as liberty. Even in their first moments of enthusiasm, the French did not evince, with the energy of revolted and released bondsmen, that liberality, that generosity and justice, without which enfranchised men are unworthy of being freemen, and soon return to slavery.

slavery. They murdered, in cool blood, weak and unarmed old men and women, and bowed to the dictates of a Duke of Orleans, and a Mirabeau, with whose immorality and vices they were well acquainted. The colours of French liberty were dyed in the blood of innocence the first day they were erected; and the friends of French liberty were only assassins when they had the audacity to call themselves patriots.

In the same week that they butchered a Du Launais, a De Flesselles, a Berthier, and some old maimed invalids, they danced attendance round a Necker, a De La Fayette, a Mirabeau, and other vile and guilty revolutionary jugglers. Necker they applauded as a modern Colbert; De La Fayette was hailed as the hero of the two worlds; and Mirabeau they saluted as a French Demosthenes. For every popular rebel they had an epithet, or some complimentary name of great men, at all times ready. Bailly was a French Livius; Abbé Sieyes, the Moses of liberty; the Bishop Talleyrand, the Mahomet of the rights of man; and the two brothers La Meth, the apostles of the revolutionary gospel. Even their unfortunate King they insulted with the impertinent appellation of a restorer of the liberty of the French.

In proportion as they advanced in anarchy and licentiousness, they became despicable and contemptible by their disgusting flattery. The stupid traitor, Petion, was the *virtuous* Petion. *Vive* Petion! No Petion! No nation! was heard every where in July 1792. Brissot was the modest French Aristides, and the incorruptible Robespierre a Cato of the eighteenth century. Dumourier was an Achilles, Bournouville an Ajax, Marat a Brutus, Collot d'Herbois a Publicola, Roland a Socrates, Manuel a Phocion, Condorcet a Lycurgus, Hebert and Chaumette the brothers Gracchus, and Danton the French Joshua, carrying his countrymen safe through the deserts and gulfs of equality to the promised land of liberty and equality*.

The heavier their yoke of bondage, the more tormented by crime, misery, and famine; the more abject the French subjects, now transformed into republican citizens, discovered them-

* See the Preface of Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 30. This base fury of the French to flattery, went so far as to change the names of streets, squares, villages, and towns. At Marseilles is a street, called, since the Revolution, rue de Necker, Mirabeau, La Fayette, Petion, Marat, Robespierre, and Tallien. When this last regicide lost his popularity, it was called rue Sans Nomme; it is now rue Napoleone. Les Nouvelles a la Main, Messidor, year xii. No. 1. p. 3.

selves.

selves. The more they were oppressed, plundered, and murdered, the greater was their meanness and depravity. At the death of Marat, when no honest man was safe, no criminal punished; when property belonged to nobody, and dread perplexed every body; when blasphemy and profligacy walked barefaced, and hand in hand, and honour and honesty, probity and industry, were immured in dungeons, or expired on the scaffold—the French republicans paid the following homage to the shade of this atrocious character.

"The day after Marat's death, the whole city of Paris was in extreme agitation. Before the Convention had commenced its sittings, the door of the hall was besieged by petitioners, who came from the sections to *deplore the friend of the people*, and invoke vengeance on his assassins. One of the petitioners expressed himself in these words: 'Representatives, the passage from life to death is but a moment. Marat is no more! O crime! the hand of a parricide has snatched from us the most intrepid defender of the people. Marat is no more! He constantly sacrificed himself to public liberty, and that was his offence. Our eyes still seek him in the midst

of you. O dismal sight! he is on the bed of death. Where art thou, David? Thou didst preserve for posterity the image of Lepelletier dying for his country; thou hast now another subject to employ thy pencil. And you, legislators, decree a law founded on the circumstance; the most horrible torments are insufficient to avenge the nation for so enormous a crime. Annihilate for ever both villany and crimes; instruct hireling assassins in the value of life; and, instead of cutting them off in a moment, let the dread of torture disarm those parricides who threaten the lives of the people's representatives.'

No decree followed this sanguinary petition. The attention of the legislature was immediately engaged by Chabot, who related the circumstances of Marat's death, and moved for a decree of accusation against Duperret and Fauchet, as accomplices with Charlotte Cordey, which being supported by the arguments of Couthon, was granted*.

"The death of Marat was hardly announced, when his partizans studied how to make his funeral as grand and interesting as possible. His house not being large enough to gratify the im-

* Debates, Crimes de Marat, p. 43.

mense

mense concourse of people whom curiosity had attracted, it was resolved to embalm his body, and deposit it in the church of the Cordeliers. The whole building was adorned with national colours. In the middle of the nave was an elevated state-bed, surrounded with cyprus, and bearing this inscription: '*Marat, the friend of the people, assassinated by the enemies of the people. Foes to the country, moderate your joy; he will find avengers.*' The crowd who attended to contemplate his features, were however disappointed; he was entirely disfigured, and his corpse was absolutely disgusting.

"His funeral ceremony, which was performed by torch-light, was grand and solemn. Mournful music was heard at intervals, forming an accompaniment to songs of woe, written for the occasion. All else was silence, save the speeches made at stated intervals by orators, who came to pay the last tribute of respect to the friend of the people, and the occasional murmurs of the mob, expressing regret at the loss of *their friend*. The Convention and the Constituted Authorities attended in costume, and the body was escorted by a large detachment of the National Guard. Numerous groups of women, young girls, and chil-

dren, were placed at proper distances, to feign excessive grief; and nothing was omitted, that could convey the appearance of woe and regret.

"The body was deposited in the church-yard of the Cordeliers. The evening of the ceremony, a deputation of the club of Cordeliers attended at the Municipality, to request leave to present a petition to the Convention, in order to obtain for Marat the honours of the Pantheon; but Chaumette, though himself a Cordelier, opposed this proposition. He exclaimed, 'Let *ci-devant* nobles repose in those superb temples; leave to them their sumptuous pantheons. To sans-culottes the temple of Nature belongs. I move, that a stone, a rough stone, be placed on the tomb of Marat, with this single inscription: *Here rests the friend of his country, assassinated by the enemies of his country.*' This plan was adopted, and the funeral ceremony concluded with a grand and affecting piece of music in honour of the deceased.

"On the 28th of July, 1793, the Cordeliers thought proper to honour *the heart of Marat* with a separate ceremony. They sought in the *Garde Meuble de la Couronne* for the most precious

and

and exquisitely ornamented urn, in which they deposited the heart of Marat. The day preceding this ceremony, Real (at present Buonaparte's privy counsellor), a member of the club, read an oration which he had prepared. It had for a motto, *O Cor Jesus! O Cor Marat!* and began thus: 'Heart of Jesus! heart of Marat! ye are equally entitled to our homage.' The blasphemous orator proceeded to compare the life of our blessed Saviour with that of the friend of the people. Marat's apostles were the Jacobins and Cordeliers; the publicans, the shop-keepers; and the Pharisees, the aristocrats. 'Jesus was a prophet,' said the orator; 'Marat is a deity.' Continuing his eulogy, he compared Marat's concubine to the Virgin Mary; the one concealed the infant Jesus in Egypt; the other saved the friend of the people from the sword of La Fayette.—This discourse was received with considerable applause. But another member, Dubois (at present Buonaparte's prefect of police), found cause for censure. 'We must hear *no more* of this Jesus,' he said; 'it is all nonsense. Republicans own no God but philosophy and liberty.' The speech was not declaimed, but the ceremony took place. The urn, containing the heart, was hung up with great pomp in the dome of the hall

of the Cordeliers. Robespierre, and the principal members of the Mountain, attended; the whole audience were decorated with red caps, and every act denoted extravagance and enthusiasm. Forty-eight feasts were given in honour of him. On the 25th November it was decreed that the bust of Mirabeau should be moved from the Pantheon, to make room for Marat's; and images of him were distributed all over France. One of the sections of Paris assumed his name; which was also given to Havre de Grace; to Port Dauphin, in Madagascar; and to the Isle of Bouen. His name was also applied to one of the companies of the revolutionary army, to a ship of the line, and assumed by many individuals in revolutionary committees in various parts of the country. David (a member of Buonaparte's Legion of *Honour*, and now employed in painting the coronation of this worthy successor of Marat) painted a picture on the subject of his death, and, in pronouncing his eulogium, mentioned his acquaintance with Marat, as a *consolation* for having come into the world too late to be personally known to Cato, Aristides, Socrates, and many other illustrious ancients*.

* See the entertaining and well written Biographical Memoirs, by Adolphus, vol. ii. p. 55, et seq. from which the above particulars are taken.

Robes-

Robespierre placed the bust of Marat on the altar of the Supreme Being, and the National Convention afterwards decreed his canonization in the Pantheon. At the beginning of the plays at all the theatres it was also the custom to introduce a bust of him, to receive the applauses of the *patriotic* spectators. Even so late as 1796, were observed in corners of streets, under the niches that formerly contained the busts of saints, these words: '*Sancte Marat ora pro nobis**.'

Atheism in its turn was proclaimed, flattered, and idolized by the same *great* nation. A prostitute, who had become the wife of a revolutionary printer, Momoro, was adored as a Goddess of Reason. She was worshipped by the representatives of the people, as well as by the people at large. She was seated on altars highly decorated, and perfumes were burned before her. Processions of thousands accompanied, addressed their prayers to her, and celebrated her deification. She was treated and feasted in fraternal and sisterly banquets. While citizens of the male sex prostrated themselves before her, female citizens petitioned to be accepted as her

* In 1796 the author observed this inscription remaining in several places from which Marat's bust had been removed.

priestesses. One of these petitions is too curious not to find a place in this sketch.

" *Paris, November 12th, 1793, the second year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.*

" AMIABLE GODDESS,

" My father was broken on the wheel, my mother died under the gallows; I was myself debauched by a brother sans-culotte before I saw my second lustre, and before twelve I was the mother of a child of many fathers. I am now fifteen, and possess, with the birth of a true sans-culotte, the sentiments of the purest sans-culottism. I knew of no God, nor heard of any goddess before the 10th instant. You were the first of all human and divine beings I ever adored. I am a firm lover of liberty and equality, and therefore will never stoop to serve an equal; but you, whose universal virtues merit the altars you occupy, whose beauty eclipses a Venus, and whose talents would make a Minerva blush; who unite with the most brilliant qualities of a human being, the supernatural powers of a heavenly goddess, accept me for one of your priestesses. My life shall be employed to invoke you. I shall make up in zeal what I am defective in capacity.

pacity. I shall then be an example of edification, as I already am a model of staunch sans-culottism.

" Health, respect, and adoration,

(Signed) " MARGARITE BONNARD*."

Cloitre Notre Dame. No. 34.

To pass over in silence all the other blasphemies, immoralities, or absurdities, heaped upon a Danton, a Hebert, a Chaumette, a Pache, a Camille Desmoulin, and their numerous accomplices, another revolutionary idol, equally famous, presents himself, and claims an infamous notoriety. Robespierre outdid all his predecessors in premeditated cruelty, and the French republicans in their offerings to him, outdid all their former vileness of adulation.

Buonaparte's present member of his Legion of Honour, De la Lande, finding nothing upon earth *worthy* to eternize Maximilian Robespierre, ransacks the heavens, where a new planet pre-

* See the Preface of Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 32. In the Revolutionary Plutarch, vol. iii. is a curious letter of Buonaparte's brother-in-law, and *Knight of the Prussian Eagle*, Murat, who desired to change his name Murat for that of Marat.

sents itself, and humbly *claims*, by the divine name of Maximilian, *to share* his *immortality*. David, another member of Buonaparte's Legion of Honour, *deifies* even a Supreme Being, by bestowing on him the face of Robespierre. One hundred and sixty-six streets, ten villages, and six towns, emulate in *patriotism* to be permitted to assume his great name. Within ten months four thousand and forty-four children were baptized Robespierre, and sixteen churches changed their former names to that of St. Maximilian *.

The members of the Committee of Public Safety, many of whom are now Buonaparte's senators, privy counsellors, &c. in their reports to the Convention, loaded him with the most exaggerated praises, and the journalists extolled him above all heroes of antiquity. Wherever he went, he was surrounded by a crowd of officious flatterers, who attended to every one of his motions, and seemed to place their whole happiness in his smile. He received numerous addresses from the departments, in which all the modes and expressions of adulation were exhaust-

* See the Preface of Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 36.

ed.

ed. He was styled the *glorious* incorruptible Robespierre, who protects the republic by his *virtues* and talents, as with a shield; who joins to the self-denial of a Spartan or Roman of early date the eloquence of an Athenian. Even the *tenderness* and *humanity* of his disposition were praised! One man congratulated himself on a personal resemblance to him; and another, at the distance of six hundred miles, declared he was hastening to Paris to *feast* his eyes with a sight of him. He was compared, not by an individual, but *by a body of people*, to the Messiah, announced by the Supreme Being as the reformer of all things; and afterwards he was said to manifest himself, like the Almighty, by miracles. On one occasion a *Te Deum* was performed for him, the burthen of which was, *Vive Robespierre, Vive la Republique*!*

After the execution of this monster, of his successors, Tallien was baptized a Coriolanus—a Curtius; Barras a Scipio; Rewbel a Solon; La Reveilliere Lepeaux a Fabius; and Carnot a Vauban—a Marlborough. Pichegru also in his turn was complimented as a Gustavus Adolphus;

* Tench's Correspondence, p. 194. Courtois's Report of the 16th Nivose, an iii. (January 5, 1795).

Jourdan

Jourdan as a Turenne, and Moreau as a Xenophon—a Bellisle. But it is particularly with Napoleone Buonaparte that enthusiasm of servility, and servile adulation has been carried to its extremest height. Surpassing, with his hypocrisy and duplicity added to his ferocity, even Robespierre in enormities, his slaves also surpass those of that regicide tyrant in meanness and profanation. He has proclaimed himself as the father and protector of the western family; and the execrable Ex-Bishop Talleyrand has saluted him a *providence* of Europe. Degraded senators, cardinals, bishops, legislators, prefects, and the whole pack of revolutionary reptiles, have ran a race of infamy round the blood-stained throne of the sanguinary usurper. Their disgusting addresses, their dastardly speeches have often soiled even the pages of a *Moniteur*, and are too numerous, too voluminous even to admit of extracts. The following letter, however, though short, is a chef d'œuvre of French republican baseness and flattery.

"SIRE!

"You are only my Sovereign, but I adore your Majesty as my God. I am only your Majesty's subject,

ject, but I worship—I admire—I extol your Majesty as my Creator, as the creator of universal *happiness*, of universal *liberty*; as the faithful representative upon earth of that Supreme Being ruling the heavens. Sire! these expressions are disinterested, dictated by the innermost feelings of my heart. I have from your Majesty's bounty more than I desire—more than I deserve. I shall live and die contented, if I continue to be worthy of my Gracious Sovereign's good will. To my last breath, I have the honour to remain,

" SIRE,

" Your Majesty's most submissive, most faithful and most humble subject,

(Signed) " GARY, Tribune.

" *Paris, the 20th Prairial, year xii.*

June 10, 1804."

If the *virtues* of Napoleone cloud the glory of a Marat and Robespierre, the adulators of Madame Napoleone rival the adorers even of the Goddess of Reason. One writes thus:

" MADAME,

" In the composition of your Majesty's house-

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Thermidor, year xii. No. 1. p. 6. The tribune, Gary, was the same month made a prefect of the department of Tarn.

hold,

hold, condescend to remember a person who, from her infancy, applauded your Majesty as the *model* of your sex; who, morning and night, has prayed to Providence to bestow on her some of your Majesty's many superfluous *divine virtues*. They are more than sufficient to ensure her respect and admiration here, and a paradise hereafter.

"MADAME,

"Your Majesty's most humble, most attached, most faithful subject and servant,

(Signed) "OCTAVE SEGUR*.

"*Paris, the 24th Prairial, year xii.*
June 14*th*, 1805."

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Thermidor, year xii. No 2. p. 4. Madame Octave Segur is at present one of Madame Buonaparte's maids of honour. Their revolutionary Majesties reward flattery as liberally as they severely punish truth.

MADAME

MADAME TALLEYRAND.

THOUGH humbled or reduced by the Revolution, no lady in France, of any pure or spotless reputation, has hitherto degraded her native worth, to unite herself either with the atheist who denied his God, or with the traitor who deserted his King; with the rebel who made philosophy a cloak for pillage; or with the regicide who, under the mask of patriotism, stabbed his King as well as his fellow-subjects. The wife of Napoleone Buonaparte was a known adultress when married to the late Viscount de Beauharnois, whose corpse was hardly cold, before she exchanged adultery for prostitution, in becoming mistress of the married regicide Barras, who, with the command of the Army of Italy, delivered her over to the Corsican adventurer as a worthy spouse. All Buonaparte's sisters were courtezans or harlots, until the fortune that made him a victorious general, made them

honest

honest women, if vice allied to crime can be called *honesty*.

Who were a Madame Rœderer, a Madame Fouché, a Madame Chaptal, a Madame Genlis, a Madame Necker, a Madame Tallien, a Madame de Stael; a Madame Roland, and most other Frenchwomen, whose husbands, or who themselves, have figured in the French rebellion, but matrimonial, and, what was worse, revolutionary intriguers; and often both the one and the other? With Frenchwomen profligacy has always accompanied disaffection; and the political female has frequently been the abandoned wife, the polluted sister, or the perverse daughter.

Madame Grand, the present Madame Talleyrand, was born in a Danish settlement in the East Indies in 1764, and is one of the most beautiful, but most debauched, women of her age. With manners naturally easy, with passions naturally warm, and with principles light, unsettled, and unfixed, she unites something pleasing, something seemingly unaffected, unstudied, simple, innocent, and unpremeditated ingenuousness. She has a tear or a blush always at her command, though her temper is even, and her nerves not irritable.

irritable. She embraces her husband with the same seeming candour the instant after she has intrigued with her lover, or left the arms of her gallant, as if she had during the whole time been dutifully studying how to promote his happines, or how to perform actions the most meritorious and the most honourable *.

That Madame Talleyrand has no pretensions to genius, every body who has frequented her society knows, and she avows acutely, and with *naiveté* herself, that she is a *belle-bête*. But a long habit, perhaps from her infancy, has naturalized to her an art to impose, a cunning to deceive, an hypocrisy to delude, or an adroitness to dupe, that surpasses or supplants the ability and experience of the most crafty, of the most witty, of the most voluptuous female intriguer; of the vainest, most libertine female coquette †.

By her figure, as well as by her constitution and temperament, she seems formed for love, and for nothing else. She understands to great perfection how to do the honours of her table; but when inclined, and it is seldom she is not, she is said to surpass every body else in doing

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Frimaire, an xi. No. 1. p. 3.
† Idem, Germinal, an xi. No. 3. p. 2.

the

the honours of her boudoirs. She has shewn great taste in decorating and furnishing her apartments; but undressed and unornamented herself, she is stated to be a Venus de Medicis, with a form as perfect as her mind is vacant or empty. Talleyrand is said to have declared with his usual *modest* sincerity, "that having wit and talents for two, he had married a woman, who, almost destitute of common sense, had more *natural* concealed and corporeal perfection, than two dozen of other women, collected, exposed, or picked up together. That he did not take or select a wife to be either a friend, a companion, a counsellor, or a tyrant, but merely to fulfil that office for which Nature had formed them—that of being good bed-fellows; and thus far he had obtained the matrimonial prize." He added, with *resignation* and *philosophy*, "that he cared little about whether she cuckolded him behind his back, or was faithless in his absence, provided in his presence she was complaisant, obedient, insinuating, pleasing, good humoured, and caressing *."

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Messidor, an xii. No. 1. p. 5, and 6.

It

It is pretended by some that Madame Talleyrand's first marriage was the consequence of interest, and not formed by inclination; while others assert, that her and Mr. Grand's affection was reciprocal, and long preceded an union, which indiscretion, imprudence, and infidelity on her part, forced her indignant husband to dissolve *.

Madame Grand had long been famous in the annals of gallantry in Asia, before her name appeared in the scandalous chronicle of Europe. Mr. F—, then a member of the Supreme Council at Bengal, was convicted and fined by the tribunal of Calcutta, fifty thousand rupees, for criminal conversation with this lady, having introduced himself, with the aid of a ladder, into her bed-room, where Mr. Grand surprised him, while a friend of his was kindly watching in the garden. After judgment had been pronounced against Mr. F—, the good nature of Sir E. I—, one of the judges, increased the worth of Madame Grand's virtue sixteen *per cent.* by ordering the damages to be paid in Sicca rupees. This judge and Mr. F—, are said to have been invited

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Brumaire, an x. No. 4. p. 4.

by

by Talleyrand, during the last peace, to a dinner, where Madame Talleyrand did the honours of the table, and her *ci-devant* husband, Mr. Grand, was one of the guests. It is difficult to carry connubial toleration and revolutionary politeness farther!

But, notwithstanding the cause of her separation from Mr. Grand, the train of life she led at Paris before her emigration, evinced that had she been ever so culpable, her late husband had not been ungenerous. Her retinue was numerous and splendid, her hotel furnished in the most fashionable style, and her expences indicated wealth if not extravagance. But the society she frequented, and the depraved gallants by whom she was surrounded, occasioned even the most indulgent to lament that corruption and vice should stain so much beauty, debase so many charms, and cloud so much elegance. *

Before her arrival in England in the summer of 1792, Talleyrand had been in her company at Paris, but if among her admirers there, he was never supposed to be among the successful ones; and in courting her in London, he was at first

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Nivose, an xi. No. 1. p. 2.

more

more in love with her fortune than with her person, or rather by enjoying the one, he hoped to be enabled to dispose of the other. Could he only gratify his passion for riches and lust, for gluttony and debauchery, it was the same to him whether saluted as the prime minister of an usurper, or despised as the male bawd of a brothel; his morals and his principles did not oppose either, and all impartial and loyal men must acknowledge, that the present political pander is not more estimable than a defamed pimp would have been respectable *.

Concerning Madame Talleyrand's arrival in this country, the author has been favoured by Lieutenant Nath. Belchier, of the Royal Navy, with the following interesting circumstances, inserted here in the very words of this gallant and loyal officer †:

"In August 1792, after the massacre of the tenth, Madame Grand (the present Madame Talleyrand), made her escape from France, after seeing her porter, a Swiss, murdered under her windows. In her flight she left every thing at

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Nivose, an xi. No. 1. p. 3.

† See the Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand, vol. i. p. 350, et seq.

the

the mercy of the republicans, and landed at Dover, with her maid, a few changes of linen, and not more than a dozen Louis d'ors in her pocket. It was in this place I became acquainted with the lady and her misfortunes, and that the national seal had been fixed on her property, and placed at the disposal of the nation.

" Madame Grand had been married to a Mr. Grand, an Englishman, in the East Indies, but from some serious disagreement, had parted without a divorce. It was, therefore, thought possible, that her claims as a British subject might be attended to, and the seals taken off. On this errand a Mr. O'Dwyer and myself set off for Paris, invested with full powers by Madame Grand, at a time when strangers of every nation were leaving it as fast as possible. Luckily for the object of our mission, the name of an Englishman was then a passport of protection through France, and my then situation in the English navy, though but that of a midshipman, I believe, was of service. However, after some trouble, the seals were removed from her house, *rue de Mirabeau*, *section de Mirabeau*, from her cabinet, escrutoir, &c. &c. and we were desired to inform her, that she might return without being called

to

to account for her flight. This was not enough; it was not the intention of Madame Grand to return, but to get as many of her effects to England as possible, and to remain there until affairs might take a turn in her favour; we therefore resolved, at any risk, and in the face of a decree, denouncing under penalty of death, any person found transporting the current coin, or plate, out of the Republic, above the value of one hundred livres (4*l.*), to rescue the whole of her portable property. On the 19th of September, about seven o'clock, we left Paris, with her plate, mostly gold, valued at eighty thousand livres (3300*l.*); jewels at three hundred thousand livres (12,500*l.*); besides two thousand one hundred Louis d'ors (2100*l.*) secured in belts about our persons; and actions, or demands, on the Caisse d'Escompte for two hundred thousand livres (8000*l.*) more, which I should suppose were of but little use. After much trouble, and constant danger of being discovered, we arrived on the 25th with the whole at Dover; and delivered to Madame Grand the wreck of her fortune, refusing every pecuniary recompense whatever, she defraying our expences only, which amounted to about sixty pounds. I can lay my hand on my heart,

and say, that the part of this business I undertook, was from no other motive than that of rescuing a beautiful suffering royalist from distress; and though, at that time, not possessed of ten pounds in the world, I rejected every offer of reward, thinking that I had a sufficient one in the contemplation of what I had done. I was then about twenty-one years of age.

"Madame Grand honoured us with two other commissions equally dangerous. The first was to call on Madame Champion, then living concealed in Boulogne, at a hair-dresser's, *rue de Capucin*, to inquire if she had any commands for Paris. This lady gave us letters for her husband, the ex-minister, then outlawed by the Convention, with a price set upon his head. We visited him in his hiding place, and received papers from him for Madame Champion. Though utter strangers, I am proud to say, he seemed conscious we would not betray him—it was enough that *we were Englishmen.* The second, which we had likewise the good fortune to accomplish, was to assist the escape of Madame Grand's friend, Madame Villmain, from Abbeville. We disguised her in sailor's clothes, and conducted her safe to England; but, I am sorry to say, this lady soon after returned

returned to France, in hopes of sending thence assistance to her friends at Coblentz, but she was detected and guillotined."

In the summer of 1798, the author was released from prison in France, where he had gone to claim his property, which had been sequestered since the war. He was then often invited by Madame Grand to her villa near Montmorency, twelve miles from Paris. Here he regularly met Talleyrand, and most of the foreign ambassadors to the late court of Luxembourg; and as a curious coincidence, intending to go to England, was asked by this lady, who had procured him a pass from a neutral minister, to bring over with him, on his return to France, those very jewels and other valuables that Lieutenant Belchier had, with so much risk and disinterestedness, saved in 1792, but which were then deposited in the Bank of England. His voyage was prevented by a new imprisonment, and, of course, he could not oblige Madame Grand, who then frequently declared, "that the debauchée Talleyrand was the last person upon earth she should like for a husband."

After passing four years in England, Madame Grand returned to Paris under a fictitious name

inserted in a neutral pass, the present of a friend, a neutral ambassador to the court of St. James's; and she continued to reside *incognito* with Talleyrand until the spring of 1797. He then presented a petition to the Directory, in the name of Madame Grand, in which she *proved* herself to have been born a Danish subject, though married to an Englishman, *whom she detested because he had made her unhappy* *. This petition was referred to Citizen Cochon, the then minister of police, whose approbation it obtained. She could, therefore, without danger, shew herself at Paris and in the French Republic, but from *prudence* she remained under the protection of the Danish minister, Chevalier Dreyer, as long as she or Talleyrand were undecided about transforming illicit adultery into legal prostitution. According to the laws of Great Britain, to which she has not ceased to be amenable, she is still the wife of Mr. Grand, from whom she never has been divorced.

In the summer of the same year, when Talleyrand, by his intrigues, had succeeded in penetrating into the revolutionary ministry, Madame

* Notice sur la Vie Publique de Citoyen Talleyrand, &c. p. 43.

Grand

Grand was officially hailed as his favourite Sultana, and her house at Montmorency became the rendezvous of all those foreign diplomatic agents, or directorial courtiers, whom he judged necessary to his designs, whose services he expected, whose influence he knew, and whose assistance he courted.

It is indeed difficult to say what could induce Madame Grand to prostitute herself and her reputation with a man of whose depravity she had been informed, and with whose libertinism she was not unacquainted; who never made a mistress happy, but who often had declared his greatest satisfaction was to witness the misery of those females he had ruined *. Some pretended that it originated in a feeble mind, that knew and detested him, but wanted courage to express itself, and therefore accepted a faithless man as a friend, and a disagreeable one as a lover. Others, and those her apologists, in not denying her own want of energy and her dislike of Talleyrand, insinuate that gratitude for having by his means recovered her sequestered property, silenced all other feelings, and even changed

* Les Intrigues de C. M. Talleyrand, p. 67.

disgust into affection, and contempt into confidence *. But her indiscreet friends do not see, that in degrading her understanding they libel her heart. She had always during her emigration, property enough even to live in affluence, both from what Lieutenant Belchier, with such honourable disinterestedness, and at so much risk, had saved for her, and from an unlimited credit sent her by Mr. Grand from Switzerland; who, hearing of her flight to England, and not knowing her circumstances, forgot that he had been injured by her, only remembering that she bore his name, and had once been worthy of his love as well as of his esteem, and that if she had since been culpable, she then perhaps was unfortunate †.

This was a conduct which might naturally be expected from a Briton, because it is honourable to the man. In what a different manner has the *delicate* French citizen Talleyrand acted! He has always openly, though not much to the credit either of a mistress or of a wife, declared, that she was just the woman he wanted, and that of the whole *female army* he had known and

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Floreal, an x. No. 4. p. 4, and 5.

† Les Intrigues de C. M. Talleyrand, p. 71.

com-

commanded, the person who best suited his purposes: not having *sense* enough to delude him by interfering in any political intrigues, but *habit* enough to do sufficiently the honours of her house. She was an inoffensive but pleasing companion at table, but Venus herself in bed, which was all that he looked for*.

Whether he much trusted in her fidelity, may be concluded from the following anecdote. His valet-de-chambre, who was also his pimp, introduced to his acquaintance, during his stay in Germany, a young daughter of a protestant clergyman, whom he soon debauched and carried away with him in the disguise, first of a jockey, and afterwards, as she grew taller, in that of a *private* secretary. When Madame Grand came back to Paris he made this girl assume the dress of her sex, and recommended her to his mistress as a chambermaid, or rather as a governess, because she has been obliged to submit to the rudeness as well as to the awkwardness of this Abigail, who watched her words, reported her actions, inspected her correspondence, and embroiled her with her lover, or pacified him,

* Les Intrigues de C. M. Talleyrand, p. 72.

just as humour, anger, malice, or caprice dictated. This woman Talleyrand now calls the prefect of the female department in his house, and Madame Talleyrand is to this time more afraid of provoking her than offending her husband*.

Though Madame Talleyrand cannot boast of brilliancy of genius, she certainly does not want that social capacity, that good sense, and those *light* accomplishments, which good breeding and good company always confer. She commits more blunders than errors. She often excites a laugh, but never contempt; but what is most curious, Talleyrand is the first to entertain his guests at the expence of his wife. As a proof of her ingenuousness he often relates, that when in the autumn of 1797, the Directory negotiated a loan, and Buonaparte *gave England as security for its acquittal*, Madame Grand wrote to him, expressing her uneasiness on account of her jewels, plate, &c. deposited in the Bank of England, and begged him to inform Buonaparte of it. In return she was answered by him, "that having always her interest at heart more than his own,

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Thermidor, an xi. No. 2. p. 4, 5.

he

he had obtained from the Directory a special decree, which exempted her property in England from being included in Buonaparte's patriotic pledge, and that it therefore was safe." By his advice she was ingenuous enough to communicate her demand and his answer to several persons, to the great amusement of the then fashionable circles, and revolutionary wits*.

Before his marriage, Talleyrand never neglected, on the ninth day of every decade, to visit Madame Grand, at Montmorency, where he remained until the first of the next decade. As he was never fond of solitude, persons agreeable or entertaining, those he could dupe, or those he expected to amuse him, were informed a week before by the hostess, that their presence would be acceptable. The choicest dishes were served, the finest wines were drank, and amusements were numerous as well as various. Plays and farces were represented by comedians from the capital, or by amateurs of the company, who were chiefly good musicians, or amateurs able to treat their friends with excellent concerts. A bank of *Rouge et Noir*, another of *Pharo*, and

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Thermidor, an xi. No. 2. in the note of p. 5.

a third of *La Roulette* or *Birribi*, lightened the pockets of those who found no pleasure in more rational or less expensive amusements; more innocent games, for pledges or fines, often intervened. The grave ex-bishop, and the crafty minister, sometimes even jumped about at Madame Grand's favourite blindman's-buff, and frequently set the party in a roar by his tricks as much as by his clumsiness. He was witty and cunning even when blindfolded*.

Although Buonaparte, before he sailed for Egypt, had hinted to his dear moitié, that the less she frequented this coterie the better; the rouleaus on the gaming table, and the delicious juice of the grape in crystal decanters, were too tempting for a disconsolate, deserted wife, not to prefer them to the admonitions of an absent husband. Most of the ladies of these parties at Montmorency, were either, like Madame Grand, separated wives, living in open adultery, or like Madame Buonaparte and Madame Tallien, wives of *many* husbands. The manners, language, and customs of fashionable revolutionary companies, were so different from those of the

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, p. 35.

fashion-

fashionable societies of all other countries, that a faithful and genuine description of them would every where be thought an exaggerated caricature. Buonaparte, since his usurpation, has certainly improved them; but an attentive observer will soon distinguish the mixture of upstart valets fraternizing with their former masters, whom they have ruined*.

It has been calculated, that the gambling banks organized by Talleyrand at Montmorency, more than paid him and Madame Grand for the expences of the house and table. Any person who had not the *politeness* to lose from twenty to fifty Louis d'ors, was seldom invited a second time. The bankers, who were ruined emigrants, farmed, in 1800, these banks, at the rate of twelve hundred Louis d'ors (1200*l.*) per month, and gained often double that sum. Talleyrand boasted to every body of this act of *generosity*. One of these emigrants was a relation of his, plundered by the revolution of sixty thousand livres (2500*l.*) per annum.

Because the former Kings of France, Louis XIII. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. made their ministers cardinals, Buonaparte proposed to Tal-

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, p. 43.

leyrand in 1802, to procure him the same dignity. From motives best known to himself, he had however then determined to marry Madame Grand; when, therefore, this proposal was made, he cunningly answered, that those cardinals were *prime ministers;* but that the great Henry IV. had no cardinal for a minister, but a *friend* in his minister Sully. The same day he obtained the usurper's permission to accept of the *pure* hand of Madame Grand, who shortly afterwards became his wife.

That there is always something rough or low in Buonaparte's way of expressing himself, every body who has been unfortunate enough to be in his presence knows, as well as that he is capable of using the most abusive and indelicate language with the greatest indifference. He also frequently makes use of terms only to be found in the mouth of the upstart soldier, and proscribed by all good company. Madame Talleyrand was complimented by him on her first introduction into the circle of Madame Buonaparte, after this lady was become a mock sovereign, in the following impertinent manner: "*J'espere que Madame Talleyrand, fera oublier Madame Grand.*" (Or, "I hope that Madame Talleyrand will cause

cause Madame Grand to be forgotten.") To this grenadier compliment she answered properly enough, though somewhat in confusion, "That she would always be proud to follow the example of Madame Buonaparte." If Madame Talleyrand had been looked upon as a lady of parts, her answer might have been thought a witty one.

It is stated that Talleyrand now allows his wife for her yearly expence six hundred thousand livres (25,000*l.*), besides double that sum for his establishment in town, and four hundred thousand livres (16,000*l.*) a year for his establishment in the country. But she at present imitates the conduct of her husband: what money she does not lose in gambling, she hoards up, and those persons who provide for her house and table, for her dress and for her extravagance, are left to shift for themselves; but should they become too troublesome, their complaints are *forgot*, or *buried* in the Temple, or *removed* to Cayenne*.

* Les Nouvelles a la Main, Ventose, year xii. No. 2. p. 6. It is said in a note of the same page, that those tradesmen who refuse or decline to deal with Talleyrand or his wife, are as severely punished as those who, after giving credit, demand payment.

AGNES

AGNES BARBE GERARD,

THE ARRAS ORPHAN.

AMONG the many French revolutionary monsters, that with a Buonaparte, a Fouché, and their accomplices, have, under the human shape, dishonoured and debased the human species, was an ex-priest of the name of Joseph Lebon. Whilst Buonaparte was cannonading, cutting, and stabbing, at Toulon, and Fouché shooting and drowning at Lyons, and in La Vendée, Lebon murdered and guillotined at Arras.

With Fouché, Lebon was, before the Revolution, a friar of the Order of Oratoire; and, like Fouché, he deserted and denied his God, betrayed and condemned his King. Nominated a member of the National Convention, he was by the Committee of Public Safety sent as a representative of the people to the department of the North and of the Pas de Calais, and fixed upon Arras for the theatre of his atrocities. His first acts were to institute a revolutionary tribunal,

tribunal, and to force it to condemn some women to death for not wearing the national cockade. To avoid all solicitations in favour of suspected or arrested persons, he had a paper posted upon his door, with these words: "Those who enter here to demand any favours, or the liberty of aristocrats, will quit my apartment only for a prison;" and, in fact, all those who presented any petitions, were immediately imprisoned.

On the decade, or the republican holiday, Lebon, accompanied by the executioner and revolutionary judges, went to the place of execution, where he had ordered an orchestra to be placed by the side of the guillotine; from which he thus addressed all young girls of the city and of the neighbourhood, whom he had put in requisition to be present: "Young girls, do not listen to what your mothers tell you; follow the voice of Nature; give yourselves up to the embraces, and deliver yourselves up to the arms and caresses of your lovers*.

* See Prudhomme's Histoire Generale, vol. vi. p. 343, et seq. and Les Annales de Terrorisme, p. 505, et seq. From these two works are extracted the *whole* concerning Lebon in this sketch.

By

By his perfidious suggestions to deprave even youth, numbers of young children were engaged in the most disgusting licentiousness and debaucheries. Atheism, and the violation of all natural and moral duties, were applauded and encouraged by him; and his answer to parents who dared to complain, was always, "Hold your tongues, or the guillotine shall silence your aristocracy. Your children are true patriots, true republicans, and true sans-culottes." Some of these young vagabonds became, therefore, so audacious, as to denounce, and even strike, the authors of their days. The usual epithets they gave their mothers, were, d—d b—s, d—d wh—s, or aristocratical fanatics. Some of them formed a guard of *honour* to Lebon, and, already familiar with blood, carried with them small guillotines, with which they beheaded birds, dogs, cats, and rats, for amusement. A boy of the name of Damiens, only thirteen years old, kept up a regular correspondence with most other children, and received their denunciations against their parents, or reports of their own progress in depravity.

Lebon's, as well as Buonaparte's and Fouché's tyranny, extended even to the theatres, where he often

often ascended the stage, interrupted the play, and drew his sabre in a threatening manner. He spoke to the audience, praising the Agrarian laws, and entreating them to leave their children to themselves, to their natural passions. One day he called out, "You have long enough, brave sans-culottes, dwelt in caves and in garrets. It is for you that those large houses, that these beautiful hotels, are erected. I have in my hands an expedient which shall soon enable you to get possession of them; I mean the *holy* guillotine." "Sans-culottes," exclaimed he another day, "denounce bravely, that you may the sooner quit your misery. It is for you that the guillotine is so active. If I did not guillotine, you would be starved to death. Sans-culottes, you must take the place of the rich. Formerly they amused themselves all the day long. It will hereafter be enough for you to labour some few hours, and to divert yourselves the remaining part of the day." "Stupid fool," said he to a sans-culotte, "you complain of your poverty—have you no nobleman, no rich aristocrat, no wealthy banker or merchant, for your neighbour? Denounce them, I promise you that their houses and property shall instantly be yours."

One

One evening, on his arrival at the play-house, finding the ladies did not rise to compliment him, he called out from his box, "Sans-culottes! do you not see that these female aristocrats, who formerly prostrated themselves before princes, do not disarrange themselves before a representative of twenty-five millions of people. To prison with them all to-night, and to-morrow to the guillotine with them."

A young man, an ideot from his infancy, of the name of Bacqueville, was arrested with his parents, who were rich, and suspected of being fanatics. When brought before Lebon, he apostrophized him in these words: "Let us see if your Jesus Christ will save you from the guillotine;" and turning towards the trembling mother with a pistol pointed to her head, he said, "Speak, or I will blow out your brains!" She contented herself with turning her regards toward heaven. "Yes, yes," continued he, "all aristocrats and fanatics expect succours from above; but d—n me if they shall not be disappointed." The next day he caused it to be announced by the beating of drums and the sound of trumpets, that, before midnight, this family should perish; and they were all guillotined

lotined by the light of flambeaux the same evening.

A young and beautiful girl, just fifteen, Annette Ausart, threw herself at Lebon's feet to obtain the relief of her parents and brothers. Though he kicked her and abused her, she continued clinging to his legs, calling out in the most doleful manner, "My father, my mother, my brothers, are all innocent!"—"As you are so obstinate," said the villain, "come into my room, we may arrange the affair." His first question to her was, whether she was still a maid, and if her filial affection was so great as to sacrifice her virginity to save the lives of her parents and brothers? After a long internal combat, which pleased him the more, she consented: "Go home," said he, "wash and perfume yourself, and come back at ten o'clock to-night. But do not attempt to impose upon me—if you are not a maid, you shall not see to-morrow." Trembling she returned at the appointed hour. "Here," said Lebon, "is my friend the physician Blondel, who with his certificate must verify whether you are the innocent girl you pretend to be." In his presence the infamous Blondel began his verification, which turned out in favour of poor Annette, though it made her faint

faint away. She was then undressed and carried to the bed of Lebon, with whom she passed the night. Half an hour after day-light she awoke, terrified at hearing some cannibal airs played under the windows. Lebon then rung the bell, and upon the entry of his aid-de-camp, Duponchel, inquired if his orders of the evening before had been executed. Being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Then draw the curtains of the windows." Horrid to relate—the severed heads of Annette's parents and brothers, with those of twenty-two other individuals, presented themselves to her sight! In a fit of frenzy she attempted to tear out Lebon's eyes, who, by offering an assignat of five livres, added insult to barbarity, telling her that for the same price he might enjoy every maid in the department of the *Pas de Calais*. By depriving Annette of her reason, Providence preserved her from feeling her shocking situation. In 1802 she continued confined in a mad-house*!

Women imprisoned as suspected, were searched by him in the most indecent manner; stript of every thing, even their shift, and exposed to the most insolent lubricity. The blushes that co-

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 509, and Prudhomme's History as before.

vered

vered their faces indicatd their alarms. Shuddering they turned their eyes from the man who outraged them. He pursued, however, with obstinacy his hideous design, and his guilty hands, under pretence that some papers might be concealed, left nothing untouched. By the side of a girl who opposed some resistance to his criminal projects, he placed two centinels, with orders to pierce her with their bayonets if she made the least movement. With another young lady he acted as a midwife with his proceedings on her body, under pretence that he suspected her to be in a state of pregnancy. "It is pity," said he, "that after such an outrage, such elegant forms are to become the prey of the executioner, but you will be guillotined this afternoon. The most obscene language insulted the ears of all females, who were daily obliged to suffer these and other revolting scenes. Even after death had delivered these unfortunate ladies from the hands of this monster, he ordered the executioner to exercise on their corpses the greatest horrors, in placing them in the most indecent positions*, &c. &c.

* Histoire Generale, &c. vol. iv. p. 377.

But

But enough has already been related of the atrocities of this *patriotic* regenerator, who within seven months murdered, or caused to be murdered, in 1794, at Arras and Cambrai, upwards of two thousand persons of both sexes; who crowded the prisons with six times that number, and who besides removed by his plunder, or dispersed by his terror, fifty thousand families*. May the reading of these abominations instruct Britons in what they have to expect from French fraternity, should disunion, indifference, disaffection, or want of energy, ever permit revolutionary Frenchmen to pollute this happy land with their cursed presence! It is true, that after the death of Robespierre, Lebon was tried, and in his turn guillotined; but did his punishment restore virtue and innocence to life, property to the plundered, and to France her former happiness? Has she not, ever since she ceased to be loyal and dutiful, been combating for the choice of her tyrants only? Does she enjoy more liberty under a Buonaparte than under a Robespierre? Are not the life and property of every Frenchman still as much at the disposal of a Buo-

* Histoire Generale, &c. vol. vi. p. 386.

naparte

naparte as they were of a Robespierre? Slavery and misery are always the inseparable companions of rebellion*.

In the summer of 1802, the writer of this was, one fine afternoon, walking in the Luxembourg garden at Paris, a place less resorted to by the giddy and gay, by the coxcomb and coquette, than the Thuilleries and the Palais Royal; but there are often found, meditating in mournful silence, those victims of the revolution, who have to lament the loss of fortune, of friends, and of relatives. Observing some young girls dressed nearly in the same manner, taking a walk in the grand alley, under the care of an elderly lady, he went up to her, and inquiring whether these young persons belonged to some public institution: with that polite and affable condescension which distinguishes all well-bred women in France, he was answered, that they were the female deaf and dumb, under the care of the inestimable Abbé Siccard, who has employed his life and talents to alleviate the pains of suffering humanity.

* Lebon was guillotined on the 5th October 1796. See his defence in the Moniteur of 1795, No. 288, and article Lebon in Dictionnaire Biographique, vol. ii. p. 371.

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When, as an apology for his intrusion, he informed her that he was a stranger, and a British subject, not guided by curiosity alone, the good old woman, upon hearing his name, burst into tears, saying, "Sir, I was a nun in the very same English convent where your unfortunate sister, so cruelly murdered at Orange, was educated; two priests, my brothers, were guillotined the same day with her." Reader, pardon, if the style of the author is sometimes rather passionate. An only sister assassinated under twenty, is not the sole, dear, and irreparable loss he has to deplore. Mournful remembrance, therefore, often banishes calmness, excludes tranquillity as well as happiness; but he never expresses a sentiment he does not feel to the bottom of his heart.

It is unnecessary to explain that reciprocal misfortunes, reciprocal sufferings, and reciprocal compassion, nearly transformed acquaintance into confidence. In the middle of the Luxembourg garden is a coffee-house, where the old nun permitted him to treat her pupils with some lemonade and biscuits. They amounted in the whole to fifty-two; but among them eleven were dressed in a different manner, neat and even fashionable.

fashionable. These he was told were *pensionnaires*, or boarders, for whose board, lodging, and instruction, their parents, or friends, paid the moderate sum of six hundred livres (25*l.*). Two of these boarders were extremely handsome, and possessed the most interesting countenances. The one, about sixteen, was born at Grenoble, in Dauphiny; where, nine years before, at the sight of her father and brother's execution, she from fright suddenly lost her voice and hearing; the other, Agnes Barbé Gerard, aged nineteen, had on witnessing, nine years before (in May 1794), the murder of her grand-parents, her parents, and two sisters, at Arras, been from terror struck dumb, and almost deaf, though at intervals she recovered her hearing, and could speak some few words.

Of her calamity the nun gave me the following account. All Mademoiselle Agnes's family being religiously inclined, were shocked at the excesses that infidels and atheists had perpetrated against the faithful worshippers of Christ. They were, therefore, noted and stigmatized by the impious, seditious, and rebellious, as fanatics. Such were, however, their generosity, prudence,

and innocence, that though they belonged to the *ci-devant* privileged classes, and were masters of considerable property, they remained unmolested until Joseph Lebon was, as a representative of the people, appointed by the National Convention and by Robespierre, to make terror the order of the day in his native city.

But even Lebon in the beginning, notwithstanding that he was accompanied by a horde of denouncers, informers, as well as executioners, found, or could invent no cause to imprison or butcher the Barbé Gerards. At last, contemporaries can hardly believe it, and posterity probably may doubt it (though, independent of the numerous printed authorities at this moment, 1805, hundreds of individuals and eye witnesses are still alive and can confirm the truth), a parrot caused the death of all the inhabitants of the same street, to the number of one hundred and forty-four of both sexes and every age! This bird belonged to a gentleman named Duvieuxfort, and had been taught on board a ship that brought it from St. Domingo, to call out frequently, *Vive le Roi!* or, the King for ever. One day, in passing through the street, the staunch republican Lebon happened to hear this aristocratical

cratical voice. A domiciliary visit was immediately ordered, and the criminal of high treason against liberty and equality was soon discovered.

That the owners of the bird were arrested, is not surprising to any body acquainted with the spirit of revolutionary times, but that the destructive fury of regicide revolutionists should extend its ravages to every individual of the same street, as accomplices of this *great* revolutionary crime, would hardly be credited, were it not authenticated by the very trial and execution of these unfortunate people. In their number were included the whole of Agnes's family, with their servants. She would herself, though a child, have shared their fate, had not the momentary derangement of her intellects occasioned her to be transferred to an hospital. The worthy representative of the *Great Nation*, Lebon, had, however, the barbarity of forcing her to be present at the judicial murder of all those who were dear, and united to her by ties of consanguinity and nature.

This act of savage ferocity had a most wonderful effect upon Agnes. She suddenly re-

covered her senses, but lost her voice. She doubly felt her grief and her misery, because she was unable to express it. She was wretched beyond description, but had not power either to demand or to receive consolation.

When the good old nun was relating these horrid particulars, poor Agnes listened with great attention. She seemed in a convulsive agitation, and with much difficulty, and with a stammering, a faultering voice, hastily, or rather abruptly exclaimed: "Yes, Sir—yes—yes, Sir, those abominations are too true." A flood of tears accompanied this effort; and as all her companions had their eyes fixed on her, a kind of reciprocal tender sympathy seized them all. They sobbed, groaned, and cried so loud as to excite the attention of all the passengers; and the writer of this, from fear of any bad consequences, was under the necessity of making a quick retreat. Though in time of peace, and though a British subject, he had reason to be apprehensive of another visit to the Temple, well convinced that neither Buonaparte, nor Talleyrand, nor Fouché, would pardon sentiments of loyalty which sufferings could not

not alter, or abhorrence of rebellion, which the prosperity of crime increased *.

* The anecdote of the parrot is related at full length in Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 515, where it is stated that the persons who perished in consequence of this bird calling out *Vive le Roi*, amounted to one hundred and sixty, of whom ninety-six were women or girls.

MADAME ROLAND.

BESIDES what friends, sectaries, admirers, gallants, and accomplices, have published in favour of Madame Roland, her *own* memoirs give both contemporaries and an *impartial* posterity, more information than can either be useful or interesting, concerning a relatively insignificant woman, whom the just and loyal of all times will reprobate for her immorality, perfidy, ambition, plots, and intrigues. Most of those, however, who in foreign countries have written on the subject of the French Revolution, and who have mentioned this revolutionary heroine, instead of being historians or biographers, have become her panegyrists, extenuated when they should have exposed her infamy, and deplored her untimely end, without remarking that it was well merited, brought on by herself, and a natural consequence of her foolish and impertinent vanity to figure at the head, or with

with the chiefs of a treacherous faction. The agreeable memorialist, and the unfortunate sufferer, have been delineated by hundreds. The faithless subject, and the malignant conspirator, remain still to be drawn.

Marie-Jeanne Philipon was born at Paris on the 7th of March, 1754. Her father was an engraver of some respectability; and, according to her own account, her mother was a woman of great prudence and exquisite sensibility. Born with genius, her education, though indifferent, and analogous to the profession and situation of her father in life, was not entirely neglected. She evinced an early inclination for literature and gallantry. Before she was fifteen she had lovers, and before sixteen she was an author.

A lively imagination and an ardent heart, which stood in need of occupation and nourishment, gave to her character and to her ideas a singular turn, even when young, and instilled into her mind a kind of philosophy, which *sometimes* made her support with patience the absence of those pleasures and enjoyments which her birth and fortune refused her. It is very probable that, placed in a more elevated sphere, and in a more brilliant career, she would have

been contented with being considered a pleasing and witty woman; but dissatisfied with the narrow circle assigned her by Providence, and envious of the rank and wealth to which she could not pretend, she determined, if possible, to humble the exalted and to beggar the rich, and to force those to descend to a level with her, whose height she was unable to attain.

If she is to be believed, the fame of her *charms* and of her acquirements attracted a whole host of suitors to the house of her father; and with two of them, matrimonial negotiations were carried to a great length. These were Gardanne, a physician, and La Blancherie, a savans. How the match with the former was broken off, she does not relate; but the latter was rejected by her father, on account of his poverty, and finally dismissed by herself, when she found that he was so general an admirer of women, as to be known by the appellation of the lover of *eleven thousand virgins*. Neither of these admirers made any impression on her *tender* heart. Her liking for the savans was slight and superficial; and to the physician she used to say, that her fancy never could figure such a thing as love in a peruke.

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She lost her mother when she had attained her twentieth year; and her father, who found but little entertainment in the society of a daughter so learned, and with so many pretensions, became dissipated, kept his mistress, neglected his business, and squandered his fortune.

Some years after her mother's death, a Mademoiselle Cannet, with whom she had been acquainted during her temporary retreats in a convent, introduced her to M. Roland de la Platiere, another savans, who travelled at the expence of government for the improvement of the French manufactures, and who then held the place of inspector of manufactures at Amiens. An old batchelor near fifty, he wanted a wife; and the society of Mademoiselle Philipon inspired him with so much confidence and attachment, that, in setting out for Italy, he first deposited with her all his manuscripts concerning his former travels, and afterwards, on his return, demanded her in marriage from her father, who prudently rejected the proposal of a man of fifty to marry his daughter, who was not yet twenty-five. Mademoiselle Philipon, however, longed for a husband as much as Roland did for a wife; and her notions of filial duty did not prevent her

from concluding a match declined by, and disagreeable to, her father. She revolted, therefore, against the parental authority; and as an undutiful child never can remain a loyal subject, her future conduct can surprize nobody who has studied the human heart, and observed how easily a domestic rebel is transformed into a political conspirator.

Although Madame Roland brought her husband no dowry, her attendance in anti-chambers of ministers, and by her visits to their secretaries and clerks, she procured for him the place of an inspector of manufactures at Lyons; an office more profitable than that of the same description which he had occupied at Amiens.

Teeming with ambition and envy, and unfettered by religion and loyalty, Madame Roland hailed the French rebellion with enthusiasm; and as her husband was more her slave than her partner, what had her approbation, never met with any objection from him. By her intrigues he was, in 1789, elected a municipal officer at Lyons, and by her direction he instituted, in 1790, a Jacobin Club in the same city, no doubt as an indemnity for the loss of tranquillity

quillity and prosperity. The same year, his office being suppressed by the National Assembly, he repaired with his wife to the capital, where, by her writing some patriotic articles for Condorcet's paper, *La Chronique de Paris*, and for Brissot's journal, *Le Patriot François*, he became connected with those two revolutionists, who then, with their associates, began to visit his humble dwelling in a third story, where every thing indicated mediocrity, if not want, of fortune, and that the host and hostess were rich in nothing but *patriotism* and *philosophy*.

During the winter of 1791, Madame Roland's habitation became the chief resort of the Brissot, or what was the same, the republican faction, of which *not one of the members was a man of any property*. They regularly assembled three or four evenings in the week. In the whole course of the French Revolution, parties have been formed and cemented by women. Madame Necker, Madame de Stael, Madame de Genlis, Madame de Beauvois, Madame de La Fayette, with a vast train of subordinate females, had been oracles and centres of revolutionary juntoes; and Madame Roland aspired also to the same character. By her arrangement with Brissot, she thus became

informed of the progress of a rebellion, with which, from her past plots and future views, both her safety and interest were deeply connected. "I knew," says she, "the part which became my sex, and *never* went beyond it. I took no share in the debates which passed in my presence. Sitting at a table without the circle, I employed myself with my needle, or in writing letters; yet, if I dispatched ten epistles, which was sometimes the case, I lost not a syllable of what was passing, and more than once *bit my lips* to restrain my impatience to speak! What struck me most, and distressed me exceedingly, was that sort of light and frivolous chit-chat, in which men of sense waste two or three hours without coming to any conclusion. Taking things in detail, you would have heard *excellent* principles maintained, and some *good* plans proposed; but, on summing up the whole, there appeared to be no path marked out, no fixed result, nor determinate point, towards which the views of every individual should be directed. Sometimes, for very vexation, I could have *boxed the ears* of these *philosophers*, whom I daily learned to *esteem* more for the *honesty* of their hearts and the *purity* of their intentions. *Excellent* reasoners

ers all, and ALL *philosophers*, and learned theoretical politicians; but, totally ignorant of the art of managing mankind, and consequently of swaying an assembly, their wit and learning were too generally lavished to no purpose." Madame Roland forgets to mention a fact, afterwards avowed by Brissot himself, that in her apartments were composed those declamations and writings, in which the persons of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and the government of the King of France, and every other monarch, were vilified by wanton abuse, or rendered odious by unsparing calumny.

All the *honest* republicans and *pure* philosophers were also venal as well as poor; ready to be bought, but unused to be bid for; raising systems for the purpose of gaining importance; and disposed to sell themselves, their projects, and associates to the first who would offer an adequate gratification. Many of them had commenced their political career as spies of the police, as literary adventurers, or pensioned adherents of the Duke of Orleans. Some quitted his party, because his patronage was previously occupied by others, and their services neglected; and some formed a new connexion, that, by acquiring

quiring power conjunctively, they might either use or dispose of it to the greater advantage.

The head of this party, Brissot, had been tossed on the sea of speculation, frequently reduced to want, sometimes to meanness, and even to crimes. Among other infamous courses of life imputed to this French *regenerator*, it was proved by his adversaries, that he had been a pickpocket, which was so generally known, that, in France, *Brissoter* was used as a term of synonimous import with *pilfer**. Ever disposed to utter sentiments on the spur of the moment, he was frequently under the necessity of contradicting himself. The love of innovation more than any fixed principle, guided him in politics. At one time he was an admirer of the British constitution, at another of American republicanism. Sometimes desirous to depose the King to make the Duke of Orleans a regent under the minority of the Dauphin, and then again wishing to place the crown on the head of his patron,

* See Brissot's Life and Character, in the excellent Memoirs by Adolphus. In 1791, a caricature represented Brissot at Paris with his *hand* in the pocket of a neighbour. Under it was written: "*Brissot putting on his gloves.*" So notorious was then his character.

to

to the exclusion of the other branches of the Bourbon family. For all, or any of these projects, he was willing to receive a compromise, having, in fact, no principle, nor any patriotism, but he was obliged to affect both, as the means of raising and attaching to himself a faction. He gained many adherents by an appearance of candour and mildness, but in his real character, he was false, gloomy, vindictive, and unrelenting. This was displayed in his virulent persecution of ministers who refused to pay, journalists who refused to praise, and deputies who refused to join him! According to Bertrand's Memoirs, it cannot be doubted that this *staunch* republican and *disinterested* patriot offered, in 1792, to sell himself to the King, and to desert his accomplices, for the *modest* sum of twelve millions of livres (500,000*l.*) and a passport to quit France. From this impartial character of the chief, the characteristics of the other members of the Brissot faction may, without difficulty or mistake, be concluded.

By this party Roland (or more properly Madame Roland), was forced upon the King as a minister of the home department, and Brissot and Dumourier announced his appointment to him

him on the 23d of March 1792. He was then one of the pillars of the Jacobin Club, and employed in its Committee of Correspondence; the letters of which Madame Roland *acknowledges* that she always read, and often answered. She considered that the society of the Jacobins might exert its influence in disseminating *good* principles: "Persuaded," says she, "that a revolution is no better than a *terrible* and *destructive storm*, if the improvement of the public mind does not keep pace with the *progression* of the events; and sensible of the *good* that might be done by taking hold of men's imagination, and giving them an impulse towards *virtue*; *I employed myself* with pleasure in this correspondence."

Roland, when left to himself, was an inoffensive old man. Endowed with little talent, and not much malice; choleric, not rancorous; he was plain in his manners and habits, brief in his speech, fond of reproving vice, and fancied himself a model of virtue, because his wife had told him so. His early pursuits had rendered him diligent, and having superintended some public accounts at Lyons, he was by her flattered with a belief that his abilities were equal to the conducting

ducting of a state, and his *virtues* sufficient to reform a whole people.

From the first day he appeared at court, it was evident that his wife had tutored him to insult his Sovereign as much by his dress as by his language. He presented himself accoutred in a thread-bare old black coat, with his hair hanging about his ears unpowdered, his shirt dirty, his breeches torn, and his shoes mended, and tied with strings. Madame Roland had deluded him into a hope, that he might be the *regenerator* in the fashions of the court as well as in the morals of the people, and that the sans-culotte etiquette once established at court, the sans-culotte sentiments would inevitably follow, and regulate the determinations of the cabinet. His brutality and despotism over the King was however so insupportable, that even the liberal and enduring Louis XVI. turned him out of his place within three months.

The audacious and impertinent letter which Roland shortly before his removal from the ministry read to the King, she prides herself on having composed. She says on this subject: "Studious habits, and a taste for letters, made me participate in the labours of my husband, as long

long as he remained a private individual: I wrote with him as I *ate* with him, because one was almost as *natural* to me as the other; when he became a minister I did *not interfere* with his administration; but if a *circular letter*, a *set of instructions*, or an *important state paper* were wanting, we talked the matter over with our usual freedom, and, impressed with his ideas, and pregnant with my own, I took up the pen, which I had the most leisure to conduct. Our principles and turn of mind being the same, we were agreed as to the form, and my husband risked nothing in passing through my hands. I could advance nothing, warranted by justice and reason, which he was not capable of realizing, or supporting by his energy and conduct. But my language expressed more strongly what he had done or promised to do. Roland *without me* would not have been a worse minister; his activity, his knowledge, his *probity*, were all his own; but *with me* he *attracted* more *attention*, because I infused into his writings that mixture of spirit and of softness, of authoritative reason and *seducing* sentiment, which are perhaps only to be found in a woman endowed with a clear head and a feeling heart. I composed with delight such pieces as I

deemed

deemed likely to be *useful*; and I felt in so doing, a greater pleasure than had I been known to be the author. I am covetous of happiness, and with me it consists in the *good* I do." While Roland and his wife were reading over this letter, another Jacobin, Pache, came in. "'Tis a very bold step," observed he. "Very bold, without doubt," answered Madame Roland, "but *just* and *necessary*; what signifies any thing else?" When Roland read this insolent libel to the King, he prefaced it by saying that it should remain an *eternal* secret between them, but the next day he perfidiously transmitted copies of it both to the legislature and to editors of newspapers. This is one of the many proofs of Roland's and his wife's *honesty* and *honourable* principles.

Notwithstanding the threats and plots of the Brissot faction, Roland never afterwards entered into the King's council. When the throne had been overturned on the 10th of August 1792, he resumed his place of a minister, but he soon found the difference between serving a legitimate King and a sovereign people; the latter fully avenged his treachery against the former. His disgrace with them was followed by proscription,

tion, and his proscription by suicide. This act of despair was not the consequence of the misery into which his own and his wife's outrageous ambition had precipitated their country, but resorted to only when he was informed of Madame Roland's unfortunate exit on the scaffold. Egotism, as well as profligacy and perfidy, was always a characteristic of a French rebel.

When the Robespierre faction had dethroned their rivals of the Brissot party, and deprived them of their popularity, Madame Roland received a severe lesson of the dangers in which ambitious women involve themselves, by undutifully aspiring to notoriety in troublesome times, and by interfering with what does not regard their sex. In the latter part of her husband's administration, conspiracies and threats succeeded each other so rapidly, that their friends often pressed them to leave the hotel which they then occupied, at least during the night. Two or three times they yielded to these entreaties, but soon tired of this daily removal, they thought, that if destined to fall, it would be more conducive to *public utility* and *personal glory* for the minister to perish at his post. Madame Roland, that she might endure the same hazards as her husband,

husband, had his bed brought into her room, while she kept under her pillow a pistol, not to use for a vain defence, but *to save herself* from the outrages of assassins. In this situation she passed three weeks, during which the hotel was twice beset.

"To-day on a throne, to-morrow in a prison."

"Such," remarks Madame Roland, "is the fate of *virtue* in revolutionary times. Enlightened men, who have pointed out its rights, are, by a nation weary of oppression, first called into authority. But it is not possible that they should maintain their places; the ambitious, eager to take advantage of circumstances, mislead the people by flattery, and to acquire consequence and power, prejudice them against their real friends. Men of *principle*, who despise adulation and contemn *intrigue*, do not meet their opposers on equal terms; their fall is therefore certain; the still soft voice of sober reason amidst the tumult of passions, is easily overpowered." These words would have been more proper in the mouth of a La Fayette and his partizans, than from the pen of an intriguing woman, whose associates, the most low and immoral, had treated their predecessors, men of talents, rank,

and

and some property, with the same severity, as their successors, if possible of a still viler set, had treated them. Robespierre retaliated upon the Brissotines nothing but their own violence against the constitutional faction, of which La Fayette pretended to be a leader.

After seeing all those attached to her imprisoned, guillotined, saved by flight, and outlawed, she was also arrested, and carried to the Abbey prison, and from it to St. Pelagie: when her trial approached she was transferred to the Conciergerie. The day on which she was called up to be examined, her firmness partly forsook her; and when she returned, it was not with dry eyes, because questions had been put to her injurious to her *honour*. After her condemnation she passed through the wicket with a quick step, indicating something like cheerfulness, and intimating by an expressive gesture, that she was condemned to die. She had as companion of her fate, a man, Lamarche, director of the fabrication of assignats, whose fortitude did not equal her own. She found means, however, to inspire him with a certain degree of courage; and this she did with a gaiety so cheering, so real, as several times to force a smile on his countenance.

tenance. At the place of execution she bowed before the statue of liberty, while she exclaimed, "*Oh Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!*" She had frequently said that her husband would not survive her; and her prediction was accomplished.

The person of Madame Roland was not devoid of attraction, though far from beautiful. She was rather tall for a woman; but her countenance was very animated, and her large black eyes were full of that expression which makes the irregularity of the traits of the face forgotten. She was a woman of considerable talent. She wrote with boldness and originality, and made her opinions still more striking by the force of her expressions and the vigour of her illustrations. Her style always agreeable, often rapid and picturesque, but sometimes incorrect and trivial, became graceful and warm when she spoke of love. She confesses, that her heart, her imagination, and her inclination, carried her, from her youth, in the most imperious manner towards that passion, which the circumstances that accompanied her younger days, and the occupations which she formed for herself, were alone able to *moderate*. In the works she has

left

left behind her, are repeated indications of a violent love for some object (not her husband), which she is careful to conceal.

The title which she gave to her memoirs, of an "Appeal to an Impartial Posterity," proves that her native vanity accompanied her, even in a gaol, and how much she imagined herself interesting and of consequence to occupy the attention of future ages. They will remain monuments of her talents as well as of her vices and misfortunes; of her genius, as well as of her corruption, ambition, and depravity. Who will not pity the woman whom the factions sent to perish without cause? But who will not also abhor that female intriguer, whose machinations undermined the throne, who calumniated loyalty and outraged religion, and who was one of the principal instruments in changing into a regicide republic a monarchy of fourteen centuries?

All the facts, and most of the particulars, already related of Madame Roland, are extracted from her own publications, or from those of her friends, as Louvet's Memoirs, and Champagneux's Preliminary Discourse, prefixed to her posthumous works. What now follows, is translated from an anti-revolutionary production, the

author

author of which refers for his authority of what he has published of Madame Roland, to a French journal of 1795, called *Le Courier de Paris*; in which every thing was inserted, and remained uncontradicted by her partizans, then again popular and powerful*.

"I had been a visitor at M. Philipon's house (the father of Madame Roland) a long time, before I hardly noticed his daughter. The first thing I heard of her was not much to her advantage. One Daubert, a journeyman engraver with her father, and who had a wife and three children, either had surprized her inclination or fixed her affections. She was seen with him *tête-à-tête* in private parties, and at those houses where no *modest* woman enters, who has any reputation to preserve, or any honour to lose. These transactions excited some scandal and much gossiping among all her neighbours.

"Some charitable persons informed Daubert's wife of her husband's excursions with Mademoiselle Philipon, and she, without any farther ceremony, called, in a rage, upon Mr. and Madame Philipon, upbraiding them for not looking better

* Anecdotes Des Femmes Marquantes, vol. iii. p. 379, 380, 381.

after their child, whom she threatened to flog whenever she found her in Daubert's company.

" M. Philipon was a good-natured peaceable kind of man, chiefly occupied with his own business, caring little about what was going on in his house, provided nobody complained of his external intrigues, and that he had a good dish of coffee for breakfast, good soup for dinner, and some fresh eggs, with a salad or some other vegetables for supper. What money he earned was generally deposited with his wife, who had ...cted or at least *paid* for her daughter's edu-
inspe... Madame Philipon was frequently in a
cation. ...f health, and very nervous. Any
bad state o... her tranquillity, or agitating her
thing disturbing... urtful to her. The visit of
mind, was very h... her besides so much the
Daubert's wife caused... very apt to pride her-
more vexation, as she was... ty and accomplish-
self on her daughter's *mode...* as a model both
ments, whom she also considered...
of prudence and of virtue.

" In this favourable opinion, she was still confirmed by Mademoiselle Philipon, whose hypocrisy and duplicity had outstript her years. She persuaded her parents, that Daubert's wife was a violent

violent tempered and extremely jealous woman, suspicious of her own shadow; and that so far from having been in private parties, or in bad houses with Daubert, she had never in her life spoken to him but in the presence of her parents. She expressed herself in such an unconcerned and artful manner, that she, without much difficulty, imposed upon those whose wish and interest it was to believe her.

" In four months afterwards Mademoiselle Philipon made a journey into the country, and, according to the assertion of her parents, resided some time in a convent. But this, as well as several subsequent trips to convents, were reported in the scandalous chronicle, and suspected by her acquaintances and neighbours, rather destined to increase the population of her country, than to console and meditate with the victims of celibacy.

" Besides one child by Daubert, she has been accused of being the mother of two children by the *philosopher* de Boismorel, and of one by another *philosopher*, La Blancherie, who afterwards refused to marry her. The list of her gallants is, in the mean time, very long, and if all who were her lovers had become fathers, poor

would have counted more grand-children than customers.

" Those and other *faux pas* occasioned her to accept, with pleasure, Roland for a husband, a man double her age, who found her *philosophizing* in a garret, paid and furnished by de Boismorel, already tired of her, but who, from compassion, gave her a small pittance to subsist on. She was indeed reduced to such distress, that she had not a decent gown to put on, and whenever charity invited her to a meal, she borrowed a dress from Mademoiselle Chaupin, her neighbour, who was in the keeping of the Duke d'Aumont.

" After her mother's death, her father, who was always a libertine, slept with his servant maid, while his daughter went to bed with one of his journeymen; and while she received her gallants from abroad, he went to visit a mistress of his whom he kept in *rue de Nica se*, but who, during his absence, was the *bonne amie* of all young men, her neighbours, or acquaintances.

" It was generally believed, that Madame Roland's irregularities shortened the days of her mother; and that her extravagance ruined, or at least impaired the fortune of her father. Her parents

parents were very frequently heard to say, that though she was the only surviving child of seven, she had caused them more troubles by her excesses, than the six others could have done had they been ever so wild and undutiful.

" She was from her youth expensive in her dress and indiscreet in her conduct, fond of balls, masquerades, and shows, as well as of reading. This latter improved the lively genius with which she had been endued by nature, but made her also very vain, and she looked with pity, if not contempt, on the pretended ignorance of the authors of her days, whom she treated rather as her domestics than as her parents.

" Always ambitious to shine and to be noticed, her envy was, however, greater than her ambition, and her hatred and malice surpassed both. Every body who was not her admirer, she considered as her foe, and pursued with calumnies, rancour, and sarcasms. This accounts for her cruel inveteracy against the Royal Family, whom she could never forgive their neglect of inviting her to court, when her husband was a minister. Besides, every person superior to her in rank, wealth, and talents, was judged by her an enemy to be crushed. It is true, she seldom, if ever, acknowledged herself inferior in capacity to any

body, though she always complained, that fortune had neglected her great merit.

"I remember, as early as 1772, when she was only eighteen, my wife and I went with her parents to the opera. The late Queen (who was then only the Dauphiness), arrived with a numerous retinue, and was very much applauded. Mademoiselle Philipon sat by my side, and when others applauded, I observed that she hissed, being much agitated at the same time. Asking her the reason of such unbecoming conduct, she answered, "What has that young woman done more than myself, to be so elevated and popular?" I remarked that every woman could not be a princess. "True," replied she, "but I flatter myself I have more sense in my little finger than she possesses in her whole body; and if fortune had been just, I should not been here, nor she there (pointing at the Princess's box); but she and her equals are only great, because we and other people of merit are foolish enough to remain in the mud." I informed her mother of this impertinent sally, who said, with tears in her eyes, "What can I do? I have no longer any power over her: notwithstanding my entreaties, she never ceases to abuse the rich and the great. *God knows what will finally become of her!*" As she

she heard what her mother said, I asked her when we, twenty-one years afterwards, were prisoners together in the Conciergerie, if she remembered it. "Yes, I do," answered she, "my mother was a good kind of woman enough, but without any elevated ideas. I am now, indeed, myself exposed to perish; but have I not lived to see that same Princess and her husband, and most of those who attended them at the opera in 1772, perish before me; and were they not shut up as prisoners in the Temple, while I resided in the hotel of a minister, my husband; and have I not contributed to bury them in the rubbish from which I raised myself? I die content, since France no longer contains either great or rich folks, either unnatural rank to humble, or unnatural riches to insult her *free* inhabitants."

"Since the Revolution I have frequented the company of Madame Roland but little, well knowing both the shame and danger of her society. Chance, however, placed us in the same prison. I am decidedly of opinion, that she was a woman of no principles at all, and that her love of liberty, her patriotism, her republicanism, and even her courage, were affected and artificial. I spoke to her ten minutes before she

mounted the cart which carried her to the scaffold, and it did not require much penetration to see that this artful woman had worked herself into *insensibility*, in order to furnish her partizans with an opportunity to proclaim her *firmness* or *stoicism*.

"Such is my opinion of a woman who expired on the scaffold before she was forty years of age, and whom I had known upwards of thirty years. I have said nothing of her connubial infidelity or intrigues, because her gallantries since her marriage had been proverbial at Lyons as well as at Paris. Who has not heard of her nocturnal revels with a Saulieu, a Gauvion, a Louvet, a Barbaroux, and FIFTY others? I owe this declaration to the same impartial posterity whom she has so artfully attempted to mislead." Paris, Germinal 30th, year 3 (April 21, 1795).'

"(Signed) LOUIS FRANCOIS MAURIENNE.
"*Rue St. Dominique, No.* 1192."

Madame Roland herself, in the memoirs she wrote, does not conceal her *inclination* or *admiration* of a Barbaroux, whom she found *beau comme Antinous*; and of a Louvet, who was *aimable et complaisant*, perhaps as his *Chevalier Faublas*.

Of

Of her intrigues with Barbaroux, the following anecdote is related in another work *. "Such nights as she wished to pass with this gallant, she took care to get her husband out of the way, by alarming him with pretended plots to assassinate him in the dark, and advising him to conceal himself. He, therefore, slept at some friend's house, but asked the *brave* Barbaroux to spy about his house during his absence, and afterwards report to him what he observed. How this confidante employed his time, need not be explained."

Another author seems to confirm the above assertion, that so far from being calm and resigned, she was extremely agitated, and endeavoured by all means to conceal her agitation by making herself insensible. "Madame Roland," says Kotzebue †, "behaved very *firmly* on the day of her execution, but was on the eve of it *uncommonly moved*. Madame Talma, who was likewise confined with her, related to me, that the unfortunate woman was playing all night on the harpsichord, but in so *strange*, so *shocking*, and so *frightful a manner*, that the sounds will

* See the Castle of Thuilleries, vol. i. p 123.

† See Kotzebue's Travels to Paris, vol. iii. p. 172

never escape her memory." Did not this revolutionary heroine, in these dreadful moments, regret that happy obscurity in which Nature had destined her to live and to die, but from which her outrageous ambition and unprincipled vanity dragged her, to perish like a wretch, by the hands of a public executioner? What a lesson, what a warning!

Had Madame Roland been such a subject of a Buonaparte as she was of Louis XVI. she would either have been transported to be devoured by tigers in the wilds of Cyenne, or died on the rack in the dungeons of the Temple.

THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT,

THE JACOBIN HARLOT.

And I, too, was a French patriot!

THE French courtezans have not furnished many recruits to the gang of female *patriots*, whom ambition, intrigue, libertinism, and immorality sent to join the colours of rebellion. Those unfortunate women shared that attention, civility and politeness with other persons of their sex, which, before the Revolution, made all well-bred Frenchmen so agreeable, and so distinguished. But gross and indelicate expressions, rudeness, and brutality, became as much the characteristic of French rebels and republicans, as cupidity and cruelty; while they plundered and murdered persons of one sex, they insulted and ill-treated those of the other. Revolutionary representatives of the people, revolutionary ge-

nerals, senators, counsellors, commissaries, and the whole crew of the revolutionary gentry, have been seen, and are still seen, not only caning and kicking women publicly in the Palais Royal, or garden of the Thuilleries, but even beating, and often wounding them with their swords; and the public pass by and scarcely notice these scandalous and degrading scenes. To such a height of *regeneration* and *civilization* have French *reformers* brought the *most* polite and polished nation upon earth!

This revolution in the manners of their countrymen, affected particularly those poor and pitiable Frenchwomen, who, from victims of seduction, are transformed into agents of vice. They found themselves both brutally used and badly paid, and few of them therefore approved of the new "Rights of Man," or were hearty in the cause of French liberty and equality.

Theroigne de Mericourt was born in a village near the strong fort of Luxembourg, in 1772, a country at that time belonging to the house of Austria. Her father was a collector of the customs, and a man of respectability, with a numerous family, and Theroigne was his sixth child. Having lost his wife, the education of his

his children was entrusted to a sister, from whom Theroigne eloped with a recruiting officer before she had completed her fifteenth year; and the French Revolution found her among the number of prostitutes that crowded the cellars, the garrets, the streets, and the gaols of Paris. Being a woman of a bold and daring character, the emissaries of the Orleans faction picked her up, instructed her, and dispatched her, in July 1789, to revolutionize the troops then encamped in the vicinity of the capital. Her zeal and her success in this mission made her *dear* to many of the leading members of the revolutionary party; and she was frequently invited to public dinners and to private *tête-à-têtes*, by a Mirabeau, Sieyes, Sillery, Petion, and Populus. The name of this last deputy occasioned many jests, and procured Theroigne the appellation of the mistress of the people *en masse*.

During the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of October 1789, she was seen in the ranks of the soldiers at Versailles, where she contributed much to seduce from its duty, and to corrupt the loyal principles of the regiment of Flanders, to whom she introduced other girls under her directions; she distributed also money to those upon

upon whom the charms of her companions made no impression. Veitard, an ecclesiastic of Clermont, declared upon oath before the tribunal at the Chatelet, that he saw Theroigne on the morning of the 5th of October, dressed in a red great coat, with a basket on her arm, which was full of small parcels with money, which she gave and divided among the soldiers as she passed through their ranks.

In 1790, the French revolutionary propaganda employed her as an aid-de-camp to Bonnecarere, on a mission to the sovereign people of the bishopric of Liege, whom they incited to an insurrection against their prince. But when the Austrians had dispersed the Belgian insurgents, they also restored tranquillity to the Liegois, among whom Theroigne was discovered, and arrested in January 1791. After being conducted to Vienna, under the escort of two officers in the same carriage with her, she was at first shut up in a fort, but upon the report of the commissary ordered to interrogate her, the Emperor desired to see her, spoke with her some time, and in the November following released her, with an injunction never more to enter the Austrian territory.

In

In January 1792, she exhibited herself again upon the revolutionary stage at Paris. On the 26th and 27th, she was seen in the galleries of the Jacobins and of the National Assembly, and upon the terrace of the Feuillants in the garden of the Thuilleries, where she harangued the groups of people with audacity, exhorting them to a moderate conduct, and to respect the principles of the constitution.

This conduct alarmed the Jacobins and the republicans. Petion, therefore, invited Theroigne to a *patriotic* dinner, at which Brissot, Roland, and Condorcet, were present, with their wives, and some other female patriots. Her head heated with wine, she acknowledged that she had promised the Emperor, and had been paid by some agents of the civil list, to preach obedience to the constitution. She assured them, however, that as she found this constitution no longer the order of the day of the *patriots*, she should soon show herself more zealous in aiding to overthrow it, than she had been to exhort its observance.

From that time she was frequently observed at the head of the dregs of her sex, decorated with a red cap, and a pike in her hand, addressing

ing the assembly, the clubs, and the populace. On the 19th of June 1792, she mounted a table in the Palais Royal, and thus spoke to her audience, chiefly composed of women of the town:

"SISTERS AND FRIENDS,

"The time approaches when liberty and equality will extend their comforts and blessings even to you, and cause that aristocratical distinction between a legal and illegal prostitute, as well as between a legitimate and illegitimate child, to cease for ever. Are not all women equal by birth as well as by passions, by nature as well as by appetites? Is not the woman who prostitutes her person to one man (and how few are satisfied with one), as much a harlot as she who embraces twenty, fifty, or a hundred? or rather neither are harlots, because they both obey the dictates of nature, and the impulse of their passions, given them by the same unknown being who gave them life; and who by giving them passions from the day of their birth, and reason only when they are reaching maturity, tells them to silence the latter when it opposes the inclinations or instincts of the former. Yes, my sisters and

and friends! a sacred equality shall soon make us all modest women, or all modest women harlots. No woman shall hereafter have any right to say this man is my husband; Nature created man and woman to be free, and to belong to nobody exclusively, but to the grand family of the universe in general. Husbands and wives are therefore monsters in society, which our liberal-minded regenerators intend to annihilate, in restoring to both sexes their so long lost rights.

"But, sisters and friends, you must assist them in their patriotic undertakings. You must not remain quiet, lukewarm spectators of the grand work of regeneration now preparing. You must not impede, but push the wheels of this heavenly machine. Follow my example—arm yourselves with courage and patriotism; denounce, repulse, or *infect* every aristocrat, every enemy of liberty and equality; share your caresses with nobody who is not a patriot, who does not promise to assist us, to break our fetters, or, what is the same, the fetters of mankind; who does not swear, sooner than to see the unnatural ties of marriage continued, to immolate the last husband upon the corpse of the

last

last wife. I say, imitate me, who am one of your own class. Yes, I, Theroigne de Mericourt, rejoice in being among those called harlots by aristocrats; I rejoice in prostituting myself to every body, without belonging to any body. I am free as the birds that wing the air, or the animals that range the forests. Among them are found no husbands, no wives, but lovers and gallants by scores. Are they not created by the same being who created man and woman? And without kings as well as without priests; without impostors as well as without tyrants; is not their government more that of pure nature than our shameful institutions, imposed by rogues, and submitted to by fools; corrupted instead of improved, age after age, generation after generation, until our enlightened times at last put a stop to the oppression of the powerful, the folly of the weak, and the terror of the timid, by proclaiming an unrestrained liberty and equality all over the world?

"Yes, sisters and friends! I say all over the world! I dined yesterday with Petion, at whose fraternal banquet I met with patriots of all nations upon earth, to one of whom, an Englishman, I presented that sword I captured at the Bastille,

Bastille, and with which I have so often led you to oppose aristocracy. All those patriots shared my sisterly embraces, and all took the oaths of liberty and equality, and to bury all temples in the rubbish of all thrones, and to crush the altars of hymen under the sacred code of the rights of man, of woman, and of Nature."

Her eloquence on this occasion was thrown away, as the audience was more inclined to laugh than to listen. The fraternal society of women ordered it however to be printed, posted up at Paris, and distributed in the provinces*.

She commanded a number of women mixed with some *federées*, during the insurrections, both on the 20th of June and on the 10th of August 1792; and it was this female demon, who, in the dress of an Amazon, with pistols in her girdle, and a sword in her hand, in the name of the people, reclaimed, in the morning of this last day, Sulean and five other loyal per-

* The whole of this sketch is taken from Le Dictionnaire Biographique, vol. iii. art. Theroigne and Sulean; from Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes; and from Les Annales du Terrorisme. In this last work, p. 292, & 293, this speech is found.

sons

sons, detained in a guard-house, and caused them all to be massacred.

This Sulean, formerly an advocate of the Parliament of Paris, was, with M. Peltier, one of the first most active and ardent defenders of the altar and the throne, and in numerous pamphlets and journals exposed with energy the dangerous conspiracy of French rebels and innovators against civilized society and humanity, against their countrymen, and against all states, institutions, and nations. The factious, offended by his past zeal, and dreading his future exertions, honoured him with their hatred and proscription. Hearing that he had been arrested, under pretence of belonging to a false patrole, his death was resolved on, and Theroigne executed their vengeance so much the more willingly, as he had in the public prints often turned both her person and patriotism into ridicule.

A few months previous to the 10th of August, Sulean had married a beautiful woman, a daughter of the celebrated Swedish painter Hall, whom he left pregnant. When Theroigne with her banditti had him in their power, to make his agony so much the more painful, she thus addressed him: "Sulean, you have long been my enemy,

enemy, and the enemy of our patriots. We will now take our revenge. You shall die. You see the swords of my *brave* companions lifted up over your head, waiting only for a signal from me to cut you to pieces; you see around you the bleeding relics of those aristocrats, your friends; would you not prefer this moment to share the embraces of your young and lovely wife, whom sans-culottes in a minute will make a widow, and in an hour perhaps console for her widowhood?" She had no time to proceed, as Sulean rushed upon her, seized her sword, with which he cut down three of his assassins, before, overpowered by numbers, he fell under their blows. His head was instantly cut off, and carried about the streets of Paris upon a pike. It remained exposed twelve hours before Sulean's house, but fortunately his widow had taken refuge at a friend's, and thus escaped this barbarous spectacle*.

It seemed as if Providence had instantly punished this revolutionary heroine for her atrocities. On the same day she was seized with a fever, during which she raved of nothing but

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 294.

bloody

bloody heads, and of devils demanding her as their prey. "Do you not see," she would exclaim, "hell open under my feet, ready to swallow me up!—Do you not see Sulean with his head on, though bleeding, calling out to me —Theroigne, you are my assassin; the furies of hell are waiting for you to torment you to all eternity!" In her rage and terror she entirely tore her left bosom from her body, and she died dashing her head against the bed-post, and bespattering the bed with her brains*!

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 294, in the note.

MADLLE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT,

THE VENDEAN HEROINE.

MADEMOISELLE La Rochefoucault was but eighteen, when the impious and anti-social conspirators in France, after overturning the altars, buried the throne in their rubbish. In Brittany, the place of her nativity, and where she had passed her youth (a province remote from the corrupted Paris), the apostles of innovation had no more success than the preachers of infidelity.

The Bretons equally abhorred the rebels and the atheists; they defended their temples, like sincere Christians, convinced that they were the best ramparts of monarchy, and that their zeal would convince the present and future generations of their loyalty as well as their piety.

When the news of the barbarous murder of Louis XVI. arrived there, one sentiment pervaded the whole country, that of a general indigna-

dignation for the stain cast on the national character, and a detestation of the regicides who had so audaciously plunged their sacrilegious hands in the blood of the Lord's anointed.

Shortly after this shocking catastrophe, commissaries from the National Convention arrived in the western departments. They were entrusted to shut up, to confiscate, and to sell, the churches and the church lands, and to force upon the people those sanguinary decrees, which attached an equal degree of guilt and punishment to an indiscreet word or a criminal action, the citizens suspected of *incivism* or the assassin convicted of murder. To arms! to arms! therefore, were the call and the cry every where; let us fight and perish like brave men—defending our violated rights, our outraged sentiments, rather than tamely submit like cowards, and expose ourselves to be butchered, after being enslaved, dishonoured, and oppressed.

Among the first Vendean chiefs who reared the standard of royalty, was La Rochefoucault de Beaulieu, a near relation of the heroine of this sketch; he was a member of the council directing the operations of the royalists, as well as a military commander leading them on to battle; and

and in both capacities he merits that commendation which the liberal and just never refuse those engaged in a good cause, though their efforts are finally not crowned with success. Hardly had he collected his peasants and neighbours, and armed them with poles, pitchforks, and scythes, when his amiable relation appeared before him in an Amazon dress, with a sword by her side, and two pistols in her girdle: "Friend," said she, "my principles are known to you as well as my sex; you shall soon be convinced that the latter does not make me unworthy to combat and die for the former. Do not oppose my entering into campaign with you. I may perhaps find occasion to shew the republicans, that our countrywomen, if not so valiant, are at least as religious and loyal as the men. Permit me to present these embroidered standards to our brave comrades. The CROSS, the CROWN, and the SCEPTRE, announce both our hope and principles. The motto, 'For our GOD and for our KING,' proclaims that we are not guided by earthly considerations alone, but confide in a blessed hereafter, should the Almighty, from motives to which we must submit with resignation, refuse us here a reward to our meritorious

undertakings. The infidels and republicans, unfortunate wretches! cannot say the same."

Such a demand could not be refused, and the military achievements of Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault were surpassed only by her social virtues. She never missed an opportunity to be foremost in battle, and the last to retreat: as terrible during the contest, as generous and humane when it was over. She made no difference between foes and friends, or rather, every sufferer was her friend; thus all equally shared her tender care and kind attention. Frequently after repeated daily engagements for weeks together, hardly allowing herself any time for rest, she employed those moments her companions gave to repose, visiting and consoling those maimed in war, and perishing from disease. Notwithstanding the entreaties of her relative, she continued this train of life, which, had she not possessed a strong constitution, might have ruined a health so precious to all who knew her. No wonder, therefore, if she was the idol as well as the consoler of the royalist troops, and that they fought under her with an enthusiasm which astonished, in foiling and crushing the enthusiastic republicans themselves.

The

The noble self-denial, and liberal performances of Madame La Rochefoucault, towards routed and wounded republicans, were the more praiseworthy, when it is considered that those republicans were the most unrelenting foes; that they spared neither age nor sex; that they never gave quarter, and often annihilated with the same blow, three or four generations, defenceless and disarmed.

The loyal and able General Danican, who, from most particular and untoward circumstances, seems to have been forced to serve with republicans he abhorred, against royalists he pitied and esteemed, has, in his interesting work, "The Banditti Unmasked," published the following account of only *some* of the savage transactions in La Vendée during these calamitous times.

"The Military Commission sent the municipal officers of Laval, without apprizing me of their intention, to the Pont de Cé, whither they conducted at the same time *fifty cart-loads* of *nuns*, *priests*, *suspected* persons, federalists, and *men of property*, who were *all* guillotined, drowned, or shot. The forty municipal officers were included in this infernal expedition, by the order

of one Milliere, who had been a member of the Parisian commune during the massacres of September, and who was now a member of the Military Commission.

" During the siege of Angers, Milliere and his accomplices caused *three* or *four thousand* Frenchmen to be put to death at the Pont de Cé, and among the number was my landlord. The witnesses of these horrors were Hortode, clerk to the Committee of War; Cristophe, a captain in the eighth regiment of hussars; and La Croix, adjutant-general, now attached to the Parisian staff, who was the man that conveyed to Laval the municipal officers that were drowned by the order of Milliere *."

The revolutionary tiger-monkeys every where united mockery and profanation with cruelty; " Lepelletier, Brutus, Beaurepaire, Magnier, (the pompous names assumed by the president of a revolutionary tribunal at Rennes), breakfasting," writes the same author †, " on Good-Friday with his colleagues, said to them, ' Brothers and friends, we must put to death this

* See The Banditti Unmasked, by General Danican, p. 25, 26.

† Idem, p. 171, 172.

day,

day, at the same hour that the *counter-revolutionist* Jesus died, that young devotee who was lately arrested.' An order was immediately signed for bringing her before him. The gaoler made a mistake, and sent him a girl of the town, whom the judges proceeded to question on her fanaticism, on the relics, the agneses, and the chaplets that were found upon her when she was arrested, and on her predilection for refractory priests. The girl did not understand what they meant, and began to laugh; upon which the clerk was ordered to write down, 'That she did not deign to answer, and that she treated the tribunal with contempt.' They were about to pronounce sentence of death upon her, when the girl exclaimed, with all her might, that she was no devotee, but that she had been put in prison for debauching and infecting a battalion of volunteers. Brutus knit his brows, and thought it was a subterfuge. The girl, in alarm, had recourse to an indecent gesture, and was going to shew *the truth*, as she called it, when the judges perceiving their mistake, sent her back to prison, and ordered the true devotee to be carried before them, whom they devoted to the scaffold, agreeable to a determination which they had

formed while they were eating their breakfast. *This fact is known to the whole town of Rennes.* The battalion of *young children*, in the same place, was employed to *shoot* the Chouans and Vendeans. Dubois Crancé started the idea, in order, as he said, to accustom youths to *republican firmness.* No man dare deny this. *I was at Rennes* at the time, and the deputy Alquier, no doubt, recollects my observation upon the subject. I take a pleasure in declaring that I found him to possess *some* sensibility. He repeatedly said to me, with tears in his eyes, in his own apartment, 'You say too much, my dear Danican; you will bring yourself to the *guillotine.*' The deputy Alquier was terribly afraid on his own account.

"Depopulation was at that time (in 1793) the order of the day, and Carnot displayed his judgment in the choice of General Vachat. The only qualification requisite to form a good sans-culotte general, was *to know* how to *massacre.* Thus, the *brave* and celebrated Rossignol, successor to General Biron, after having promised, at the bar of the Convention, to purge La-Vendée in a fortnight, completely succeeded in exterminating

terminating, in less than *three months—one hundred thousand men* of both parties*."

"Of *twenty thousand* persons who were *shot* in the department of Main and Loire, it is proved by five sentences, now before me, that five hundred and ninety were not outlawed *(hors la loi)*; seventy-nine were executed on the 3d Nivose, seventy-five on the 4th, two hundred and thirty-three on the 6th, one hundred and five on the 23d, and ninety-nine on the 26th Germinal. A *very great number of children* were included in these five sentences.

"Francastel, in his letter on the establishment of the military commission, says, 'That so long as there exist great criminals or federalists in those countries, the ordinary tribunals ought not to act.'—Vial, addressing himself to the popular club at Angers, observes, 'You all know, citizens, that *more than two thousand women* and *children* have been *assassinated* in this infamous manner.' Vacheron and Marin, members of that detestable commission, drew up the lists. Two women observed to Obrumier, that they had only been arrested as suspected persons, but

* The Banditti Unmasked, p. 70.

notwithstanding this, he ordered them to be shot, with *seventy* other females. When any of these unhappy beings were observed to breathe after the had been shot, the *humane* Goupil plunged his sabre into their bellies. The citizens of Angers deposed, "That they saw all these victims pass by their doors, accompanied by *music playing patriotic* tunes; that they observed girls of fifteen and sixteen, doubly interesting by their beauty and their youth, embracing the knees of their executioners, and entreating them to spare their lives; and that every body, even the troops, shed tears, except the monsters of the military commission, who had the barbarity to insult the sensibility of the people*.

"Yes, conquering people! *twenty towns* and *eighteen hundred villages* or *hamlets have been burned by you!* And your glory and your laurels have cost you, in 1794, *three millions of men.* These afflicting truths cannot be repeated too often, there are so many persons who do not believe them.

"For instance, what people in Europe do not take for a fable, the establishment of a tan-

* See the Banditti Unmasked, p. 78.

yard

yard at Meudon, *for tanning human skins?* It cannot, however, be forgotten, that a man came to the bar of the Convention to announce this discovery of a new and simple means for procuring leather in abundance; that the Committee of Public Safety assigned him a convenient place for the execution of his plan at the castle of Meudon, the gates of which were constantly shut; and, lastly, that Barrere, Vadier, Fouché, were the first who wore *boots made of human skin*. Robespierre did not flay his people figuratively; and as Paris supplied the armies with shoes, it is possible that more than one defender of their country may have worn shoes made of the skin of his friends and relations. This will appear pleasant and incredible to certain miscreants, and particularly to the propagandists. *National* Convention! a tan-yard was established at Meudon for tanning human skins, and France was indebted to your existence for a conception so monstrous*!

"Turreau (Buonaparte's present ambassador in America, and grand officer of his Legion of *Honour*), during fifteen months, the accomplice

* See the Banditti Unmasked, p. 209, 210.

of

of Bourbotte, and the *incendiary* of La Vendée, which he termed the *grand illumination*, wantonly consumed by fire one of the suburbs of Saumur, when the enemy were twenty leagues from the place; and at Laval *gave me an order to put the sick to death in their beds.* The order was solicited by one Baleguier, who delivered to me a copy of the deliberations, *which are now in my possession.* This Turreau also made his cousin, Turreau de Grambouville et de Limiere, a general and *burner* in chief*.

" A Madame de Civrac, an abbess, who was taken before Francastel and Prieur, had a faithful servant with her who refused to quit her, they were accordingly both guillotined at Angers. This lady was *at least* eighty years of age. Francastel caused several persons to be drowned, even after the death of Robespierre. At Savenay, Prieur caused *twelve hundred peasants* of La Vendée, who had laid down their arms, to be shot: after he put them all together in a church, he ordered a *republican* column to halt, and the chief of brigade, Carbon, was entrusted with the direction of the massacre. This Carbon must still

* See the Banditti Unmasked, p. 230.

be

be at Lanneau, where he informed me of the circumstance, at a time when he was under my command. At Noirmoutier, *fifteen hundred prisoners of war were shot.* It was there that the brave and virtuous Vendean chief d'Elbée perished, with several other officers of merit. At Mans all the women that could be found were put to death. At Laval, nine months after all these massacres, I had the good fortune to save the life of a young girl at Maulevrier, who, at the massacre of Mans, had received the last sighs of her mother *on the high road*, after which she had lived six months in the woods*.

" In October 1793, in obedience to the decrees of the National Convention, *the whole country of La Vendée was set fire to*, and even the patriotic districts were not spared. Each column was preceded by *fire* and *sword*, by the aid of which *an universal destruction* was effected, *without distinction of age* or *sex*. An immense population fled before the republicans, in order to escape the fury of the flames, and joined the catholic army, which was forced to pass the Loire at St. Florent. Let those who are en-

* See the Banditti Unmasked, p. 232.

dued with sensibility, represent to their imaginations, *more than an hundred thousand French men, women,* and *children,* casting their eyes in despair on a tract of country *twenty leagues* in circumference, where their houses and cottages were in a state of conflagration, and having but a few moments to escape from certain death*."

But it is time to close this black list of enormities, which might be extended *ad infinitum,* and to proceed to that catastrophe which ended the short but brilliant career of Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault.

Sometimes repulsed, often conquering, she always fought undaunted, no more elevated in prosperity than depressed in adversity. At the terrible affair at Chollet, where the number and barbarities of the republicans occasioned some confusion in the ranks of the Christian and royal army, she three times rallied her troops, and headed them, to return to the charge; a fourth time repulsed by enemies twenty times more numerous than her friends, and encompassed by dismay and death, she still rallied them again.

* See the Banditti Unmasked, p. 84.

Observing,

Observing, however, the desperate situation in which she was involved, she ascended a small elevation, and thus addressed about seven hundred of her brave followers:

"Companions of misfortune, and of sentiments! although our position is desperate, let us not give ourselves up to despair. The brave only dies once, while the coward dies a thousand times before he expires. Our enemies are numerous indeed—our dangers are imminent indeed; but with the assistance of that all-disposing and all-governing Power, which knows the justice of our cause, the cypress of defeat may easily be transformed into laurels of victory. But we must now do our duty, and instead of turning our backs, face and oppose our irreconcileable pursuers with a firm determination to vanquish or to perish:

> Le lache fuit en vain; la mort vole a sa fuite;
> C'est en la defiant, que le brave l'évite.

In a retreat our destruction is inevitable; by advancing we at least stand the chance of victory. Yes, a vigorous assault on the lines of those marching with so much confidence against us, is our only preservation.

"If you retreat, whither will you fly, where do

do you expect to find a place of refuge or of safety? at your houses, at your dwellings? the smoke you see darken the firmament every where around you, tells you that they are no more, that they are reduced to ashes. Do you hope to escape by crossing the river Loire? your atrocious republican foes have already made it the scaffold and the grave of thousands of our unfortunate partizans.

Fathers, do you expect again to caress your offspring? husbands, do you once more hope to embrace your wives? children, do you think again to salute your parents? Know then, my beloved and pitiable friends, that every thing dear, affectionate, or consoling to you has disappeared, and is swallowed up in this same river, and that you are childless, widowers, and orphans. The republican monsters have torn to pieces all your ties of consanguinity, as well as of society. They have made you domestic as well as social outlaws.

"No, no! comrades and fellow sufferers! all hope, all retreat is cut off; certain death, inevitable ruin, unavoidable wretchedness are behind us, while perhaps victory and glory are waiting before us. Come, come, let us march! follow me,

me, Christians and Royalists! Remember, remember that your God died on the cross, your King on the scaffold, and that his assassins are those of our friends and relations! Follow me, and before the end of the day we shall either sing *Te Deum* upon earth, or hymns with saints in heaven; we shall either be triumphant or blessed!"

Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault then led again her brave and loyal companions towards the enemy—but she did not return!

The day before this decisive engagement, she wrote to a female friend at Paris with a sad presentiment, and finished her letter with these lines: "God knows that I do not fear death; I was prepared for it from the day I determined to combat for the altar and for the throne, and I have since daily braved it. May it only be of some service to my King, to my fellow-subjects, in restoring the one to his supremacy, and the others to their too long lost happiness and tranquillity; may it only in some manner lessen the stain, and palliate the disgrace thrown on my family name by the La Rochefoucaults who have conspired and betrayed; may the Bourbons remember that *all* La Rochefoucaults were not traitors,

traitors, but worthy their ancestors, and to have them for sovereigns! But I hear the trumpet sounding alarm, and I must bid my tender friend a long, I fear too long adieu:

Que sur ma tombe solitaire
Ou pour jamais je vais dormir
On ecrive en beau caractere!
Elle savoit vivre—Elle sut mourir! *

* This sketch is translated in part from Les Annales Militaires, p. 89, and 90, and in part from Recueil d'Anecdotes, p. 37, 38, and the note, p. 39.

Of the La Rochefoucaults who have disgraced themselves, the Duke, an accomplice of La Fayette, was murdered by his new sovereign, the sovereign people, in 1792; but every *Emperor* of *Faction* has had some valets or slaves of that name, even Buonaparte has a La Rochefoucault for his diplomatic emissary at Vienna.

The Writer of this has materials for honourable sketches of many other Vendean heroines; but as they have relatives residing in France, and in the grasp of the fell Corsican tyrant, he has been desired not to publish them at present. They shall appear, should he be happy enough to live to write Buonaparte's funeral sermon.

FINIS.

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